Bring Me Your Tea

The Elms

I've been working on the land, hot sun got to me
Think I may be dying, bring me your tea
Sheep in the thicket, fruit on the tree
I work till I'm bleeding, bring me your teaThe copper is the trade now, who'd ever think
There are men finding money down in the drink
My gun is more faithful than I'll ever be
If war has me thirsty, bring me your teaI don't get no opinion with four mouths to feed
I'd sell off my future to get what we need
Well, this is my burden, it's all I can see
If life has me weary, bring me your tea

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