Dreaming Feilds Trisha Yearwood

C F [G] C
Oh, the sun rolls down, big as a miracle F
And fades from the Midwest Sky C F G C
And the corn and the trees wave in the breeze F C
As if to say goodbye C F [G] C
Oh, my grandfather stood right here as a younger man
In nineteen and forty three C F G C
And with the sweat and his tears, the rain and the years $f F \qquad f G \qquad f C$
He grew life from the soil and seed
C G F Oh I m goin down to the dreaming fields C F
But what will be my harvest now G C F
Where every tear that falls on a memory feels ${f F}$
Like rain on the rusted plow C Rain on the rusted plow
C F [G] C And these fields they dream of wheat in the summertime F
Grandchildren running free C F G C
And the bales of hay at the end of the day $f F$
And the scarecrow that just scared me
C F [G] C Now the houses they grow like weeds in a flower bed F C
This morning the silo fell C F G C F
Seems the only way a man can live off the land these days $[\mathbf{G}]$ \mathbf{C}
Is to buy and sell

C But what will be my harvest now C Where every tear that falls on a memory feels Like rain on the rusted plow Rain on the rusted plow Like the rain on the roof on the porch by the kitchen Where as my grandmother sings, I can hear if I listen Running down, running down to the end of the world I loved This will be my harvest now F And the sun rolls down, big as a miracle And fades in the Midwest sky And the corn and the trees wave in the breeze As if to say goodbye As if to say goodbye

[G] means the G is optional

С

G

Oh I m goin down to the dreaming fields