

# Bonnie 'Prince' Billy, For Every Field There's A Mole

For every man who will last  
there's nothing he can't get past  
no obstacle he cannot erase  
for every king there's a crown  
and every time I look around  
I am the kin of infinite space

for every field there's a mole  
with the soil that he stole  
and the sightlessness that lets him go free  
for every drought there's a rain  
and when my earth's in pain  
I watch it boil o tearfully

there's a time to sing these things  
and a time to have them sung  
a time to bring the tune  
and a time to have it brung  
there's a lap for resting head  
there's the only nesting bed  
there's the souls to cry among  
for the things that don't get sung  
and a hand to hold your throat  
to stifle that crying choke