

Vashti Bunyan, Come Wind Come Rain

Come wind come rain we're off again,
Our muddy boots plod down the lane
The snow has snowed now the grass has growed
And it's time that we were on the road.

The mare is shod the miles untrod
Between us and the land of god..

We're on our way and everyday
Is another ten miles and an armful of hay
Hey ho the wind and the rain
It's another ten miles and a bucket of grain

Come wind come rain we're off again,
Our muddy boots plod down the lane
The snow has snowed now the grass has growed
And it's time that we were on the road.

Hey ho the wind and the rain
The passers by wave their arms and grin