

# Phish, Farmhouse

Welcome this is a Farmhouse  
We have cluster flies alas  
And this time of year is bad  
We are so very sorry,  
There's little we can do  
But swat them  
She didn't beg oh, not enough  
She didn't stay when things got tough  
I told a lie and she got mad  
She wasn't there when things got bad  
I never ever saw the northern lights  
I never really heard of cluster flies  
Never ever saw the stars so bright  
In the farmhouse things will be alright  
Woke this morning to the stinging lash  
Every man rise from the ash  
Each betrayal begins with trust  
Every man returns to dust