

# 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