

# Poor Old Dirt Farmer

by Tracy Schwartz (1965) 3/4

Oh the poor old dirt farmer, he's lost all his corn  
And now where's the money to pay off his loan?  
He lost all his corn, can't pay off his loan  
He lost all his corn

Well the poor old dirt farmer, he only grows stone  
He grows them on down till they're big enough to roll  
He rolls them on down to the taxman in town  
He rolls them on down

Now the poor old dirt farmer, he's left all alone  
His wife and his children they packed up and gone  
Packed up and gone, he's left all alone  
They packed up and gone

Well the poor old dirt farmer, how bad he must feel  
He fell off his tractor up under the wheel  
And now his head, shaped like a tread  
But he ain't quite dead

Well the poor old dirt farmer, he can't grow no corn  
He can't grow no corn cause he ain't got a loan  
He ain't got a loan, he can't grow no corn  
He ain't got no loan