

The Sunken Lands

Rosanne Cash

Five cans of paint in the empty fields
The dust reveals The children cry, the work never ends
There's not a single friend Who will hold her hand in the sunken lands? The mud and tears melt
the cotton balls
It's a heavy toll
Oh oh His words are cruel and they sting like fire
Like the devil's choir
Oh oh But who will hold her hand in the sunken lands? The river rises and she sails away
But she could never stay
Oh oh
Now her work is done in the sunken lands
There's five empty cans

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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