Rain On the Scarecrow

John Mellencamp

Scarecrow on a wooden cross Blackbird in the barn
Four hundred empty acres that used to be my farm
I grew up like my daddy did My grandpa cleared this land
When I was five I walked the fence while grandpa held my handRain on the scarecrow Blood
on the plow

This land fed a nation This land made me proud
And Son I'm just sorry there's no legacy for you now
Rain on the scarecrow Blood on the plow
Rain on the scarecrow Blood on the plow

The crops we grew last summer weren't enough to pay the loans Couldn't buy the seed to plant this spring and the Farmers Bank foreclosed

Called my old friend Schepman up to auction off the land He said John it's just my job and I hope you understand Hey calling it your job ol' hoss sure don't make it right

But if you want me to I'll say a prayer for your soul tonight

And grandma's on the front porch swing with a Bible in her hand Sometimes I hear her singing "Take me to the Promised Land"

When you take away a man's dignity he can't work his fields and cowsThere'll be blood on the scarecrow Blood on the plow

Blood on the scarecrow Blood on the plowWell there's ninety-seven crosses planted in the courthouse yard

Ninety-seven families who lost ninety-seven farms
I think about my grandpa and my neighbors and my name
And some nights I feel like dyin' Like that scarecrow in the rain

Rain on the scarecrow Blood on the plow

This land fed a nation This land made me proud

And Son I'm just sorry they're just memories for you now

Rain on the scarecrow Blood on the plow

Rain on the scarecrow Blood on the plowRain on the scarecrow Blood on the plow

This land fed a nation This land made me proud And Son I'm just sorry they're just memories for you now

Rain on the scarecrow Blood on the plow

Rain on the scarecrow Blood on the plow

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by http://counterlikes.com/