

# Fields

## Sicko

August night swelters roll back the covers  
and I remember a long lost summer  
when you and I were a whole lot better friends  
In skyclad fields we came together  
hard to hold in moonlit heather  
get off me boy, you're breaking my back again  
And a mouth full of broken words  
was all I had and all she heard  
as the sun set down to disappear  
into the haziest sunset of the year  
So we drove for days and talked about nothing  
as the fields rolled by an American discussion  
do you remember when  
Do you recall the place that you're from  
who do you like and who do you love  
who do you hate and who's your favorite band  
Isn't it weird how things can change  
in a year and some you look so strange  
and you don't look at me half as dear  
as you did sometime late last year...goodbye

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