What It's Like

Arthur Russell

In Iowa, in the tall grass, there's a couple
She's very young and he's a young preacher
And every day they would go out
To the fields where nothing is planted
And lie in the tall grassBut one day he called her into the sanctuary
And he said
'Kate, I've been touched by the Lord;
I don't need you any more.'
And she didn't know what to think
But she loved the Lord
So she just leaned back in the pew
And thought about the tall grass and said
'Reverend,' she said, 'Reverend,
'Reverend, the only reason I did it is to find out what it's like.'
Oh give me the truth to me
And tell me of what I see
A feeling there must be an answer for me
I feel like I ache all over
Inside my heart is so, so troubled I feel like I could die
Oh is this what love's supposed to be?
But I, I'm not one to gamble
And I don't need to scramble
I didn't know that love would strike me
But this is what it's like
This is what it's like
On Sunday I read somewhere
That real love is heart and soul
Yeah, but only a master could understand that
I left that old magazine and walked out into the green of summer
I felt like I could cry
But in the grass I only sat
Well I, I'm not one to gamble
And I don't need to scramble
I didn't know that love would strike me
But this is what it's like
This is what it's like
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