

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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