

## The Essex Green

### "This Isn't Farm Life"

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We're not breaking any records yet  
I stare at maps all day, a charade in the sunset

I read the news with all its angles bent  
And blame my confusion on designs, so intelligent

Too many things  
Too many things to keep my mind on

I was rehearsing for the Iliad  
A social seige to end the world

Arrows and bows  
Aiming everywhere we go

This isn't farm life, ooh...

I was sleeping in dunes at night, the southernland  
By day sail on the cannibal sea  
I'm breathing in...this heavy water, ooh...

In my kingdom in my stratosphere  
My girl hustles words to fools in particular  
And from the safety of an overcoat  
She wears a wire that runs all the way to Stockholm

Arrows and bows  
Aiming everywhere we go

This isn't farm life, ooh...

An eye for an eye  
Under the microscope  
A mythic paradise  
Another year, another try  
On we go, on we go  
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