

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]

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

[Chorus]

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

[Outro]

You ll be the mule, I ll be the plough
Come harvest time we ll work it out
There s still a lotta love, here in these troubled fields__