

# Acres of Corn

Iris DeMent

When I was a child, I spoke as a child  
Now I'm a grown woman but my thoughts are still wild  
I thought I'd seen London or maybe Paris  
but I'm starin' at cornfields and they're starin' at me  
But dreams are just things that keep in a jar  
You bury your dreams or you wish on a star  
for an ocean line ticket back to where you were born  
Away from these hard times and the acres of corn  
Every now and again I take a small drink  
from the blackberry brandy hidden under the sink  
And I pull out that steam trunk and put on my gown  
and I waltz through these cornfields 'til I fall to the ground  
But dreams are just things that you keep in a trunk  
'til the men are out workin' or you've gone a bit drunk  
Then you unlock your dreams, but they're tattered and worn  
So you stare out the window at the acres of corn  
Dreams are just things that keep in a jar  
You bury your dreams or you wish on a star  
for an ocean line ticket back to where you were born  
Away from these hard times and the acres of corn  
When I was a child, I spoke as a child  
Now I'm a grown woman but my thoughts are still wild

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