

Hornsby Bruce

"Barren Ground"

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(by Bruce R. Hornsby and John Hornsby)

There were people living in a green valley
Found a way to make a lot of money
Made the green turn gradually gray
They figured they could do whatever they wanted
Everything would be alright
But scars don't always heal away
And the sons and the daughters got diamonds and
gold
But they were given a land where
Strong roots never take hold

Good seed don't grow
On the barren ground
Good things don't come along
As you just sit dreaming on
Good seed don't grow
On the barren ground
Say everything fades away
There you are still around
What'll you do, where will you go

There was a ship along the coast
Carrying a hold of black money
In the sound near the northern lights
When the ship set sail
The crew looked for guidance
In the bottom of an empty glass
Then the captain said "pour me another rye"
Then the water turned black as the cold winter's night

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