

# Winds of Change

Murray Little

Winds of Change

*The small family farm is disappearing, being replaced by industrial scale factories and megafarms that produce the lion's share of food sold in our supermarkets. However, medium sized farms owned and operated by families linked to the local community can still be found.*

I drove the backroads of the Western Prairies  
Past endless fields of ... golden grain  
Saw sun light dance ... on silver granaries  
Saw two ravens ... in a tree / But the Winds of Change still blow

Saw a staggared line ... of John Deere combines  
Big Money reaps what ... has been sown  
And in the fields ... the semis waiting  
To haul the profits away

## Chorus

Winds of Change are blowing  
Way of life is almost gone  
On the Family Farm

There is an old house out in the wheat filed  
The white clapboards have weathered to grey  
There's broken doors and paneless windows  
The house once was my home / But the Winds of Change still blow

There was a time, when I would play there  
In a sandbox made from a tractor tire

There was love and there was laughter  
Now nobody lives there anymore

## Chorus:

At the crossroads, stands a white church  
Green tin roof and steeple rising high  
Where I was married, my children baptised  
A meeting place for all to come / Still the Winds of Change will  
blow

Like a beacon it served to guide us  
A hundred years it stood on solid ground  
There's more folks buried in the graveyard  
Then in the pews on Sunday morn

## Chorus:

Winds of Change, Winds of Change (x2)