

# Plowing Into the Field of Love

Iceage

All those brash young studs  
They have no idea what its like up here  
I am that ragged figure of a man standing  
Up in a mansion window  
Looking down at the strung out refugees

Some men would question why you would feed an  
Animal with champagne

Paddling through still dark waters  
And the moon illuminates a thin white line  
Bootlickers stand aside  
I am plowing into the field of love

In the dying light  
I made a binding contract with the lucid blue  
Our affairs are at chance  
Always to its favor  
Always as its vessel  
As you please  
As you please  
Please

Paddling through still dark waters  
And the moon illuminates a thin white line  
Bootlickers stand aside  
I am plowing into the field of love  
Paddling through still dark waters  
And the moon illuminates a thin white line  
Bootlickers stand aside  
I am plowing into the field of love  
They will place me in a hearse  
They will place me in a hearse  
They will place me in a hearse