

# Farmer Boys, Till The Cows Come Home

You told me to hold on here  
To hold on like day old beer  
To hold on for your return  
May I yearn and burn?  
I sit in my rocking chair  
And swing like a doctrinaire  
On things that won't be so  
Up and down  
Day by day, all night long,  
All the years you have been gone  
I hold on here  
Till the cows come home  
The bitterness inside me  
Embraces me totally  
And opens me finally  
I have been alone  
I hold on a rocking chair again  
And swing like a doctrinaire again  
On things that won't be so  
Up and down  
Day by day, all night long,  
All the years you have been gone  
I hold on here  
Till the cows come home  
Oh god I'm yearning,  
I'm always burning  
For things that are gone  
But now I'm learning  
To stop turning around, to hold on  
That's not a song about you,  
not about me, not about anyone  
Maybe an outstanding account to be paid  
For all the days, all night long, all the years  
I hold on till the cows come home