

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Devil Take the Farmer

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(Dave Gordon)

I am Orva Swanson; these are Swanson lands
For pretty near one hundred and fifty years worked by Swanson hands
Now the land boys want to buy me and I'd rather I was dead
But hi-ho the dairy-o -- the farmer's in the red

And the weather takes its toll
The years take your life
City takes the children
Fever takes your wife
The drought takes the wheat
Bills take the beans
And the devil take the farmer in the land of the big machines

When Flora Mae was living, Lord, weren't we living high
Had sausage, steak, and bacon, pudding, cake, and pie
Now when I've got a cow down, the vet knows I can't pay
Oh, I don't even have enough to put these bones away

They don't know good from bad land
They don't know corn from weeds
They never use the houses
They only use the deeds
They use them as a tax dodge
They use them as a shield
And with half the stuff they hand you
You could fertilize your field
They don't care whose home they're taking
They don't care whose land they grab
They just sit out in the blazing sun
In an air-conditioned cab
They got a button saying Sow
They got another saying Reap
And the third one just says Money
And it pours in while they sleep

The farmer stands alone
The farmer stands alone
I don't even have enough to bury these old bones
Bury these old bones
Bury these old bones
Hi-ho the dairy-o, the farmer stands alone

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