

# Acres of Corn (feat. Iris DeMent)

[Tom Russell](#)

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

Songwriters

TOM RUSSELL Published by

Lyrics Â© BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941.  
Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>