Too Deep To Fill

Ryan Bingham

Oh baby, me baby, you kiss these poor lips of mine
Please tell me that you love me, and your heart is forever mine
I gotta hold it down inside me, and I feel it's too deep to fill
I've drowned my poor heart in misery
For so long, it's too far gone to heal

I'm going out to the country,
I'm going to see if I can find out why
That lonesome place where once was lost
And I hope to be home on supper time
And I'm going out to the desert
I'm going to see if I can find out why
The people on the land are pausing in the sand
And I hope to be home for supper time

And I'm going up on a mountain
I'm going to see if I can find out why
That cold mountain river, no long makes me shiver
But I hope to be home on supper time

And I'm going out to the forest
I'm going to see if I can find out why
People all around are still cutting it all down

I hope to be home on supper time

And I'm going upon the ocean
I'm going to see if I can find out why
No one wants to bother with cleaning up the water
But I hope to be home on supper time

And I'm going to New York city
I'm going to see if I can find out why
Them boys on my street stole the shoes off of my feet
And left me without food for supper time

And I'm going to join the protest
I'm going to stand up and sing
This time once again, stand up and be a man

Cause this land was made for you and me

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