

Ralph McTell "Peppers And Tomatoes"

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This year in my garden I grow peppers and tomatoes,
Peppers and tomatoes, they grow together well,
And my neighbours all around me they grow beans and
potatoes
Cabbages and onions in this village where we dwell.

And later in the year we will bring wine to the table
Bring wine to the table, and reap what we have sown.
Like my father did before and his father did before him
And his father did before him, we will share what we
have grown.

This little patch of dirt, this little pile of stones.
I can wash the dust from off my face, and skin
But this earth is in my bones.

Military vehicles are passing through our village
Passing through our village with young soldiers ill at
ease.
Unsmiling and unshaven, distrustful and uncertain
Distrustful and uncertain, and all smoking constantly.

And my neighbours say "Don't worry for you are one of
us,
You are one of us and it will not happen here",
But the next night at the cafe, when I
bring wine to the table,
When I bring wine to the table, but they are sitting
drinking beer.

Last night the hand of friendship fell heavy on my
shoulders,
Heavy on my shoulders as I turned away to go.
As I said goodnight some old men, some old men and
young soldiers
Were humming tunes and singing words to songs that I
did not know.

Oh this little patch of dirt, and this little pile of stones
I can wash the dust from off my face and skin,
But this earth is in my bones.
This morning my wife told me that she'd been to

church on Sunday,
Been to church on Sunday, she had felt the need to
pray.
Our children were baptised there but it was just to
please the old ones,
Just to please the old ones, and I don't know what to
say.

Tonight, as dark is falling, I am tending to my garden,
Tending to my garden, and the crop that I have grown.
And my car is heavy laden, and soon I'll start the
engine,
Soon I'll start the engine, wake the children and be
gone.

Oh this little patch of dirt, and this little pile of stones
I can wash the dust from off my face and skin
But this earth is in my bones.

My shotgun it is loaded, and it's hidden in the cabin,
It's hidden in the cabin, and the evening's growing
chilled.
My mouth is dry, my hands are moist, and if someone
tries to stop me,
Someone tries to stop me, I am ready now to kill.

Oh this little patch of dirt, and this little pile of stones
I can wash the dust from off my face and skin
But this earth is in my bones.

I am watering my garden, when I smell the cigarette
smoke,
Smell the cigarette smoke, and I turn round in the dust
And I see the glint of rifles, but I cannot see the faces
But I recognise the voices that say, "You must come
with us".

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