Harvest Song – To the tune of George Ezra’s ‘Shotgun’

Home-grown new potatoes, green tomatoes,

Gotta hit the farm, gotta hit the farm.

The sun it changed in the atmosphere,

Farming life is familiar,

I can get used to this.

Time flies by in the fields of green,

Look around and you’ll see what I mean.

There’s a carrot top that I’m dreaming of,

If you need me, you know where I’ll be.

I’ll be riding tractors underneath the hot sun

Feeling like a someone.

I’ll be riding tractors underneath the hot sun,

Feeling like a someone.

South of the potatoes,

Sowing in rows.

Gotta hit the farm, gotta hit the farm.

Driving tractors ‘round the clock’,

Sowing seeds and carrot tops,

I can get used to this.

Time flies by in the fields of green,

Stick around and you’ll see what I mean.

There’s a carrot top that I’m dreaming of,

If you need me, you know where I’ll be.

I’ll be riding tractors underneath the hot sun

Feeling like a someone.

I’ll be driving tractors underneath the hot sun,

Feeling like a someone.

We got two in the front,

Two in the back,

Driving along

And we don’t look back……

Time flies by in the fields of green

Stick around and you’ll see what I mean.

There’s a carrot top that I’m dreaming of,

If you need me, you know where I’ll be.

I’ll be riding tractors underneath the hot sun

Feeling like a someone.

I’ll be driving tractors underneath the hot sun,

Feeling like a someone.

I’ll be driving tractors underneath the hot sun,

Feeling like a someone.

I’ll be driving tractors underneath the hot sun,

Feeling like a someone, someone, someone, someone.