**Makin’ Hay**

I grew up on this farm

Just down the road from where your family stayed

In the summertime when you rolled into town

You drove by me smiling as I worked in the shade

You told me that you loved to watch the plow

And wondered if I’d ever take you on a ride with me

In the fields where we had many seeds to sow

And maybe let you drive, oh how good would that be

When the summer comes, and things begin to grow

You come with me every day

When we go past the farm and to the golden fields

You and me are makin’ hay

You started coming ‘round here all the time

Helping with the chores that needed to be done

And every day we drove out to the fields

And got to know each other beneath the setting sun

When the summer comes, and things begin to grow

You come with me every day

When we go past the farm and to the golden fields

You and me are makin’ hay

Many years have come and gone since then

We run the farm just down the road from where your family stayed

In the summertime when they roll into town

They get to watch you smile while working in the shade

When the summer comes, and things begin to grow

You come with me every day

When we go past the farm and to the golden fields

You and me are makin’ hay

You and me are makin’ hay