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Grandpa's Farm

James Beaty

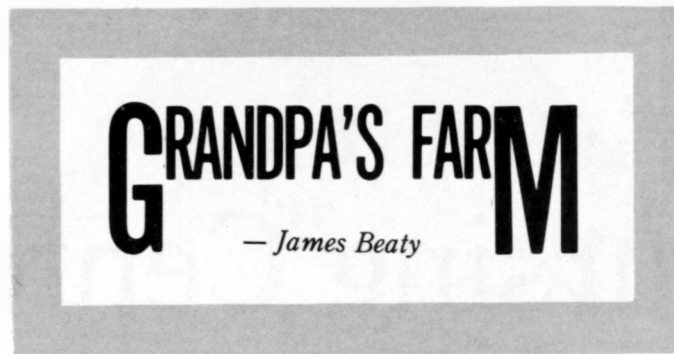
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Grandpa's farm is home now
 To only sparrows
 Singing in the eaves.
 Willows bend,
 Bowing to years
 He spent working cotton rows.

In later years
 He took to wearing
 Red flannel shirts
 In the summer,
 Eating enchilladas for breakfast,
 A shot of whiskey for supper.

He'd talk to the
 Split-tongued crow who
 Perched on the twisted branch in the
 Tallest oak.

They'd say, "Good morning,"
 Then have cuss fights.

When the cotton picking was over,
 The crow said,
 "Goodnight."

Ah, Grandpa'd rosin
 Up the bow,

Play a song about
 Liza Jane,
 Clog up and down the
 Kitchen floor
 Until Grandma'd say
 "This old house won't
 Take much more.
 Slow down Pa
 We can't take much more."
 But Grandpa'd play
 Sally Goodin again until a
 String'd break and
 He'd finally quit.

I don't hear
 Grandpa's fiddle now.
 It rests on a wall in my
 Brother's town.
 No one's here to
 Rosin up the bow.
 No one here to
 Hoe the cotton rows.
 No one near to
 Cuss a split-tongued crow,
 Play a song about
 Liza Jane.