

# 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