

# Jimmy Dean, Farmer And The Lord

While resting the other evening by the side of the road  
I saw an old farmer in the field that he just hold  
His face was all brown and wrinkled by the sun and the wind  
And he was talking to the Lord just like he'd be talking to a friend

Well he said with his voice calm and quiet  
Them corn tassels need sucking I got no strenght to tie it  
Had no rain in so long that the fields are mighty dusty  
And it's been so unbearable hot that the kids were even gettin' fussy

Now that grass down and the pasture it should be knee high  
If we could just have a little shower Lord it might keep the calf from going dry  
Oh but listen to me talking you'd think I wasn't grateful  
Why if you didn't know me so well Lord you'd think I was down right hateful

You'd think I frogot about that new calf that you sent  
And the money in the mail that took care of the rent  
Mama's cough's better and Johnny's home from the navy  
And that good Sunday dinner of hot chicken and dumplings and gravy

And that new preacher you sent us Lord he's sure a fine young man  
Why he's just convertin' them sinners to beat the man  
Well I guess I'll mosey on home now Lord I won't take no more your time  
I guess there's plenty folks here about waitin' to ring your line

Evening to you Lord and watch us over tonight  
Don't you worry about us now Lord cause everything is gonna be all right