

The Field Behind The Plow

Stan Rogers

Watch the field behind the plow turn to straight dark rows,
Feel the trickle in your clothes, blow the dust cake from your nose;
Hear the tractor's steady roar, oh you can't stop now,
There's a quarter section more or less to go.

And it figures that the rain keeps its own sweet time,
You can watch it come for miles, but you guess you've got a while;
So ease the throttle out a hair, every rod's a gain,
And there's victory in every quarter mile.

Bridge #1:

Poor old Kuzyk down the road,
The heart-ache, hail and hoppers brought him down;
He gave it up and went to town.
And Emmett Pierce, the other day,
Took a heart attack and died at 42;
You could see it coming on 'cause he worked as hard as you.

In an hour, maybe more, you'll be wet clear through,
The air is cooler now, pull your hat-brim further down;
And watch the field behind the plow turn to straight dark rows,
Put another season's promise in the ground.

Bridge #2:

And if the harvest's any good,
The money might just cover all the loans;
You've mortgaged all you own.
Buy the kids a winter coat,
Take the wife back east for Christmas if you can;
All summer she hangs on, when you're so tied to the land.

For the good times come and go, but at least there's rain,
So this won't be barren ground when September rolls around;
So watch the field behind the plow turn to straight dark rows,
And put another season's promise in the ground.