

Shoulder to the Plow

Fred Eaglesmith

Fox is in the hen house
Crow's in the corn
Devil dancing in the church yard
Blowing his horn
Sun beating down it's a dusty old road
Only one place you can go

I don't care if you can't find it there
Believe in it anyhow
If your well goes dry
The tears that you cry
Will water that thirsty ground
When you got no reason
Keep on believing
Doesn't matter if you don't know how

Never mind if that horse is blind
Keep your shoulder to the plow

Shovel in your hand
Faith in your feet
If you want to find heaven
You gotta dig deep
If your bucket is broken
Leaking like a sieve
Don't fill it up
Act as if it is

I live here all alone
This old world is not my home
People stop
People stare
There's got to be a better place somewhere