Talk about an uphill battle
2000 acres of beans and cattle
But he don't ever get rattled
He just goes 'til the sun goes down

Hydraulic fluid on his jeans
Red dye diesel and ten rows between
A cold one on the porch and a good nights of sleep
Y'all hold 'em up with me now

Here's to the farmer that plants the fields in the spring
That turn from green to that harvest honey
Hold one up for the banker downtown
That got him on his feet with handshake money
Here's to the farmer's wife
That loves him every night
Raising a son, raising a daughter
They gather 'round the table, send it up to the Father
Somehow they get closer when times get harder
Here's to the farmer