

## Harold Wilson

Fred Eaglesmith

Harold Wilson is my name, son  
Why don't you sit a spell  
I live right here on the Fergusson Road  
At the Paradise Motel  
And though you do not know me  
There's a story I like to tell  
It's a story that I'm sure you know well  
It's a story that I'm sure you know well  
I had me a place on Thunder Ridge  
In a doomsday shack  
My wife had left and took the kids  
A couple of years back  
And I spent most of my mornings  
Thinking about that  
And my afternoons trying to figure out what to plant  
I spent my afternoons trying to figure out what to plant  
Did you ever try to farm a farm  
With a pick and a shovel  
Try to put a field into corn  
Just wouldn't grow nothin'  
Starin' down across the town  
You wonder why I even bother  
When up the road there's a vacant room  
Climate control and colour  
And you could stay there by the month for a hundred dollars  
And you could stay there by the month for a hundred dollars  
There wasn't money in corn  
And there wasn't money in beans  
They took my telephone, shut off my electricity  
Then a letter came in the mail  
Saying there's taxes owed by me  
If I was ever going to pay  
Well, I had three weeks  
If I was ever going to pay  
Well, I had three weeks  
Did you ever try to farm a farm  
With a pick and a shovel  
Try to put a field into corn  
Just wouldn't grow nothin'  
Starin' down across the town  
You wonder why I even bother  
When up the road there's a vacant room  
Climate control and colour  
And you could stay there by the month for a hundred dollars  
And you could stay there by the month for a hundred dollars  
Well, they sold that farm to some fool for ten cents on the dollar  
I saw him out there last week, I was on my way to visit my daughter  
And that son of a gun was out there  
Trying to hook a windmill up to water  
When he heard me laugh, well, he turned and I swear he hollered  
When he heard me laugh, well, he turned, I swear he hollered  
Did you ever try to farm a farm  
With a pick and a shovel  
Try to put a field into corn  
Just wouldn't grow nothin'  
Starin' down across the town  
You wonder why I even bother

When up the road there's a vacant room  
Climate control and colour  
And you could stay there by the month for a hundred dollars  
And you could stay there by the month for a hundred dollars  
Now the government cheques come down the pike  
As regular as rain  
And I sit outside most nights  
'Cept when the June bugs drive me in  
Harold Wilson is my name, son  
Why don't you sit a spell  
I live right here on the Fergusson Road  
At the Paradise Motel