

Acres Of Corn

Iris DeMent

When I was a child, I spoke as a child
Now I'm a grown woman but my thoughts are still wild
I thought I'd seen London or maybe Paris
but I'm starin' at cornfields and they're starin' at me

But dreams are just things that keep in a jar
You bury your dreams or you wish on a star
for an ocean line ticket back to where you were born
Away from these hard times and the acres of corn

Every now and again I take a small drink
from the blackberry brandy hidden under the sink
And I pull out that steam trunk and put on my gown
and I waltz through these cornfields 'til I fall to the ground

But dreams are just things that you keep in a trunk
'til the men are out workin' or you've gone a bit drunk
Then you unlock your dreams, but they're tattered and worn
So you stare out the window at the acres of corn

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