

Prefab Sprout, Cornfield Ablaze

I saw you from the tractor
The harvest had begun
You were the love child of two gods
I was the farmers awkward son
You left Mount Olympus
To find your soul mate
I left a scribbled note, quote
"Dear Pa, this here harvest can wait"

You took a match to my dry August days
Cornfield ablaze, cornfield ablaze
Flames licked the sky, that was some summer haze
Cornfield ablaze, cornfield ablaze
How do I love you, let me count the ways
Cornfield ablaze

Pa don't be angry,
The fields that were host
To the corn and the wheat,
The fact is they're toast
In self defence I'm obliged to point out
There'll always a risk of combustion
When there's been a drought

You took a match to my dry August days
Cornfield ablaze, cornfield ablaze
Flames licked the sky, that was some summer haze
Cornfield ablaze, cornfield ablaze
How do I love you, let me count the ways
Cornfield ablaze

Imagine if the firemen worked and worked for days
And still the cornfield stayed ablaze...

Her hair it was golden,
Her hair it was yarn
We were playing with fire
In the number one barn
Carried away like two sparks on a breeze
Then we fused into one at a thousand degrees

You overwhelmed agricultural man
Cornfield ablaze, cornfield ablaze
You wild pyromaniac daughter of Pan
Cornfield ablaze, cornfield ablaze
You took a scarecrow and made him a man
Cornfield ablaze
Cornfield ablaze
Cornfield ablaze
Cornfield ablaze