

Lullaby At The Edge Of Town

Greg Brown

Golden wheat and price of bread; never meant to come so far,
Tractors dozin' like dinosaurs; all LBJ's old scars.
All across the United States lookin' for relief to get inside,
Blood and flags flappin' on the moon;
The boys tried and they tried and tried and tried, ayay.

Underwear dancin' on the line from sea to shining sea,
Drunk car came lurching to a red light stop; it's just how it had to be.
Meet you down at the factory just before they feed the beast,
We'll get our picture taken standing side by side while all of Dallas sleeps.

Golden wheat and taste of bread; kid's t-shirt is much too small,
That Ford will never move, move, move again; it don't rain much in fall.
Don't rain much in fall; rain much in the fall; the fall,
In the fall, the fall, in the fall, the fall [fade].