

## The Rain Follows the Plow

Conor Oberst

Straight away I learned to pray  
Heap praise upon the sky  
You go to heaven when you die  
But keep that lake of fire in mind  
Broke all the rules at Catholic school  
Turned to a life of crime  
When I stole that motorbike  
I left a trail of tears behind

Had casual sex, smoked cigarettes  
Threw caution to the wind  
Was a winding path but I always plan  
To get back to you again

Till the ground 'neath thunderclouds  
The rain follows the plow  
But it was never as profound  
As I had wanted it to be  
The birds, they sang the Rites of Spring  
In summer's La-Z-Boy  
I sat down to enjoy a world  
That's comfortable and green

A red feather hawk and a Celtic cross  
I pierced into my ear  
No matter where I went I meant  
To make my way back here

Well I don't need God or common law  
To tell me right from wrong  
'Cause when you press me to your chest  
I know where I belong