

Back On The Farm

Strawbs

I sailed with Miss Columbus for a trip across the sea,
The horizon was behind me when I found that I was free.
I smashed the glass I drank from, drove it deep into my arm.
Tell me how do you feel, now you're back on the farm?

She put me on the periscope and told me she was lost,
She said she was expensive, but I did not mind the cost.
I said her deep-sea diver did not mean her any harm.
Tell me how do you feel, now you're back on the farm?

I rang the bell of freedom,
Drank from the well of plenty,
The milk of human kindness
Was succour to my soul.
I took her to the mast head
And showed her my conditions,
She promised me the cargo
That she carried in her hold.

The sails were set for sunrise when we found the wind had dropped,
I tried to make the time up but the clock had somehow stopped.
A fire broke out below the decks and I sounded the alarm.
Tell me how do you feel, now you're back on the farm?

Now you might think it strange of me to write to you this way.
For years I was a farmer, but I could not make it pay,
Yet here I am a sailor and I feel a sense of calm.
Tell me how do you feel, now you're back on the farm?