

# Into the Cornfields

Colin Hay

Driving through the south  
No need to stop for gas  
That's all taken care of  
By the gas man

Some of it is very beautiful  
And some of it has scars  
And some of it is ugly  
As a bigot in a bar

Driving through the south by car  
Me and Bonn and Charlie B  
The night makes us stop  
By the side of the road for tea

I stare up in the distance  
A branding iron is stuck up in the night sky  
It's in the shape of America  
And it's in flames  
But I'm not sure why

Into the cornfields  
Into the cornfields

And we know a secret  
It happened some time ago  
A woman killed a man here  
She was in a traveling show

Burlesque you could say  
With breasts and body beautiful  
But serpents appeared from her shoulder blades  
That's why the people come

Into the cornfields  
Into the cornfields  
Into the cornfields  
We don't we don't we don't want to go

We're in Virginia now  
It's so beautiful and green  
Hill and valleys and opens skies  
Yes it's the best we've ever seen

We're still sitting by the roadside  
Waitin' for a sign  
Yeah me and Bonn and Charlie B  
Together for a time

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We don't we don't we don't want to go

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We don't we don't we don't want to go back there