

I was resting the other evening by the side of the road  
When I saw an old farmer in the field that he just hold  
Oh his face was all brown from the sun and the wind  
And he was talking to the Lord just like he'd be talking to a friend  
Lord he said with his voice calm and quiet  
Them corn tassels need suckin' but I got no strenght to tie it  
We had no rain in so long that the fields are mighty dusty  
And it's been so unbearable hot the kids were even gettin' fussy  
Oh that grass and the pasture it should be knee high  
If we could just have a little shower Lord it might keep the calf from going dry  
Oh but listen to me talking you'd think I wasn't grateful  
If you didn't know me so well Lord you'd think I was down right hateful  
I guess you'd think I frogot about that new calf that you sent  
And the money in the mail took care of the rent  
Mama's cough's better and Billy's home from the navy  
And oh that good Sunday dinner of hot biscuits and chicken and gravy  
And that new preacher you sent us my Lord he's sure a fine young man  
Why he's just convertin' them sinners to beat the band  
Well I guess I'll mosey on home now Lord I won't take no more your time  
I know there's plenty folks here bout waitin' to ring your line  
Evening to you Lord and watch us over tonight  
But don't you worry bout us none Lord cause everything is gonna be all right  
(Precious sacred seems unfold)