

Dear John John Deere

Calman Hart & Jeff Berkley

She wrote a Dear John with his John Deere
The cornfield said she's outta here
It was short and sweet, but it was loud and clear
She wrote a Dear John with his John Deere

He promised he wouldn't, but he did it again
Passed out, blacked out, at six a.m.
In a whisky coma on the kitchen floor
She'd had it up to here, she couldn't take no more

So she threw on her bathrobe and stormed outside
Fired up his tractor, and she went for a ride
She plowed his corn, and the note she left
Was a 90-foot message that he'd never forget

She wrote a Dear John with his John Deere
The cornfield said she's outta here
It was short and sweet, but it was loud and clear
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Now she kept it simple so he'd understand
Just two big letters for one small man
She started it out with a big ol' "F"
And it don't take no genius to guess the rest

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