

# Barren Ground

Bruce Hornsby

There were people living in a green valley  
Found a way to make a lot of money  
Made the green turn gradually gray  
They figured they could do whatever they wanted  
Everything would be alright  
But scars don't always heal away

And the sons and the daughters  
Got diamonds and gold  
But they were given a land where  
Strong roots never take hold

Good seed don't grow  
On the barren ground  
Good things don't come along  
As you just sit dreaming on  
Good seed don't grow  
On the barren ground  
Say everything fades away  
There you are still around

What'll you do where will you go

There was a ship along the coast  
Carrying a whole of black money  
In the sound near the northern lights  
When the ship set sail  
The crew looked for guidance  
In the bottom of an empty glass

And the captain said  
"Pour me another rye"  
Then the water turned black  
As a cold winter's night

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