

The Sunken Lands

Rosanne Cash

Five cans of paint
And the empty fields
And the dust reveals

The children cry
The work never ends
There's not a single friend

Who will hold her hand
In the sunken lands?

The mud and tears
Melt the cotton bolls
It's a heavy toll

His words are cruel
And they sting like fire
Like the devil's choir

But who will hold her hand
In the sunken lands?

The river rises
And she sails away
She could never stay

Now her work is done
In the sunken lands
There's five empty cans