

Oh Heartland, Up Yours!

Owen Pallett

The stars collected
Each world accounted for
Freed all the children
Seems there is nothing more
If I only had a rowboat I would row it up to heaven
And if heaven would not have me I would take the other option
I will seek out my own satisfaction
From the wight lying in the barrow
To the priest with his broken arrows
There's a method to the madness
They will feign an expression of sadness
A concatenation of locusts
And the farmers are losing their focus
On the pitch of the Avenroe grasses
I will sing sing sing to the masses
Oh Heartland, up yours
The hollow voice of
The fourteenth century
Too much assumption to be taken seriously
Oh you wrote me like a Disney kid in cutoffs and a beater
With a feathered fringe, it doesn't suit a simoniac breeder
Doesn't work doesn't fly doesn't handle
From the wight lying in the barrow
To the priest with his broken arrows
There's a method to the madness
They will feign an expression of sadness
A concatenation of locusts
And the farmers are losing their focus
On the pitch of the Avenroe grasses
I will sing sing sing to the masses
Oh Heartland, up yours
(My home, my homeland, my homeland)
I will not sing
your praises
I will not sing your praises here
I will not sing your praises
I will not sing your praises here
I will not sing your praises
I will not sing your praises
I will not sing your praises
I will not sing your praises here

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