

## The Field

## Wuthering Heights

At the edge of a dream, it seems  
I walk at the edge of a field  
I touch the soil  
Searching for something

To the ground I kneel, I feel  
The presence of all who went before  
And suddenly  
The veil between us is no more

Like a fastforwarding film the surroundings change  
The clouds passed swiftly overhead  
But the field is constant, at ease  
Like a warm, green bed

For aeons did my fathers draw  
Their life up from this earth  
Now next to this my years of rambling  
Seem of little worth

And in a flash I want nothing  
But to tend this piece of land  
Provide for myself and my kin  
By the strength of my hand

Give me well-tilled earth  
Under an open sky  
Ale and song as the evening goes by  
Skin against skin, then an untroubled sleep  
All in a simple man's dream  
All else you can keep

Here nothing's changed  
Save for the lessening of hope  
For I've been a Rambler, a pirate, a gambler  
I don't know  
How to make things grow

And it frightens me we keep our fortunes  
Locked in towers of glass  
And soon we must bury our future  
When we lose our past

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Under an open sky  
Ale and song as the evening goes by  
Skin against skin, then an untroubled sleep  
All in a simple man's dream  
All else you can keep

Not lightly balanced are the scales  
When fortune's weighed against ambition  
Happier it seems is he  
Who does not struggle for a mission  
No one recalls how the picture should look  
All cling to his own little piece of the puzzle  
Always on the hunt for new distractions

Gone is the joy of working the muscle

It's like peeling an onion  
Trying to remove all that's foul and false  
I know there is truth in this ground  
Hear the sound  
As down the ages it calls

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Under an open sky  
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Skin against skin, then an untroubled sleep  
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Give me well-tilled earth  
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All in a simple man's dream

And the rest you can keep