

# Tom Verlaine, Down On The Farm

(Verlaine)

You're the only one I adore  
So many go to bended knees for you  
Could it be alas for me and woe?  
You I admire you so

Long and Lonely years  
Long and Lonely years  
Long and Lonely years  
Down on the farm

I can hear the harps across the river  
as you pass your fingers through my hair  
I get so tired of sleep and tears  
No one believes you were there

Long and lonely years down on the farm

Pray tell me my little jewel  
whither dost thou long to be  
Friendlyville or Patchi-Patchi?  
Everywhere the eyes never see.