

Divine Comedy, The "The Plough"

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I packed up my suitcase and left the old farm
I promised my papa I'd come to no harm
And I went to the city where I was employed
In a firm of accountants as an office boy.

I fetched and I carried, I watched and I learned
And slowly but surely I rose through the firm.
But then I discovered my colleagues one day
Massaging the figures for personal gain
I said "I'll not wallow in this house of shame"
I'll plough my own furrow, I'll go my own way.

Gravely I listened to Reverend McBride
Down at the mission house each Friday night.
Heaven's salvation for those who know best,
Hell and damnation for all of the rest.

Try as I might I could not understand
Why The Almighty's all-merciful hand
Should cast away those whose only mistake
Was never to know the Christian faith
The stars that we follow can lead us astray

I'll plough my own furrow, I'll go my own way

I fled from the capital's bourgeois malaise
And trekked through the wilderness for fourteen days
'Til I found the guerillas camped high in the hills
I asked Comrade Diaz whom I should kill.

I crept into town with a knife in my teeth
And entered the home of the Chief of Police
I stood at his bedside and raised up my blade
But then I looked to the crib where his little one lay
You murder tomorrow by killing today

I'll plough my own furrow, I'll go my own way.

