

Turn Of The Wrench
Dana Lyons

www.danalyons.com
Turn of the Wrench
by Dana Lyons

this is the ultimate Dana Lyons song its not a hippy song or humorous like all the other ones this song is one of the best songs ever written dana lyons is almost as good as John Denver any of you who don t like this song are gay liberal

homos who want all of our country to be city you don t care about farmers like us

who work our butts off just so you can eat and any of you who like this song (if there is anyone) you rule so here you go

Intro: **Em A C Bm D**

[Em] John Svenson was a farmer

He grew the [A] Minnesota wheat

He [C] rode there with his daughter

High [Bm] upon the thresher s seat [D]

They broke down on the hillside
The radiator spitting steam
Went back to get the tool box
So they could fix the old machine

With a [Em] turn of the wrench, and a [A] twist of the screw

We can [C] fix the tractor, we can [Bm] make it like new [D]

But that day they got a letter
That said the power lines would come
Right across their farmland
Right across the setting sun
So they gathered all the family
And talked late into the night
We cannot let them do this
We ve got to put up one hell of a fight

With a turn of the wrench, and a twist of the screw
We ll apply a little pressure, and we ll see what that will do

So they phoned one hundred farmers
And drove to the Twin Cities
Met there with the Governor
And they sued the utility
But after writing all the letters
And paying all the legal costs
To the power of the city
Once again the farmers lost

And in the [C] still of the [D] evening the [Em] wind is all you hear

I watch the [C] waves on the [D] wheat fields a [Em] lone

I walk the [C] furrows of [D] earth I plant [Em] year after year

[C] This is our [D] land this is our [Em] home

So they met there at the tavern
But there wasn't much to say
The power lines may come, but they will not stay

With a turn of the wrench, and a twist of the screw
What was once put together, we can easily undo

With bandannas on their faces
Careful not to make sound
They loosened all the bolts
That held the towers to the ground
And several weeks later, with nobody around
The Minnesota wind blew tower after tower after tower down

With a turn of the wrench, and a twist of the screw
What was once put together, we can easily undo

And in the still of the evening the wind is all you hear
I watch the waves on the wheat fields alone
I walk the furrows of earth I plant year after year
This is our land this is our home