## **Flatlands**

## **Oysterband**

In the middle of the journey, in the middle of the day
I came to a city and I stopped to ask the way
What does it matter? Said the people with a sneer
You can't get there from here

You may be a gallant runner, you may hobble with the lame
There are forty crooked hedgerows and they all look just the same
Traveling gets weary, you get funny in the head
Stop right here instead

Well, says I, I was only passing through
I'd like to stop and rest a while, it's true
Then I asked them for a job to do
They gave me life insurance and a straw to chew

Welcome to the flatlands
All the maps agree
Far as the eye can see
It's level, dead level
Flatlands: life meanders by
Chew a straw and watch the grass grow high

And it's stand we stand together, fall you fall alone Authority's a leash of love to bring you safely home Fools look out for trouble where foreign breezes blow Tell your children so

They've got to keep things ticking, they must never go on strike
They'll be standing there till Doomsday with their fingers in the dyke
There's faith and hope and patience and patience is the best
Turn your face from the rest

Well, says I, I'm much obliged to you

Everywhere I go I'm learning something new

If I understand your point of view

You don't believe we're dying our whole life through

Welcome to the flatlands...

And if they waste nothing they can keep their little pile

And if they say nothing they will not be on file And if they see nothing no one will see them No one will take down their name

And if they do not panic the pain will vanish soon And if they never sing they'll never be out of tune And if they are faithful they will get their reward And if they are meek they will be spared

Well, says I, I was only passing through
I'd better get a move on 'cause the days are few
Poppies are red, cornflowers blue
The scythe is sharp the mowing's due

Welcome to the flatlands...

Wonder where the flying years go Chew a straw and watch the grass grow high

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