

# The Sunken Lands

Rosanne Cash

Five cans of paint  
And the empty fields  
And 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 bolls  
It's a heavy toll

His words are cruel  
And they sting like fire  
Like the devil's choir

But who will hold her hand  
In the sunken lands?

The river rises  
And she sails away  
She could never stay

Now her work is done  
In the sunken lands  
There's five empty cans