

Ashia and the Bison Rouge, Country Will Do Her

The Farmer he plants his weeds
oh the Farmer he plants his weeds
They'll break down the concrete of his lover's walls
Oh his roots are better his roots are better

Trains, Trains are screaming down the tracks
Steel, Steel is cutting fog, is cutting the night
They are taking her thoughts, oh taking them to the hills, to the hills where...

The farmer he spins his windmills
The farmer he spins his windmills
They'll break down the rye for his lover's bread
oh she'll fast 'till she's hungry, she'll fast till she's fed
Oh his bread is better, his bread is better

Oh Rouge, Rouge cheeks bloom to the sky
Naked feet dance on mushroom moss
Her back's in the earth
Oh the country will do her well

Oh the Farmer, oh-oh her arms
Oh the Farmer oh-oh her arms
She'll plow the field of her lover's needs
She'll hold the harvest of the love they reap
Oh they'll grow together, they'll grow together