

## The Elms

# "Bring Me Your Tea"

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I've been working on the land, hot sun got to me  
Think I may be dying, bring me your tea  
Sheep in the thicket, fruit on the tree  
I work till I'm bleeding, bring me your tea

The copper is the trade now, who'd ever think  
There are men finding money down in the drink  
My gun is more faithful than I'll ever be  
If war has me thirsty, bring me your tea

I don't get no opinion with four mouths to feed  
I'd sell off my future to get what we need  
Well, this is my burden, it's all I can see  
If life has me weary, bring me your tea

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