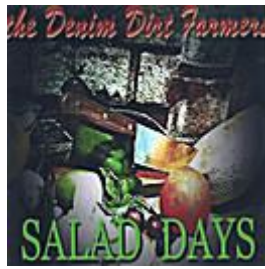


## Mp3 The Denim Dirt Farmers - Salad Days



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Alternative bluegrass music with sophisticated lyrics 14 MP3 Songs COUNTRY: Bluegrass, COUNTRY: Country Folk Details: IT'S BACK!!!!!!!!!! A LONG TIME OUT OF STOCK- NOW IT'S BACK BY POPULAR DEMAND!!!!!! GET A COPY WHILE THEY LAST!!!!!!!!!!!! DIRT CHEAP!!!!!!!!!!!! Buy the Farmers now at an incredible savings- their debut CD Salad Days is now available- Put your head phones on and grab a pitch fork- You'll sow the seeds of song and reap melodies that will feed your mind for a long time (also look and listen to another Denim Dirt Farmers' CD being sold on CD Baby by hitting:

[cdbaby.com/denimdirty2](http://cdbaby.com/denimdirty2) and keep an eye on the near future for the release of a 5 CD set: The Denim Dirt Farmers' WORK WEEK) The Denim Dirt Farmers The Ragweed Rag I'm a denim dirt farmer, but I don't grow blue jeans Got myself a garden full of taters and green beans When I'm not in my backyard a-diggin in the dirt I pick guitar, sing songs and pray your ears don't hurt Ain't nothin like a garden where tomatoes ripen on the vine My corn gets high and so do I sippin homemade wine Hangin round my garden while the summer days get warmer I got more rows to hoe than you'll ever know Cuz I'm a denim dirt... I'm a denim dirt... I'm a denim dirt farmer The Pollination Dance Grapes are appealing naked on the vine But beans aren't obscene though they're standin in line Waitin to see if tomatoes turn red Cuz there's an organic orgy in this garden bed Down one row and then up the next Plants just a sproutin and way over sexed Bees buzz by full of honey and the chance To find a fine flower, do the pollination dance Deep down in the dirt roots stake claim to their places Sounds like real estate, but it's a farmer's oasis Toilin in the soil and diggin what I do Come on over friend and have a meal or two My free time is spent with my wife in the midst Of a garden in the evening and we both must insist That it keeps our love growin when we work in our backyard Love her and this land, I'm a singin garden bard I know my garden by heart never need to label Just plant, water, grow and invite them to the table You can buy your corn and kale

from the corner grocer But they're not as good as mine, absolutely, no sir My salads are a delicacy you can't buy in a store And when we eat them we just grow more Cuz bees buzz by full of honey and the chance To find a fine flower, do the pollination dance Suburban Gothic \* I've got a shed instead of a barn Live on and off of a backyard farm Order my seeds on an on line site Sow them in rows when it gets day light No chicken alarm clock to wake me up Grow fruit and veggies but no live stock But we're not backwoods Or even backwards Simply farm in our backyard Spring finds me with shovel in hand Next to my woman workin the land Takin turns tillin til the soild been turned Grass yard to garden, food chewed for worms Mulch as much stuff as we can Take from the earth, give back to the land Eat what we reap, freeze or dry Food stores for our winter supply But we're not backwoods Or even backwards Simply farm in our backyard In Memory of a Soldier In general he leads green things to grow Lined up like planted soldiers row after row He waters his garden with great discipline All the while his white hair grows so thin But he still gives and has his command Though it's not the life he planned For a man may reap yet toss in his sleep and never know Why he didn't sow what should've been sown He prunes uniformly every branch and vine And mows the grass in impeccable lines Of strands of green on his battlefield backyard Maybe he's scared, and surely he's scarred By unwon wars and friends now gone He weeds and rakes and keeps a regulation neat lawn Though he lives next door he's still at war and forever shall be It would seem the enemy might be the weeds Leaves grow as heavy as his heart But makes him busy to make a new start Every spring he turns sorrow into new ground And marvels at the way he's found To uncover the dirt from turned over grass And from it grow the buried past Remembering loose ends and fallen friends in foreign soil Every time he works and tills and toils Salad Days Music's a lot like what's growin in the ground And who among us does not love the sound Of tree branches whistlin when the wind blows up a band To the rustle of leaves like a clapping of hands Now I could be right yet might be wrong But you've got to admit it takes a seed to make a song In the fertile soil of a human heart I do believe saplings and songs have the same start Can't help but sing about the land that I've planted Songs from my soul and nature's simple ways Music and mustard greens- never take them for granted Cause I'm still living in my salad days I grow beans, play guitar strings, a bountiful lot My garden grows best when green and hot I've got taters and tunes and sunflowers growin And ideas run like water down a rainspout over flowin Such is the space of my musical splendor With lettuce and squash, my tomatoes so tender In the yard I work hard, pull weeds and smile I could compose and grow for a whole country mile Can't help but sing about

