

89-1000
Quiet bare fields

The quiet bare fields of my home in Vermont
Fill me with despair
Rolling hills and browning oaks
Winter so unfair
The sky it seems to falter
The hummocks pen me in
And autumn's brilliant moments
The icy chill portend

The quiet bare fields of western kansas
Pry open my soul
The clouds so low and endless sky
Leave me feeling whole
T'would that the horizon
At home so boundless be
Not hiding nidst the nettles
Of every tired tree

Some crave the ocean with its constancy and time
Some go to the mountains, it is where they find their rhyme
But i prefer the flatland, the plains compel me so
the sunset's of nebraska set my heart aglow