The Dreaming Fields

Matraca Berg

Oh, the sun rolls down, big as a miracle
And fades from the Midwest sky
And the corn and the trees wave in the breeze
As if to say goodbyeOh, my grandfather stood right here as a younger man
In nineteen and forty three
And with the sweat and his tears, the rain and the years
He grew life from the soil and seed, ohI'm going down to the dreaming fields
But what will be my harvest now
Where every tear that falls on a memory
Feels like rain on the rusted plow, rain on the rusted plowAnd these fields they dream of wheat in the summertime
Grandchildren running free
And the bales of hay at the end of the day
And the scarecrow that just scared meNow the houses, they grow like weeds in a flower bed
This morning the silo fell
Seems the only way a man can live off the land these days
Is to buy and sell, soI'm going down to the dreaming fields
But what will be my harvest now
Where every tear that falls on a memory
Feels like rain on the rusted plow, rain on the rusted plowLike the rain on the roof on the porch by the kitchen
Where my grandmother sings, I can hear if I listen
Running down, running down to the end of the world I loved
This will be my harvest nowAnd the sun rolls down, big as miracle
And fades in the Midwest sky
And the corn and the trees wave in the breeze
As if to say goodbye, as if to say goodbye

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