## **Life Of The Fields**

Your eyes are flat, the city's hot Night falls over the barren system Leave the cracked city block Come back to the old religion Throw your seed behind the plough Throw your wine in the face of nothing

Feel the sea anemone Children played in the rockery garden We're all John Barleycorn We're all one in old religion Meet me by the waving rye The question mark in the scarecrow's eye

Gaelic runes and harvest moons Shinto dogs at the phallic symbol Mustard seed and dandelion A time to live, a time to die

meet me in the waving leaves The question mark in the scarecrow summer Meet me out by the lemon trees Pull me down, and pump me dry

lie back down and think of rain In the blossom of the willow Mastering the morning pain Gorgeous on your petal pillow

mustard seed and dandelion Treading wine for the old religion

the high priest and the artisan Piping at the gates of knowledge Saturnine as the hammer god Hammering, getting it on

Meet me by the waving rye The question mark in the scarecrow's eye

Gaelic runes and harvest moons Shinto dogs at the phallic symbol Mustard seed and dandelion A time to live, a time to die

meet me in the waving summer The question mark in the scarecrow's eye Making out by the rhododendron Pull me down, and pump me dry

Like back now and think of sorrow The question mark in the scarecrow's eye Mustard seed and dandelion A time to live, a time to die

Meet me in the waving leaves Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy cz The question mark in the scarecrow summer...

## Momus