

Chris Thile

"How To Grow A Woman From The Ground"

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I caught a string full of fish down by the damn
I'll drag them back to the field they should be dead by
then
Wipe the sweat off my neck and tally ho the plow
I'm gonna grow a woman from the ground

The night was a chalkboard with a fingernail moon
If the fish ain't dead yet they will be pretty soon
Kinda like the feeling at an old folks home
Even though you love them you can't wait for them to
go

I'll call her Angelina she's a teacher I once had
A halo of honey wrapped around her head
And she always used to give me some when I was a kid
I told her that I loved her and then I went and hid

I'll take you into town and I'll show you off
And there's room on your dress for a corsage
And I'll open up every door for you
I opened up my almanac and in my head I read
Cut your wrist on the fins of the fish and drain all you
can
So I rolled up my sleeves and then began to draw lines
just as deep as the days are long

I sewed up my wrist and sewed the ground with my
blood
Staind up my clothes pretty good and I turned that dirt
to mud
I couldn't help but close my eyes and lay my body down
'Cause I heard it takes forever to grow a woman from
the ground

I bleed for you now and I'm skinny as a rail
And I'll be so obliged to keep you nice and warm and
safe
and won't you be so proud of me

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