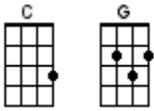


# Poor, Poor Farmer

Keray Regan (as recorded by Stompin' Tom Connors in 1970 on his album Stompin' Tom Meets Big Joe Mufferaw)



< ~[C]~ MEANS TREMOLO ON THE [C] CHORD >

**INTRO: / 1 2 / 1 2 / [C] / [C]**

I [C] came from the city, many months a-[G]go  
[G] Sold most everything and it gave me quite a stake ya [C] know  
I [C] bought meself a section of the finest farmin' [G] land  
But [G] how they make a fortune, I don't under-[C]stand [C]

I [C] bought new machinery, the very best of [G] seeds  
But [G] always buyin' new parts, and half me crops is [C] weeds  
The [C] weasel took me chickens, while arsenic killed me [G] cow  
The [G] wife went home to mother, and the black earth got me [C] sow

I'm a [C] poor, poor farmer, what am I gonna [G] do?  
A [G] poor, poor farmer, full of rabbit [C] stew  
A [C] poor, poor farmer, always on the [G] go  
[G] Prayin' to get my farm work, caught up before the [C] snow [C] / [C]

The [C] rabbits ate me garden, the hail took all me [G] wheat  
It [G] seems I'm workin' round the clock, I'm really gettin' [C] beat [C]  
Grass-[C]hoppers came the other day, just like a million [G] goats  
Be-[G]fore I knew just what to do, they cut down all me [C] oats [C]

Well I [C] loaded up with grass seed, and started off to [G] town  
[G] Seems like every mile I made, the price kept goin' [C] down  
The [C] most of it was stuckage, from wild oats to [G] flax  
And [G] when we come to settle up, I owe them for the [C] sacks

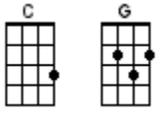
I'm a [C] poor, poor farmer, what am I gonna [G] do?  
A [G] poor, poor farmer, full of rabbit [C] stew  
A [C] poor, poor farmer, always on the [G] go  
[G] Prayin' to get my farm work, caught up before the [C] snow [C] / [C] /

[C] I woke up this morning, feelin' mighty [G] low  
I [G] gazed upon the potato field, all covered up with [C] snow  
[C] First me wheat an' then me oats an' now me spuds are [G] gone  
The [G] grub box is empty, how will I carry [C] on? [C]

But [C] still I got me freedom, my credit ratin' is [G] high  
Don't [G] have to pack a lunch box, or heed the whistle's [C] cry  
I'll [C] always be a farmer, I don't care `bout a [G] thing  
And if [G] I can get the tractor fixed, I'll combine in the [C] spring

I'm a **[C]** poor, poor farmer, and I'll always **[G]** be  
A **[G]** poor, poor farmer, cause farmin' is for **[C]** me  
I'd **[C]** rather be the farmer, cause farmin's what I **[G]** love  
And **[G]** I'll still be a farmer, up in the land a-**[C]**bove

I'm a **[C]** poor, poor farmer, what am I gonna **[G]** do?  
A **[G]** poor, poor farmer, I'm full of rabbit **[C]** stew  
A **[C]** poor, poor farmer, always on the **[G]** go  
**[G]** Prayin' to get me farm work, caught up before the **[C]** snow  
And **[G]** that's the way a poor, poor farmer's life must ~**[C]**~ go



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