# The Plough

## The Divine Comedy

I packed up my suitcase and left the old farm
I promised my papa, I'd come to no harm
And I went to the city where I was employed
In a firm of accountants as an office boyI fetched and I carried, I watched and I learned
And slowly but surely I rose through the firm
But then I discovered my colleagues one day
Massaging the figures for personal gain
I said, "I'll not wallow in this house of shame"I'll plough my own furrow, I'll go my own wayGravely I listened to Reverend McBride
Down at the mission house each Friday night
Heaven's salvation for those who know best
Hell and damnation for all of the restTry as I might, I could not understand
Why The Almighty's all merciful hand
Should cast away those whose only mistake
Was never to know the Christian faith
The stars that we follow can lead us astrayI'll plough my own furrow, I'll go my own wayI fled from the capital's bourgeois malaise
And trekked through the wilderness for fourteen days
'Til I found the guerrillas camped high in the hills
I asked Comrade Diaz, whom I should killI crept into town with a knife in my teeth
And entered the home of the Chief of Police
I stood at his bedside and raised up my blade
Then I looked to the crib where his little one lay
You murder tomorrow by killing todayI'll plough my own furrow, I'll go my own way

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/