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 preservingYou 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 skewedOn vegetable row, vegetable row
On vegetable row, vegetable rowI'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 costSome 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.

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