

In the Fields

[Sara Hickman](#)

In the fields where we laid our heads
Dog barking to the heat of the beating sun
Hot ground, sweet ground a feeling of fever in the air
Kissing the nape of your neck, sighing colors
Breaking sticks into heartsick flaming words
In the fields making love
The luck of the Irish tucked between your toes
Love's debt pays regret, in months I begin to show
Dressing as a car drives by gasping buzzards
Turning time into a lover's rhyme
Pressed between the pages of my heart
In the fields where are you?
Are you hiding yourself there still?
Oh in the fields where are you?
Are you hiding yourself in a city of weeds?
Are you hiding yourself in a city of glass?
In a city of glass
In the fields tripping on
Pushing through the barbs to reach the greener side
It was years ago we let each other go
To follow the paths of our dreams
Sometimes I carry the memory, full time
Delivering the spitting image of you
Eyes burn and I live at peace
I did what I had to do and you, and you, and you
Oh in the fields where are you?
Are you hiding yourself there still?
Oh now in the fields where are you?
Are you hiding yourself in a city of weeds?
Are you hiding yourself in a city of glass?
In the fields where are you?
Are you hiding yourself there still?
Oh in the fields where are you?
Are you hiding yourself in a city of weeds?
Are you hiding yourself in a city of glass?
In a city of glass
Time waits for no one
And I've lost track of you

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