

Come By

Show Of Hands

My father found this land in the early sixties
And he led me by the hand across the endless fields
He made these hills his own
Clearing every stone
In the wind and the rain alone
He was a farmer

Our dogs would drive the flock to the higher pasture
And I'd watch him choose the rocks to mend the dry stone walls
The steel beneath the skin
When he'd call the stragglers in
His voice upon the wind
Ever a farmer

Come on
Away
Come by
Lie Down

In 1986 when the dark clouds gathered
And the cold winds from the East
Was dusted with decay
On the great and on the small
It settled on us all
And we watched the margins fall
For the farmer

So where are the shearlings now
To gather in the folds
To count to clip and mark when there's
No fleece to be sold
And when a life of learning skills
Out on these Western hills
It barely pays the bills
For a farmer

Come on
Away
Come by
Lie Down

So now he sits and stares into the distance
Then I watch him climb the stairs where
Restless in his sleep
He stretches out his hand
And the dogs on his command
Strong eyed still work the land
With a farmer

Come on
Away
Come by
Lie down

Steady
That'll do.
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