

## Tom Brosseau

# "How To Grow A Woman From The Ground"

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I caught a string full of fish  
down at the damn  
and I take them to the field  
they should be dead by then  
and I wipe the sweat from my neck  
and tally hoe the plow  
cuz'ima gonna grow a woman from the ground

the night was a cahlk board with a fingetr nali moon  
and the fish aint dead yet  
they will be pretty sonn  
oh its the same kind of feeling in an old folks home  
even though you love them you cant wait for them to go  
and I will take her into town and shoe her off  
threes room on your dress for a corsage  
and Ill open every door for you  
and then I pulled out an almanak and thats were I read

cut your wrist on the fisns of the fish and drain all that  
you can  
and I rolled both my sleeveess in then began to draw  
lines just as deep as days are long  
and I'll name her angelina she was a teacher I once  
had  
and a halo made of honey ran around her head  
and she always use to give me some  
when i was a kid and then I told her that I loved her and  
then I went and hid

now I'll sow up my skin and sow the land with my blood  
and I stained up my slothes pretty good  
and I turened the dirt to mudd  
and i cannot help to close my eeyes and lay my body  
down  
cuz i heard it takes forever to grwo a woman form the  
ground

and I bleed for you and now Im skinny as a rail  
and I'll be so obliged to keep you nice and warm and  
safe  
oh wont you be so fond of me  
(magical hum)

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