

# Thomas Jefferson (feat. Sims & Mike Wiebe)

## Astronautalis

Every song I sing cuts a little bit more  
You could never connect the copper cast with the mold  
You could never guess, you could never guess  
You could never guess where I come from, no  
Every mile I drive, further down this road  
Tears a little more off of my bones  
And you could never guess, you could never guess  
You could never guess where I come from, no  
The first thing they was taught, was how to load and lock  
Take that aim and shot, embrace the pain of shoulder blade taking stock  
Watch 'em drop, pull the bolt back, load another up till the clip goes "pop"  
Till you sweep your block, and you can hear a pin drop  
In a place that's more comfortable with "pop pop pop pop"  
The first thing they learned, was how to plant that carbine in the earth  
Prop that helmet on the stock, hang them dog tags from the lock  
Say your prayers and mark the spot  
Where the body's interred then turn, taciturn  
And take that walk, taste that salt  
Sprinkle a little bit of lye in the earth, don't cry when it hurts  
Cause you ain't done yet son, spill a little bit more blood  
Everybody knows what comes from the warm wet red mud  
Best believe, when you fall to your knees  
You're gon' cry, you're gon' pray for peace  
And they gonna plant them seeds of the winter wheat  
And the Georgia peach watered up with your red rum  
Every song I sing cuts a little bit more  
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You could never guess where I come from, no  
Every mile I drive, further down this road  
Tears a little more off of my bones  
And you could never guess, you could never guess  
You could never guess where I come from, no  
I know he would've loved this, but he had to die to give it  
I melted down his musket, turned it to a tool  
Tilling like a fool to see where his blood went  
See if I can grow something beautiful above it  
Standing guard above my garden till the seeds take root  
Taking shade under the trees with the sweet grapefruit  
I'll take my yields and his old boots till the leaves shake loose  
I will die in these fields, but my seeds will move  
The ox and yoke know every note I hum  
Written in the grass by the midday sun  
The lamp lit ahead of me with the earth between my feet

I'll sing a song into the breeze, let it fold the wheat  
Every song I sing cuts a little bit more  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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