

# Amy Ray, Out On The Farm

It might do you harm hanging around this farm  
We got things that infect, things we can't shake and a rep  
Oh it might seem to mean all your starry eyed dreams  
will come true but my friend something's haunting them  
And so what we made was mediocre and brave  
We tried hard but see isolation breeds that beast  
Out on the farm on my worst days  
I just hang my hat and I watch them graze  
all happy and dumb of what's to come  
but I get so bored out on that killing floor  
Should we ford the stream to the other dream  
Break the bank see what we're worth  
communicate?  
Or start all over again  
make this farm our friend?  
Put the broken beasts out of their misery  
knowing what we know instead of what we hate  
do we hang our hats and just let it be?