

Queen Of The Furrows

The Tragically Hip

Win Toronto, yelled the Queen of the Furrows
This is how we farm, hens cluck and roosters crow
You are my heart, staring down from the bureau
To be apart, is that why you have to go

To Conversation City, everybody's talking
You must have something to say
Conversation City, making conversation
Working at it night and day

Watch yourself, I say to my Toasted Western
This is how I feel and it's when I learn the most
You are my heart, you're my Queen of the Furrows
This is how I feel, hens cluck and roosters crow

I'm in the night fields
Everything dark yellow
I'm making my way by feel
By my neighbor's glow

You are my heart, oh my Queen of the Furrows
This is how I farm, eyes up and ears down low
You are my heart, you're my Queen of the Furrows
This how I feel, hens cluck and roosters crow

This is how I feel

But in Conversation City, everybody's talking
You must have something to say
Conversation City, making conversation
Working at it night and day

You are my heart, oh my Queen of the Furrows
This is how I farm, eyes up and ears down low
You are my heart, you're my Queen of the Furrows
This how I feel, hens cluck and roosters crow

You are my heart, this is how I feel
This is how I feel