

# Song of the Troubled One

## Amorphis

What the thrush toils at, the partridge asks for  
The hapless one takes, the troubled one steals  
Puts upon a spade, sets on a runner  
Hides under a door, shields with a bath whisk  
The farmer hammers and tempers his spears  
Marries off his sons  
Hands out his daughters  
In boots clogged with clay in fancy mittens  
The sea swell rumbles and the wind it blows  
And the king hears it from five miles away  
From six directions, from seven back woods  
From eight heaths away the wind still blows  
The farmer hammers and tempers his spears  
Marries off his sons  
Hands out his daughters  
In boots clogged with clay in fancy mittens  
Song of the troubled one

Songwriters

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