

Scarecrow on a wooden cross, blackbird in the barn  
Four hundred empty acres that used to be my farm  
I grew up like my daddy did, my grandpa cleared this land  
When I was five I walked the fence while grandpa held my hand

Rain on the scarecrow, blood on the plow  
This land fed a nation, this land made me proud  
Son I'm just sorry there's no legacy for you now

Rain on the scarecrow, blood on the plow  
Rain on the scarecrow, blood on the plow

The crops we grew last summer weren't enough to pay the loans  
Couldn't buy the seed to plant this spring and the Farmers Bank foreclosed  
Called my old friend Schepman up to auction off the land  
He said John it's just my job and I hope you understand  
Hey calling it your job ol' hoss sure don't make it right  
But if you want me to I'll say a prayer for your soul tonight  
And grandma's on the front porch swing with a Bible in her hand  
Sometimes I hear her singing Take Me to the Promised Land  
When you take away a man's dignity he can't work his fields and cows

(There'll be)  
Blood on the scarecrow, blood on the plow  
Blood on the scarecrow, blood on the plow

[Solo]

Well there's ninety-seven crosses planted in the courthouse yard  
Ninety-seven families who lost ninety-seven farms  
I think about my grandpa, my neighbors and my name  
And some nights I feel like dyin', like that scarecrow in the rain

Rain on the scarecrow, blood on the plow  
This land fed a nation, this land made me proud  
Son I'm just sorry they're just memories for you now  
Rain on the scarecrow, blood on the plow  
Rain on the scarecrow, blood on the plow

Rain on the scarecrow, blood on the plow  
This land fed a nation, this land made me so proud  
Son I'm sorry they're just memories for you now  
Rain on the scarecrow, blood on the plow  
Rain on the scarecrow, blood on the plow