

Weeded Out

The Roches

By Maggie, Terre and Suzzy Roche
What is the matter with the weather
How come you don't get any rain
You search the sky for signs of life
But out on the prairie in your dried up corn
You never felt so weary and you never been this torn
You're being weeded
You're being weeded
You're being weeded out
Remember when a couple years back
You won the raffle at the dance
They made a path you gave a laugh
How will you find something else where you go
As hard as a harvest and as heavy as a hoe
You're being weeded
You're being weeded
You're being weeded out
Rise and shine another time
Standing in the endless afternoon so warm
Not a cloud in the air but you're still counting on a storm
You're being weeded
You're being weeded
You're being weeded out