

For Every Field There's A Mole

Bonnie 'Prince' Billy

For every man who will last
there's nothing he can't get past
no obstacle he cannot erase
for every king there's a crown
and every time I look around
I am the kin of infinite space
for every field there's a mole
with the soil that he stole
and the sightlessness that lets him go free
for every drought there's a rain
and when my earth's in pain
I watch it boil o tearfully
there's a time to sing these things
and a time to have them sung
a time to bring the tune
and a time to have it brung
there's a lap for resting head
there's the only nesting bed
there's the souls to cry among
for the things that don't get sung
and a hand to hold your throat
to stifle that crying choke