

Porter Wagoner, Farmer

He tills the soil and plants the seeds to feed his hungry land the farmer the farmer
With a hoe a shovel and a turnin' plow makin' his livin' by the sweat of the brow
The farmer the farmer
When the sun gets hot the fields are dry and like a brain the seeds then die
The farmer the farmer
Then he bends his back to plant new grain then his farm is blessed with rain
The farmer God bless the farmer
Then on his knees gives thanks to God for fertile fields of black rich sod
The farmer God bless the farmer
Raising his two calloused hands thanking God for letting him
Use his land to be a farmer
When the wind blows cold the ground is froze
Who feeds the hungry birds in the snow the farmer the farmer
No wonder he's the first in spring
To hear the lovely robins sing the farmer the farmer
His woman loves and understands
She works by his side in the fields like a man the farmers the farmers
Then on their knees give thanks to God for fertile fields of black rich sod
The farmers God bless the farmers
Raising up their calloused hands thanking God for letting them
Be farmers just plain farmers God bless the farmers the farmers
God bless the farmers the farmers