

Rasputina, Golden Grains

Farmwork's not hard if you sit in the yard
when you're tired of shoveling hay
Sharecroppers know when to jump ship and go,
leaving none at the end of the day
but nothing is worse than a stiff crust of sleepiness,
when you're the one peeling the beans
Those dungarees chafe when they're belted too tight,
and the livestock's improperly weaned

One honey grain and wax form cereals and Apple Jacks
Oh, these my friends, oh yes, they are the golden grains
Oh, these my friends, oh yes, they are the elemental things

I can't help anyone 'cause I'm weak, I'm not strong
and I can't write this song
I can't help anyone 'cause I'm weak, I'm not strong
and I can't write this song

Have you ever witnessed an infant yet ancient chicken
who has yet learned how to walk?
When the feathers are wet and you're in the fourth grade,
I bet you'd take the money, not talk
But barnyards and vineyards can stumble and crumble
for all of the strength that they hold
Those tiny pianos that play loud and long go
and more antique robots are told

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