

Closing Down The Farm

Words & Music by James C. Burns

When I was a young man. I traveled on my own
When I left there to see you. That's when I left my home.
Every one' is a moving. Every body's up and gone.
And the last one who stands here, closes down the farm.
Closing down the farm.

Card-board in the window. A rockin chair faded grey.
Hungry words in the mailbox. Never read. Never paid.
Fallow Dreams in heart-land. They die without rain.
And the last one who stands here, Closes down the pain.
Closing down the farm.

[Chorus]

Everybody tells me, every time they see me.
That I did a fine job.
Anyone who sees me, tells me they believe me.
That I'm going far.
Looking back. I looked ahead. Feeling sad that I couldn't bend.
Boxing up the memories you stand there dark and empty.
But I keep holding on. Closing Down the farm.

Gotta make the freeway. Before the sun goes down.
I don't want to be here when those ghosts come back around.
I gotta keep a movin. Push it all back down.
Because the last one who stands here, closes down the farm.
Closing down the farm.