

# The Divine Comedy, The Plough

I packed up my suitcase and left the old farm  
I promised my papa I'd come to no harm  
And I went to the city where I was employed  
In a firm of accountants as an office boy.

I fetched and I carried, I watched and I learned  
And slowly but surely I rose through the firm.  
But then I discovered my colleagues one day  
Massaging the figures for personal gain  
I said "I'll not wallow in this house of shame"  
I'll plough my own furrow, I'll go my own way.

Gravely I listened to Reverend McBride  
Down at the mission house each Friday night.  
Heavens salvation for those who know best,  
Hell and damnation for all of the rest.

Try as I might I could not understand  
Why The Almighty's all-merciful hand  
Should cast away those whose only mistake  
Was never to know the Christian faith  
The stars that we follow can lead us astray

I'll plough my own furrow, I'll go my own way

I fled from the capitals bourgeois malaise  
And trekked through the wilderness for fourteen days  
'Til I found the guerillas camped high in the hills  
I asked Comrade Diaz whom I should kill.

I crept into town with a knife in my teeth  
And entered the home of the Chief of Police  
I stood at his bedside and raised up my blade  
But then I looked to the crib where his little one lay  
You murder tomorrow by killing today

I'll plough my own furrow, I'll go my own way.