

ASG**"The Ploughman"**Visit "[The Ploughman](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

If I were a Ploughman
I would plough your barren land
Sow my seeds of love with care
Hoping the fruits of passion they'll bear

Chorus:

I could be anything for you
Say but a word and I'll prove it's true
Pander to your every whim
Light up your candle when day grows dim

If I were a Weaver
I'd weave fine tresses in your hair
Plait them with ribbons of gold
And bless each ringlet, curl and fold

Chorus

If I were a country Squire
You'd have all the presents you desire
Robes and rings and fineries
Belgian lace for your tapestries

Chorus

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