

Frank Black, Fields Of Marigold

not for sugar not spice
not for fools paradise
not for giving advice
not for saving a soul

there's no reason for some
now i'm getting numb
now that moment has come
hey how about a drum roll
For the fields of marigold?

Goodbye, I'm blowing a kiss to you
So long, wonderful being you
Goodnight, we'll soon be sleeping on
the fields of marigold

is it time to get up?
now you're breaking up
though I know we are tough
I thought we'd lose control
and end up in the freezing cold

(chorus)