

Plowing into the Field of Love

[Iceage](#)

all those brash young studs
they have no idea what it's like up here
i am that ragged figure of a man
standing in a mansion window
looking down at the strung out refugees
some men would question why you would feed an animal with champagne
paddling through still dark waters
and the moon illuminates a thin white line
bootlickers stand aside
i am plowing into the field of love
in the dying light
i made a binding contract
with the lucid blue
our affairs are at chance
always to its favor always as its vessel
as you please
as you please
please
paddling through still dark waters
and the moon illuminates a thin white line
bootlickers stand aside
they will place me in a hearse
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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