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