the land that I've planted Songs from my soul and nature's simple ways Music and mustard greens- never take them for granted Cause I'm still living in my salad days The Gripes of Wrath \* Planted a field of potatoes and peas That didn't amount to a hill of beans This soil it's just, just like me As poor as poor can be You can't eat hot soup from a dust bowl Or grow the fixins to even make it cold Soil is sand and winds blew the best away Ain't no reason for us to stay ma No there ain't no reason for to stay Saw a brochure Said california's The land of milk and honey Our land we'll leave But my truck I'll keep And with all the family and money Head out west like all the rest In the promised land we'll dwell Leave behind all that reminds Us of this dust bowl hell Truck blew a tire so here we are Stuck by the side of the road Folks stopped to help who had a wealth Of dreams, said their name was joad Hope they know where to go lord lord Hope they know where to go Greenhouse Blues \* I got the greenhouse blues- I'm forty two Forty more then before I knew what to do I put down roots that's what to do or so I was told But I just wanna grow somethin besides old Guess I just got them greenhouse blues Got some flower pots and I got thinking That solar light bulb above my head was blinking I'll grow a soup and salad with an entre Though I don't parle vous francaise So I took a look see at some packs of seeds So many to pick and choose- what's it gonna be Beets for borsht of course cause some summer soups are cold I just wanna grow somethin besides old Guess I just got them greenhouse blues So I waited and watered and watered and waited My impatience grew, as did the mud puddle I created Yet outside my window spring had already done sprung But no shoots had shot up in my pots how come Guess I was dealt a bad hand all thumbs and none are green A chard shark I'm not, no aces up my sleeve I'm not a betting man and with this hand I'll lose so fold Just wanted to grow somethin besides old Guess I just got them greenhouse blues Just wanted to grow somethin besides old Just wanted to grow somethin Just wanted to grow somethin I just wanna grow somethin besides old Mowin' Cohen A manicured lawn just makes me yawn I like to see grass a-growing, so I sit on porch with an ice cold beer And listen to Leonard Cohen Leonard's a laid back dude like me A modern day lyrical bard But I'd bet my farm and favorite CD He's never mowed his own yard Dandelions and all kinds of grass Thrive in the noon day sun But Cohen's idea of culture and class Have more to do with a pipe and a glass And smokin what grows is more fun Now me, I'm just a regular guy Truth is I mow now and then But not without a wondering why Cuz next week gotta do it again If I was a rich ole son of a bitch I'd hire myself landscapers That way my legs would never itch I'd just get high on cut grass vapors Dandelions and all kinds of grass Thrive in the noon day sun But Cohen's idea

