

The Iowa Waltz

Greg Brown

Home in the midst of the corn,
The middle of the U.S.A.
Here's where I was born,
And here's where I'm goin' to stay.

Iowa, Iowa, Winter, spring, summer and fall.
Come and see, come dance with me,
To the beautiful Iowa Waltz.

We take care of our own,
take care of our young,
Make hay while the sun shines.
Growing our crops, singing our songs,
And planting until harvest time.