

Calvados

Peter Doherty

There's an old cart horse with a wiry mane
Pulls a cart along a country lane
Been rolling since before the break of day
Tending the orchard, stacking up the hay

The farmer sits holding the reigns
Guiding the cart through Normandy lanes
Slow and steady is the way!
The way it was, the way it is, and the way it will remain...

And the apples will grow
And into barrels will roll
Soon to become liquid gold
And the Calvados will flow

In the kitchen sits the farmer's wife
Picking her teeth with a pocket knife
Her soul a mess of blues and chicken wire
She brushes the dog, spits in the fire

She takes down the bottle, takes down the glass
And pours herself a tiny splash
Of the serum from the ancient sacred orchard's soil
Perfumed with the product of their blood, sweat, and toil, and
so...

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