

Life Of The Fields

Momus

Your eyes are flat, the city's hot
Night falls over the barren system
Leave the cracked city block
Come back to the old religion
Throw your seed behind the plough
Throw your wine in the face of nothing

Feel the sea anemone
Children played in the rockery garden
We're all John Barleycorn
We're all one in old religion
Meet me by the waving rye
The question mark in the scarecrow's eye

Gaelic runes and harvest moons
Shinto dogs at the phallic symbol
Mustard seed and dandelion
A time to live, a time to die

meet me in the waving leaves
The question mark in the scarecrow summer
Meet me out by the lemon trees
Pull me down, and pump me dry

lie back down and think of rain
In the blossom of the willow
Mastering the morning pain
Gorgeous on your petal pillow

mustard seed and dandelion
Treading wine for the old religion

the high priest and the artisan
Piping at the gates of knowledge
Saturnine as the hammer god
Hammering, getting it on

Meet me by the waving rye
The question mark in the scarecrow's eye

Gaelic runes and harvest moons
Shinto dogs at the phallic symbol
Mustard seed and dandelion
A time to live, a time to die

meet me in the waving summer
The question mark in the scarecrow's eye
Making out by the rhododendron
Pull me down, and pump me dry

Like back now and think of sorrow
The question mark in the scarecrow's eye
Mustard seed and dandelion
A time to live, a time to die

Meet me in the waving leaves
The question mark in the scarecrow summer...