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Title: John Deere Tractor

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Dear Mama, well, here's a letter from your girl  
Well, I think my city days are done, Mom  
And it ain't been three weeks since I came

And Mama, do remember what you said  
Say your prayers before you go to bed, child  
And remember city boys ain't the same

(Chorus)

I'm like a John Deere Tractor  
In a half acre field  
Tryin' to plow a furrow  
Where the soil is made of steel  
How I wish I was home, Mom  
Where the blue grass is growin'  
And the sweet country boys don't complain

And, Mama, so much perfume I thought I'd drown  
And the Lord didn't seem to be nowhere around  
Hey, I felt just like a flower from the vine

(Repeat Chorus)

How I'd like to be home, Mom  
Where the blue grass is growin'  
And the fire light shimmers and it shines

(Repeat Chorus)