

Augie March "Cold Acre"

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There's a place I've been told, and when I grow old I
may go there,
I've been told that my family's bones may lie under the
snow there,
And with my little bag, and with my little dog,
Who sleeps on my chest when he can't find a hole in a
log,
And when I go, my dog will know to leave his old fellow
and find a new pillow, far from the chill of the cold
acre.

Now there's a Hillydale here and a Lilydale there
Where there's joy in the living, in voices that ring in the
air.

I'd stay there but sooner or later I'd have to go, where I
don't know,
But when a dog knows it's on him he doesn't ask why
he just goes,
And when I go my bones will know,
to pick up and follow the wagon that rolls on the cold
acre.

My heart is a cold acre, in my chest is a cold acre,
I don't grow any good anymore
though I've seeded my soul with all kinds of love, that it
aches so...

Though I wake from them mouthing they leave me not
able to talk,
These dreams are not nightmares but realms I've been
choosing to walk,
With my little bag, and with my little dog,
Who rests on my stomach and barks at the oncoming
fog,
O but when I go, with my lot in tow,
Like a vampire carry my piece of the earth
to the place of my death from the plots of my birth.

My heart is a cold acre, in my chest is a cold acre,
I know any good anymore from the bad
except there's one that you have and one that you had,

O grow, grow, grow, grow, grow,
And plant me in the only place I know,
That's the Cold Acre
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