Field Behind the Plow

Stan Rogers III-34

```
          G                                D      C    G
Watch the field behind the plow, turn to straight dark rows,
         Am              D                  C                    D
Feel the trickle in your clothes, blow the dustcake from your nose.
            G                            D      C    G
Hear the tractor's steady roar, oh you can't stop now,
          Am                D7              G  C  G
There's a quarter section more or less to go        and

It figures that the rain keeps it's own sweet time,                G   D  C  G
You can watch it come for miles, but you guess you've got a while.  Am D  C  D
So ease the throttle out a hair, every rod's a gain,               G   D   C  G
There's victory in every quarter mile.                             Am D7  G C G
                            D
Chorus One: Poor old Kuzyk down the road,
              Em                    C                     G
        The heartache, hail, and hoppers brought him down.
          G                           A        D
        He gave it up and went to town, and Emmet Pierce, the other day
                Em                  C                G
        Took a heart attack and died at forty - two.
                     G              D                                C
        You could see it coming on, 'cause he worked as hard as you

In an hour, maybe more, you'll be wet clear through,               G   D  C  G
The air is cooler now, pull your hat brim further down, and        Am D  C  D
Watch the field behind the plow turn to straight dark rows.        G   D  C  G
Put a nother season's promise in the ground.                       Am D7  G C G

Break
                            D
Chorus Two: And if the harvest's any good,
       Em                C              G
The money just might cover all the loans.
  G                           A      D
You've mortgaged all you own, buy the kids a winter coat.
           Em                  C                    G
Take the wife back east for Christmas if you can.
     G                    D                                C
All summer she hangs on, when you're so tied to the land.

For the good times come and go, but at least there's rain.         G   D  C  G
So this won't be barren ground, when September rolls around, so    Am D  C  D
Watch the field behind the plow, turn to straight dark rows.       G   D  C  G
Put another season's promise in the ground.                        Am D7  G C G
Watch the field behind the plow turn to straight dark rows.        G   D  C  G
Put another season's promise in the ground.                        Am D7  G C G

Repeat last two lines Instrumental
/ G - C / G
```