

Will It Grow

Jakob Dylan

I made a promise to not let go
Our tug of war has only made me want you more
Steeped in hard luck and doomed to roam
My love is braver than you know
My forefathers, they worked this land
And I was schooled in the tyranny of nature's plans
Dressed in thunder a cloud came around
Oh, in the shape of a lion a hand came down
Now, damn this valley and damn this cold
Well, take so long to let me know
It's plant and reap and plow and sow
But tell me, will it grow?
Dig my ditches in the golden sun
I'd be robbing these trains if I could catch me one
Now, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday's gone
Got me stone cold sober in a drought so long
Boarded mansions and ghost filled yards
There's a boy in a water tower counting cars
Steel trap open in empty stalls
Now there's a well worn saddle but the horse is gone
Now, damn this valley and damn this cold
Take so long to let me know
It's plant and reap and plow and sow
But tell me, will it grow?
(Will it grow?) Jet black starlit midnight rolls
I am down in the garden where I let you go
Up on the surface the earth looks round
But it's a godless city of cold flat ground
Now, damn this valley and damn this cold
Take so long to let me know
It's plant and reap and plow and sow
But tell me, will it grow?
Will it grow?
Will it grow?

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