

TURN OF THE WRENCH

Intro:

Em A C Bm D

Em
John Svenson was a farmer
 A
He grew the Minnesota wheat
 C
He rode there with his daughter
 Bm D
High upon the thresher's seat

Em
They broke down on the hillside
 A
The radiator spitting steam
 C
Went back to get the tool box
 Bm D
So they could fix the old machine

 Em A
With a turn of the wrench, and a twist of the screw
 C Bm D
We can fix the tractor, we can make it like new

Em
But that day they got a letter
 A
That said the power lines would come
 C
Right across their farmland
 Bm D
Right across the setting sun
 Em
So they gathered all the family
 A
And talked late into the night
 C
We cannot let them do this
 Bm D
We've got to put up one hell of a fight

 Em A
With a turn of the wrench, and a twist of the screw

^F
We'll apply a little pressure, and we'll see what that will do ^{Bm} ^D

^{Em}
So they phoned one hundred farmers

^A
And drove to the Twin Cities

^C
Met there with the Governor

^{Bm} ^D
And they sued the utility

^{Em}
But after writing all the letters

^A
And paying all the legal costs

^C
To the power of the city

^{Bm} ^D
Once again the farmers lost

^C ^D ^{Em}
And in the still of the evening the wind is all you hear

^C ^D ^{Em}
I watch the waves on the wheat fields alone

^C ^D ^{Em}
I walk the furrows of earth I plant year after year

^C ^D ^{Em}
This is our land this is our home

^{Em}
So they met there at the tavern

^A
But there wasn't much to say

^C ^{Bm} ^D
The power lines may come, but they will not stay

^{Em} ^A
With a turn of the wrench, and a twist of the screw

^C ^{Bm} ^D
What was once put together, we can easily undo

^{Em}
With bandannas on their faces

^A
Careful not to make sound

^C
They loosened all the bolts

^{Bm} ^D
That held the towers to the ground

^{Em} ^A

And several weeks later, with nobody around
The Minnesota wind blew tower after tower after tower down

With a turn of the wrench, and a twist of the screw
What was once put together, we can easily undo

And in the still of the evening the wind is all you hear
I watch the waves on the wheat fields alone
I walk the furrows of earth I plant year after year
This is our land this is our home

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