

# Letter From The Country Farm

Eric Burdon

Letter from the county farm, letter from the county  
Farm  
And the wind it has been blowin'  
It's been blowin' so strong  
They're afraid to raise the flag 'less it gets torn to  
Shreds  
But God forbid the wind should ever stop blowin'  
But if it did  
I'm sure we'd all fall down  
But sometimes it isn't windy  
Like last February  
I remember it snowed  
And a week later it hailed  
And now it looks like raining  
Now it looks like raining  
I'm convinced that what makes the rain and hail so  
Heavy over here  
Is that the sherrif has been messing with out minds.  
Handin' out questionnaires to the pris'ners who are  
Blind  
To the pris'ners who are blind  
Let me tell you one thing new at the county farm  
They've got muzak in the fields  
Which makes this life of mine a little more unreal  
A little more unreal  
But I wish they'd kill the sounds, I wish they'd kill  
The sounds  
You don't knowwhat it's like to hear Debussy in a  
California prison field  
And I love  
I love to sing while I'm workin'  
I love to sing while I'm workin'  
And the wind has been blowin'  
And the wind has been blowin'

I've given up reading for a time and taken up other  
Pastimes  
Such as watchin' winos gum their food and epileptics  
Havin' bad times  
More frequently I've been lost in this game  
And it looks like they're gonna make a crim'nal out of  
Me  
A criminal out of me  
But those guys who are down on me winnin'  
Lord knows, they take the game so seriously  
But what hurts me more, burts me more than anything  
Is when I get your mail  
When I get your mail, they've cut you  
They've cut out the parts and the words that have  
Feeling  
So I'm left with only part of you  
I say I'm only left with part of you  
And the wind has been blowin'  
And the wind has been blowin'

Oh, play your guitar, baby

Play your guitar, baby,  
Get me off this farm, baby, take me away...

And apart from all this crap there is some peace and  
Quiet  
Except for the screws grumbling and mumbling and  
Calling me a long hair  
I wouldn't mind, but they cut my hair quite some time  
Ago  
They cut it off when I first came here  
Which tells me Indo-China is really here behind this  
Wire  
And it soon will be dying engulfed in their own fire,  
In their own fire  
In fact, they tell me that a boy like me shouldn't  
Think like that  
But this is murder and everybody accepts that.  
Lord knows, they all accept it, and everybody knows  
Thatt ain't where it's at  
So take care, pray for rain and maybe I'll see you  
Visiting hours next week  
And when the screw, when the screw says no touching,  
Lord knows, I'll turn the other cheek.