

🍷 *The Drought*

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The Drought

There's a silence in the kitchen, and a silence in my soul
Guess I've never felt so lonely, and I've never felt so old
Tommy's sittin' at the table, and he's lookin' at the bills
If this blessed heat don't get him, then a broken spirit will

Now this land's been in my family for over sixty years
I grew up on this place, then I raised my children here
My folks saw the Great Depression, and survived it on a prayer
Now I know just how they felt to see the land so parched and bare

I went walkin' out this evenin', when the sun was hangin' low
It used to feel so peaceful, I could hear the new corn grow
But the land was dead and silent, and the corn lay on the ground
Tho, I watered it with tears, you know, it never made a sound

Now Tom and I are farmers, and this land has been our friend
We've fought tight-fisted bankers, when no money would they lend
We've worked just like the devil, we laughed when day was through
But now this house is silent, and I don't know what to do.

Sometimes there's a whisper, and I can feel the wind come up
But it's a sound that gives no comfort, only dust to fill my cup
For the land is blowing far away, it's leavin' this old place
And sometimes in my dreams I see the wind with Tommy's face

Chorus

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