

Seeds We Sow

Lindsey Buckingham

Soldiers of fortune that do conceal
Everything they're afraid to show
Everything they once gave now they just steal
Oh, the seeds we sow Soldiers of Fortune in paradise
We have to let ourselves let go
Running through their veins was water cold as ice
Oh, the seeds we sow Sweet things, pretty things are dying
In the penny arcade of Edgar Allan Poe
Medicine men have all gone off spying
Oh, the seeds we sow Had a dream that you reached for me in the night
Touched me soft and slow
Everything was wrong but everything was right
Oh, the seeds we sow

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