

Fire to Fields

Horse Feathers

Has November made you lose your mind?
Colic babies, a home, and a wife
Setting off without so much as a plan
With no wish to be an ex-family man

Of course it's through
You'd sooner leave than not be you

As the sun gave the west to the night
Heavy chested confused as to why
The coldest sweat and a burden to breathe
It's then you knew it was just what you need

It's high time too...
You'd sooner leave than not be you

What in the world could take this long?
The deeper the sigh the sweeter song
However long you toed that line
It's good to see you doing fine

Lighting fire to fields
From the ground anew
The start wasn't real
But the end was true

It's good to hear you finally sigh
A novice whines, a coward bawls
He would love to weep if he could at all

Lighting fire to fields
From the ground anew
The start wasn't real
But the end was true