

Jakob Dylan, Will It Grow

I made a promise to not let go
Our tug of war has only made me want you more
Steeped in hard luck and doomed to roam
My love is braver than you know
My forefathers they worked this land
And I was schooled in the tyranny of nature's plans
Dressed in thunder a cloud came round
In the shape of a lion a hand came down

Damn this valley
And damn this cold
Takes so long to let me know
It's plant and reap and plow and sow
But tell me will it grow

Dig my ditches in the golden sun
I'd be robbing these trains if I could catch me one
Sunday Monday now Tuesday's gone
Got me stone cold sober and a drought so long
Boarded mansions and ghost filled yards
There's a boy in a water tower counting cars
Steel traps open and empty stalls
There's a well-worn saddle but the horse is gone

Damn this valley
And damn this cold
Take so long to let me know
It's plant and reap and plow and sow
But tell me will it grow? (Will it grow?)

Jet black starlit midnight rolls
I am down in the garden where I let you go
Up on the surface the earth looks round
But it's a godless city of cold flat ground

Damn this valley
And damn this cold
Take so long to let me know
It's plant and reap and plow and sow
But tell me will it grow?