

**Trouble In The Fields**  
**Maura O'Connell**

[Intro]

**G Am G/B C G**

[Verse]

**C Bm C**  
Baby, I know that we ve got trouble in the fields  
**G C**  
When the bankers swarm like locusts  
**D G**  
They are turning away our yield  
**C Bm C**  
The trains roll by our silos, silver in the rain  
**G C**  
They leave our pockets full of nothing  
**D G**  
And our dreams and the golden grain

[Verse]

**C Bm C G**  
Have you seen the folks in line, downtown at the station  
**C**  
They re all buying their tickets out  
**D G**  
And they re talking the great depression  
**C Bm C**  
Now our parents had their hard times fifty years ago  
**G C**  
When they stood out in these empty fields  
**D G**  
In dust as deep as snow

[Chorus]

**C D**  
And all this trouble in our fields  
**G G/B C**  
If this rain can fall, these wounds can heal  
**D G**  
They ll never take our native soil  
**C D**  
And if we sell that new John Deere  
**G G/B C**  
And we work this farm with sweat and tears  
**G Am**  
You ll be the mule, I ll be the plough  
**G/B C**  
Come harvest time we ll work it out  
**Am D G Am G/B C G**

There s still a lotta love, here in these troubled fields

[Verse]

**C**                  **Bm**                  **C**  
There s a book up on the shelf about the dust bowl days  
                  **G**                                  **C**  
And there s a little bit of you and a little bit of me  
                  **D**                                  **G**  
In the photos on every page  
                  **C**                                  **Bm**                  **C**  
Now our children live in the city and they rest upon our shoulders  
                  **G**                                  **C**  
They never want the rain to fall  
                  **D**                                  **G**  
Or the weather to get colder

[Chorus]

**C**                                  **D**  
And all this trouble in our fields  
                  **G**                  **G/B**                  **C**  
If this rain can fall, these wounds can heal  
                  **D**                                  **G**  
They ll never take our native soil  
                  **C**                                  **D**  
And if we sell that new John Deere  
                  **G**                  **G/B**                  **C**  
And we work this farm with sweat and tears  
                  **G**                                  **Am**  
You ll be the mule, I ll be the plough  
                  **G/B**                                  **C**  
Come harvest time we ll work it out  
                                  **Am**          **D**                                  **G**          **Am**  **G/B**  **C**          **G**  
There s still a lotta love, here in these troubled fields

[Outro]

**Am**  
You ll be the mule, I ll be the plough  
                  **G/B**                                  **C**  
Come harvest time we ll work it out  
                  **Am**                  **D**                                  **C**  **G**  
There s still a lotta love, here in these troubled fields\_\_