

Rusted Fields

The Connells

Head out. I'm heading out.
I'll see you there across the waves of steel.
Head out. I'm heading out.
I'll see you there across the rusted fields.

Out beyond the mills and the radioactive fills we went out into
the night.
We got right,
we got right.

And on our walk I just couldn't talk.
It all began to seem a crazy dream, a crazy thing.

Head out. I'm heading out.
I'll see you there across the waves of steel.
Head out. I'm heading out.
I'll see you there across the rusted fields.

Points upon a map, thoughts that turn to scrap
Things that rust away, and what to say, what to say
And you still claim that you are gonna name our new southern man
if you can,
if you can.

Once in a while you find a thing that matters more
You want a thing that matters more than this.

And I have been trying, but I can't offer anymore No I can't offer
any more than this.

Head out. I'm heading out.
I'll see you there. I know the way you feel.

Head out. I'm heading out.
I'll see you there across the rusted fields