

Indigo Girls, They Won't Have Me

They won't have me, but I love this place.
The rural life is broken, the farmlands gone to chaff.
My hands are idle, my mind needs rest,
the toil of the decent and the sleep of the best.

I sit in diners with the old men,
they talk of work cause it's all they ever did.
They gave their hearts to Jesus and got serious
They gave up their drinking and worked for this nothing.

All this love to offer, all this love to waste.
All this love to offer, all this love to waste.

There's a lame dog on the highway
where the old road used to be.
Now you know what divides us
Is just a difference someone made.
Some got tired of trying, some were just too scared to stay.
We gave ourselves to nothing and we let 'em have their day.

Now who's gonna do the planting?
Who's gonna pray for rain?
Who's gonna keep the farmland
from the sub-division man?

All this love to offer, all this love to waste.