**How The Middle West Was Won**

Barbed wire and a tractor tire and two old fishin’ poles

Barn-wood bed and a bottle of Sunday’s fun

Bindweed vine on the Decalb sign shot full of target holes

It’s the story on how the Middle West was won

Paintless barns and crank-up cars and cattle off in the corn

Collie dog keepin watch at the kitchen door

Misses gone down to the neighbor farm a baby’s bein born

Mr. Wilson took the boys off to the war

Noisy squeal in the windmill wheel these dry and dusty days

Stand on the porch and smell the air for rain

Men hangin round way down in town, the bank said move away

Some went west, others went insane

Radio dials and tonic vials and piles of broken glass

Old phonograph she must weigh half a ton

Iron machines that ran on steam tangled in the grass

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Water pump in the field of stumps, these cold and cloudy nights

Hickory smoke turns circles in the wind

Sitting there in the rocking chair staring at the fire lights

Radio says it’s goin’ to to snow

Northern lights on summer nights, and stars as thick as clouds

Fireflies chasing shadows from the moon

Untamed hairs and county fairs and times to wonder how

And times to sit and sing a simple tune

Barbed wire and a tractor tire and tow old fishin’ poles

Barn-wood bed and a bottle of Sunday’s fun

Bindweed vine on the Decalb sign shot full of target holes

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