

# TURN OF THE WRENCH

## Intro:

Em A C Bm D

Em

John Svenson was a farmer

He grew the Minnesota wheat

He rode there with his daughter

High upon the thresher's seat

Em

They broke down on the hillside

The radiator spitting steam

Went back to get the tool box

So they could fix the old machine

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

We can fix the tractor, we can make it like new

Em

But that day they got a letter

That said the power lines would come

Right across their farmland

Right across the setting sun

So they gathered all the family

And talked late into the night

We cannot let them do this

We've got to put up one hell of a fight

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

<sup>F</sup>  
We'll apply a little pressure, and we'll see what that will do <sup>Bm</sup> <sup>D</sup>

<sup>Em</sup>  
So they phoned one hundred farmers

<sup>A</sup>  
And drove to the Twin Cities

<sup>C</sup>  
Met there with the Governor

<sup>Bm</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
And they sued the utility

<sup>Em</sup>  
But after writing all the letters

<sup>A</sup>  
And paying all the legal costs

<sup>C</sup>  
To the power of the city

<sup>Bm</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
Once again the farmers lost

<sup>C</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>Em</sup>  
And in the still of the evening the wind is all you hear

<sup>C</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>Em</sup>  
I watch the waves on the wheat fields alone

<sup>C</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>Em</sup>  
I walk the furrows of earth I plant year after year

<sup>C</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>Em</sup>  
This is our land this is our home

<sup>Em</sup>  
So they met there at the tavern

<sup>A</sup>  
But there wasn't much to say

<sup>C</sup> <sup>Bm</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
The power lines may come, but they will not stay

<sup>Em</sup> <sup>A</sup>  
With a turn of the wrench, and a twist of the screw

<sup>C</sup> <sup>Bm</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
What was once put together, we can easily undo

<sup>Em</sup>  
With bandannas on their faces

<sup>A</sup>  
Careful not to make sound

<sup>C</sup>  
They loosened all the bolts

<sup>Bm</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
That held the towers to the ground

<sup>Em</sup> <sup>A</sup>

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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