

Dear John Deere,

Sean Stemaly

Dear John Deere, do you remember
When I was just a kid on your fender?
Me and grandpa cutting that ole hay field
He'd push the gas I'd turn the wheel
Dear John Deere, it was you and me
Turn road swervin' turning 16
Almost killed us killin' number 5
From a 6 pack of daddy's Natty Light
You're the reason I remember my first beer

'Cause nothin' ran like us
Back when we were a little more green
And I broke down on you
And you broke down on me
All I know is if you hadn't been there
I wouldn't be half the man that's standing here

Dear John Deere, thanks for gettin' stuck
That night we picked Abby Ray up
What I thought went all wrong that night
It turns out it turned out all right
I was covered in mud and she was laughing
And that turned out to be the best damn thing that coulda happened

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Dear John Deere

Now that no tread tire is a tire swing
And that yellow spoke rim is a fire ring
And I'm sitting around it now
Wishing I could go back there somehow

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Dear John Deere
Mmmmm dear John Deere