

# The Garden

Vic Chesnutt

Pus on your finger, mud on your mind  
The tiller is broken, your garden is crying  
There's been too much rain, tomatoes they split  
Spring was a beauty but she turned into a beast  
Your boy is rebellious, he refuses to work  
Your daughter is a fine one but allergic to dirt  
The Preacher came a'calling, he wants a fresh ham  
Your wife she obliges, thaws the one you was saving  
So you piddle in the garden, you pick at the ground  
Your family is fighting, oh, but you don't hear a sound