

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

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

Into the cornfields
Into the cornfields
Into the cornfields

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