

Life on the farm is kind of lay back or so says everyone,
Cows and the horses, sheep and the boats, girls who want to have fun;
A country breakfast and morning tea, life is about as good as it can be,
The farmer ploughs the field and the crops grow in season, life on the farm is free.

Then all the hard work if the harvest season shearing the sheep all twitching reason,
And nights are dark and black and cold there deep into the winter;
The golden wheat of summer with the sun shining on the gleaming fields,
Good has made the weather the sky is crystal blue clear and harvest yields.

There's glory into he living out these upon the land, and life on the farm is dead,
Spring rains come and the autumn posting is done to keep stock in ground;
Love is in the making and the calves and lambs are all starting to appear,
Things of daily life all happen in their own original and all beautiful way.

Life on the farm is now a desirable attraction as the evening meal is served,
The steaks and chop with fresh vegetables bakes bread from the wheat crop;
Nothing matters seasons changes life is well and good to see the farm is home for me,
Life goes on through doubt and famine, floods and tornadoes for me stop.

Life on the farm for general conversation what the neighbours say is truth,
God is great in all creation life on the farm is something for everyone;
And when the days done and dust is gone and saddle bags are hung and long,
The wife and kids go to the country fair and life is free and love is air.

The damns are filling up now to as water runs down from mountain dew,
The lord of earth and king of creation has gladdened to the farming station;
And life is like that in the nations hearts the farmers the back bone of us all,
Then we are here in the city have enough food and clothing to stay alive and warm.

Signed,

Thank you Farmers