

Field Notes

Owl City

We were heading on home, Diesel and me
Down an old gravel road, way out in the country
Tuckered out after working the fields all day
When all of a sudden, off like a shot
That dog took off running, barking his head off
Wherever he went, he went like there was hell to pay

So lickety-split, I crashed through the fields
Chasing after that hound and I was hot on his heels
When we both went over the edge of a deep ravine
As I crawled up the bank, cold and soaked to the bone
A glint caught my eye from the mud where it shone
Something was buried there, alongside a stream

Now the middle of a field is a pretty odd place
To find some kind of trunk or a chest or a crate
But buried under the earth, I saw a corner exposed
No there wasn't a map or a note or a key
It was clearly forgotten, just waiting for me
Like I was supposed to find it there, right under my nose

It had laid there for years, deep in the dirt
So I dug it out and wiped my hands on my shirt
I pried up the lid and excitedly peered inside
And what I saw was a sight to behold
Cuz that tattered old trunk was crammed full of gold
My eyes bugged out, it was enough to make a grown man cry

Big golden bricks with a shimmery sheen
They were a staggering sight to a poor boy like me
But right then and there I knew what I had to do
So with a smile, I sold what little I had
I gave my pots and my pans to my mom and my dad
And then I bought that field cuz it was my dream come true

And then, full of joy, I said goodbye to my shack
It wasn't much of a home, so I never looked back
And I never questioned the choice I happily made
I said I need that field, whatever it takes
You might call it foolish, but I'd call it faith
Trusting in God so gladly, you can't hardly wait

And that's how I learned how a rich fella counts
His treasure in heaven, not under the ground
Cuz betting the farm is well worth the risk
To carefully keep such a beautiful gift
That's yours forever, it's a pretty good deal

There's a couple of things more precious than gold
One is your heart and the other's your soul
And you got something unique that nobody can steal

It's a fable, you see, and the moral is this
Your heart's with your treasure, wherever it is
And trust me, when you dig
A treasure will be revealed
And you never know what could be buried in the middle of a field