

## Colin Hay "Into The Cornfields"

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Driving through the south, no need to stop for gas  
That's all taken care of, by the gas man  
Some of it is very beautiful, and some of it has scars  
And some of it is ugly, as a bigot in a bar

Driving through the south by car, me and Bonn and  
Charlie B  
The night makes us stop, by the side of the road for  
Tea  
I stare up in the distance, a branding iron is stuck up  
In the  
Night sky It's in the shape of America, and it's in  
Flames, but I'm not sure why

Into the cornfields  
Into the cornfields

And we know a secret, it happened some time ago  
A woman killed a man here, she was in a travelling  
show  
Burlesque you could say, with breasts and body  
Beautiful  
But serpents appeared from her shoulder blades,  
that's  
Why the people come

Into the cornfields  
Into the cornfields  
Into the cornfields  
We don't we don't we don't want to go

We're in Virginia now, it's so beautiful and green  
Hill and valleys and opens skies, yes it's the best  
We've ever seen

We're still sitting by the roadside, waitin' for a sign  
Yeah me and Bonn and Charlie B, together for a time

Into the cornfields  
Into the cornfields  
Into the cornfields  
We don't we don't we don't want to go

Into the cornfields  
Into the cornfields  
Into the cornfields  
We don't we don't we don't want to go back there

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