

Seeds We Sow

Lindsey Buckingham

Soldiers of fortune that do conceal
Everything they're afraid to show
Everything they once gave now paid to steal
Oh, the seeds we sow

Soldiers of Fortune in paradise
Have to tell ourselves let go
Running through their veins with water cold as ice
Oh, the seeds we sow

Oh, ta, ta, ta
Oh, ta, ta, ta

Sweet things, pretty things are dying
In the penny arcade of Edgar Allan Poe
Medicine men have all gone spying
Oh, the seeds we sow

Had a dream that you reached for me in the night
Touched me soft and slow
Everything was wrong but everything was right
Oh, the seeds we sow

Oh, ta, ta, ta
Oh, ta, ta, ta
Oh, ta, ta, ta
Oh, ta, ta, ta

Oh, oh, the seeds we sow
Oh, oh, the seeds we sow
Oh, oh, the seeds we sow
Oh, the seeds we sow