

# Vegetable Row

## Cotton Mather

I hear when you talk that not much goes on  
And now I think you might be the dark right before my dawn  
And the clouds have made a fissure I've arranged that for you mister  
So that you can go ahead and prematurely start the process of preserving  
You look so afraid and I can see why  
You just turned your back on a very dangerous guy  
And the bells ring with a vengeance as we witness your ascension  
To a land where they can things better than all the "Bells of Rhymny"  
On vegetable row, vegetable row  
On vegetable row, vegetable row  
Think of us in your new haunt  
They must have let classes out early those days  
And I bet you were the funniest clown at the front of the hip parade  
Now you shadows swirl around us, take us back to where you found us  
Crawl back underneath you couch and tell us things are a little bit skewed  
On vegetable row, vegetable row  
On vegetable row, vegetable row  
I'm thinking of a place where time's your boss  
And now you just can't wait  
To turn in your only key, pass your baton to me  
Sell yourself penny cheap and never stop to total up the cost  
Some people give up on the third or fourth try  
And some can make a career out of just trying to say goodbye  
They've been holding your place, someone's here to fill that space  
And it's a mighty act of grace you won't have me around  
to check you vital signs  
On vegetable row, vegetable row  
On vegetable row, vegetable row  
Think of us in your new  
Think of us in your new haunt  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>