

# Oh Heartland, Up Yours!

Owen Pallett

The stars collected  
Each world accounted for  
Freed all the children  
Seems there is nothing more  
If I only had a rowboat I would row it up to heaven  
And if heaven would not have me I would take the other option  
I will seek out my own satisfaction  
From the wight lying in the barrow  
To the priest with his broken arrows  
There's a method to the madness  
They will feign an expression of sadness  
A concatenation of locusts  
And the farmers are losing their focus  
On the pitch of the Avenroe grasses  
I will sing sing sing to the masses  
Oh Heartland, up yours  
The hollow voice of  
The fourteenth century  
Too much assumption to be taken seriously  
Oh you wrote me like a Disney kid in cutoffs and a beater  
With a feathered fringe, it doesn't suit a simoniac breeder  
Doesn't work doesn't fly doesn't handle  
From the wight lying in the barrow  
To the priest with his broken arrows  
There's a method to the madness  
They will feign an expression of sadness  
A concatenation of locusts  
And the farmers are losing their focus  
On the pitch of the Avenroe grasses  
I will sing sing sing to the masses  
Oh Heartland, up yours  
(My home, my homeland, my homeland)  
I will not sing  
your praises  
I will not sing your praises here  
I will not sing your praises  
I will not sing your praises here  
I will not sing your praises  
I will not sing your praises  
I will not sing your praises  
I will not sing your praises here

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