

The New Romantic

The Features

I remember family workin' in the fields,
Satisfaction from the harvest they would yield.
Load your wagon with all you'll ever need.
Hoe and shovel, tried and true technology.

New romantic, ain't the same to me.
Give me something more like it used to be.

Fill my bucket, make my sister pull the weeds.
Nothing wasted, breaking every single bean.
For the winter, summer's extra in a can.
At the table, always thankful for the land.

New romantic, ain't the same to me.
Give me something closer to what it used to be.
New romantic, ain't the same to me.
Give me something more like it used to be.

New romantic
It ain't the same to me
Give me something closer
To what it used to be

New romantic
It ain't the same to me
Give me something more