Landscape Grown Cold

John Hartford

The trees standing naked,
the ground underfoot
is a dark cellar, cool
The battleship skies
so heavy my shoulders droop
it's a lean kind of day
that I sometimes pass throughThe vines are like veins
on the old village wall
where the grass turns to white
and way down the road
I see smoke from another world
in a room I'm not welcome,
removed from my life
I sit in the ditch,
and I dig in the sand
with the heel of my sole
sink down in my coat collar,
back to the wind that blows
insane by myself
in a landscape grown coldthe painted tin sign
flaps back in the wind
where the greenbottles lay
and a window of boards
facing hollow upon the dust,
empty chairs sit in judgment,
accusing the day
I sit in the ditch,
and I dig in the sand
with the heel of my sole
sink down in my coat collar,
back to the wind that blows
insane by myself
in a landscape grown cold
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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