

# The Who, Now I'm A Farmer

I've got a spade and a pick-axe  
And a hundred miles square of land to churn about  
My old horse is weary but sincerely  
I believe that he can pull a plough  
Well I've moved into the jungle of the agriculture rumble,  
To grow my own food  
And I'll dig and plough and scrape the weeds  
Till I succeed in seeing cabbage growing through

Now I'm a farmer, and I'm digging, digging, digging, digging, digging  
Now I'm a farmer, and I'm digging, digging, digging, digging, digging  
It's alarming how charming it is to be a-farming  
How calming and balming the effect of the air

Well, I farmed for a year and grew a crop of corn  
That stretched as far as the eye can see  
That's a whole lot of cornflakes,  
Near enough to feed New York till 1973  
Cultivation is my station and the nation  
Buys my corn from me immediately  
And holding sixty thousand bucks, I watch as dumper trucks  
Tip New York's corn flakes in the sea

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Now look here son  
The right thing to say  
Isn't necessarily what you want to say  
The right thing to do  
Isn't necessarily what you want to do  
The right things to grow  
Ain't necessarily what you want to grow  
Your own happiness  
Doesn't necessarily teach you what you want to know

Well I'm suntanned and deep, so's the horse  
And my hands are deeply grained  
Old horse is a-grazing, it's amazing  
Just how lazily he took the strain  
Well my pick and spade are rusty,  
Because I'm paid on trust to leave my square of cornfield bare

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When you grow what I grow  
Tomatoes, potatoes, stew, eggplants ...  
Potatoes, tomatoes ... gourds