ONE HEART ACRE

Grandpa’s gun was a simple one

Powder pushing steel

His weary plow did the job somehow

As he dragged it cross the field

Grandpa saw in my grandma

A woman made of steel

He took her hand, oh they worked the land

Brought home the evening meal

And the sun beat down on that dusty ground

Where grandpa worked the seed

He turned his eye to the July sky

Smiled and thanked his maker

For one heart acre

Grandpa ran the farm,

Grandpa worked the arms

Of his five sons and daughters

They pitched the hay, oh they hitched the bay

Led the herd to slaughter

And the winter snow through the night would blow

And the wind could chill you hollow

But the fire light lit the house alright

She’s a giver, she’s a taker

That one heart acre

My dad heard a call of his own

And he moved into the city

He found the woman to follow him down

To take his name

But he still had the water running off the topsoil

Pumpin’ through his farm boy veins

Now if I die before my time

And my kids need to know me

Make sure they go where the tall corn grows

And smell the earth below me

And feel the sun beat down on that dusty ground

Where grandpa worked the seed

Have them turn their eye to the July sky

Smile and thank their maker

For one heart acre