

The Grain Belt Blues

Peggy Lee

Way out on the plains where the air is sweet
And the earth is rich for the seedling wheat
A man can hurt his back, but never his soul
A good sweet earth can keep a man whole

Oh the sun can blister and the hail can pound
And the blizzard rage or the rivers flood the ground
That man may cry bitter tears, but still, he'll stay
He knows Mother Nature has some blues to play

The grain belt blues, the grain belt blues
C'mon you crops we need new shoes
We got to get to mill and grind it just right
Or there won't be any bread for supper tonight

Yes, the spring will come and he'll plow once more
He'll work that ground till his body is sore
Why does he work, what is it for
He knows he'll win when they add up the score

Then one fine day, the grain will be ripe
He can smoke after supper, good tobacco in his pipe
He knows it's a bumper, he'll have cash to spend
The grain belt blues will come to an end