

The Garden

Vic Chesnutt

Pus on your finger, mud on your mind
The tiller is broken, your garden is crying
There's been too much rain, tomatoes they split
Spring was a beauty but she turned into a beast
Your boy is rebellious, he refuses to work
Your daughter is a fine one but allergic to dirt
The Preacher came a'calling, he wants a fresh ham
Your wife she obliges, thaws the one you was saving
So you piddle in the garden, you pick at the ground
Your family is fighting, oh, but you don't hear a sound