of culture and class Have more to do with a pipe and a glass And smokin what grows is more fun No,  
Leonard Cohen, he ain't mowin That's my horticultural point of view When the grass's been cut there's still  
that knowin That rakin up is harder to do Dandelions and all kinds of grass Thrive in the noon day sun But  
Cohen's idea of culture and class Have more to do with a pipe and a glass And smokin what grows is  
more fun Raisin' Grapes \* My grapes get drunk on water I get drunk on wine But it doesn't bother To have  
some sunshine So I hope the rain keeps up Cause I don't want it comin down Laying in my hammock I'm  
just hangin round My grapes turned to raisins Dried right on the vine Caught too many rays and Got too  
much sunshine So I hope the rain don't keep up Wanna see it come down Sittin under my hammock In  
the shade, on the ground Pick Your Own If it didn't come in a package of plastic or cardboard Then I  
wasn't eatin it but now can't afford To have blood pressure as high as Einstein's IQ score And keep letting  
this lack of agriculture go ignored So I'll turn my new trousers in for old overalls Ain't gonna buy dinner at  
no fancy shoppin malls I can't climb any farther till my cholesterol falls Gotta change my dietary ways my  
back's against the wall So won't you teach me to garden I gotta learn right now Excuse me I beg your  
pardon Won't you show me how To go and eat from a garden I'm throwin in the junk food towel So won't  
you teach me to garden Cuz my arteries are startin to harden Don't want to sit in a seat and get tightly  
wedged Don't wanna cross that creek if I get to that bridge So lend me your thoughts, your green thumbs  
and your knowledge It's time I enrolled in your healthy food college Compared to a carrot, chocolate cake  
is the devil Gotta repent now and eat right, keep my blood sugar level So it's time to take a rake and  
shovel and dishevel My grass's green hair, break new ground and revel Cause I learned to garden I'm  
doin it right now Better late then never for startin I've taken up the plow I grow and eat from a garden I've  
thrown in the junk food towel Since I learned to garden My arteries don't harden Garden Groove \* If my  
garden was a clock I'd have lots of thyme And if it were a day my sun flowers would rise and shine If my  
garden was wise I'd be a sage but there's lots to learn of Cause my garden is impromptu you never know  
what will turip Since diamonds have carrots my garden might be a ring Or an old mattress- it becomes a  
bed with the spring If my garden was a hen an eggplant it would lay And if it was a church amen I'd say  
lettuce pray So my garden might be a wedding cause you cantaloupe unblessed And if my garden was a  
flat tire I'd have asparagus Things get squished cause the squash won't leave no room And who can  
resist a kiss with tulips in bloom So if my garden was a ship I wouldn't plant leeks But if it were a song I'd  
certainly keep the beets And if ever there was a tear then I would mend and sow And if you were my

garden dear I would be your hoe A is for Apple \* Took knowledge in a logical way Checked out books starting with "A" After a few months and a week Wasn't even close to the "B's" But i could tell you anything you wanted to know aardvarks and artichokes But I kept at it figurin I'll get there Sat so long wore a whole in my chair My beard grew longer couldn't stop to shave And as it grayed I was near the end of the "A's" Couldn't wait to learn all about buttered beans and brussel sproats Well look back now I think I should've Started at age four then maybe I would've Been to the "D's" before I died But in the "C's" I saw how to cry Cultivate cucumbers correctly create conversation continuously colloqually called chewing cud I learned all about alliteration ages ago Soil and Souls \* Uncle Walt always though he's be in business But he never used the common sense god gives us He failed at attempts yet tempted to try And tended to screw up but didn't know why Til the day they came to lay his body to rest And that's when walt became a success He's a worm farmer now And a pretty damn good one at that The only over head he has Is six feet of dirt and grass He's a mighty fine worm farmer now Miss Molly made all her money in oil Though she didn't dare dirty her hands touching soil But she dug up dirt on other folks Razed their dreams and rashed their hopes She always thought that she was above the rest But success is the same for all in death Cause she's a worm farmer now And a pretty damn good one at that The only over head she is Is six feet of dirt and grass She's a mighty fine worm farmer now They're worm farmers now And pretty damn good ones at that The only over head they have Is six feet of dirt and grass They're mighty fine worm farmers now They're mighty fine worm farmers now Song for a Season \* A blanket of snow a sheet of ice Covers my garden bed sleeping so tight Dream of another season to come Spring will bring warmth, green sproats and the sun Now I lay me down in snow oh so deep Thrashing my arms, my legs and my feet I leave a sign to watch over and care And dance with the wind A snow angel so fair A snow angel so fair

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