

Down On The Farm

Tom Verlaine

You're the only one I adore
So many go to bended knees for you
Could it be alas for me and woe?
You I admire you so

Long and lonely years
Long and lonely years
Long and lonely years
Down on the farm

I can hear the harps across the river
As you pass your fingers through my hair
I get so tired of sleep and tears
No one believes you were there

Long and lonely years down on the farm
Pray, tell me, my little jewel
Whither dost thou long to be
Friendly-ville or Patchi-Patchi?
Everywhere the eyes never see