

Behold the Lilies of the Field

Jonathan Richman

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Behold the lilies of the field
They toil not nor do they spin
But even Solomon was never dressed quite like them
No not Solomon, not like them, not like them

Well, the lilies of the field
They just sway all day

Oh but no one
Is every dressed quite their way
No not no one, not their way, not their way

So you and I don't don't need to worry
You and I don't don't need to care anymore

So you and I don't don't need to worry
You and I don't don't need to care anymore

Behold the lilies of the field
The lilies of the field
The lilies of the field

Oh, behold the lilies of the field
The lilies of the field
The lilies of the field