

Farmer Boys, Till The Cows Come Home

You told me to hold on here
To hold on like day old beer
To hold on for your return
May I yearn and burn?
I sit in my rocking chair
And swing like a doctrinaire
On things that won't be so
Up and down
Day by day, all night long,
All the years you have been gone
I hold on here
Till the cows come home
The bitterness inside me
Embraces me totally
And opens me finally
I have been alone
I hold on a rocking chair again
And swing like a doctrinaire again
On things that won't be so
Up and down
Day by day, all night long,
All the years you have been gone
I hold on here
Till the cows come home
Oh god I'm yearning,
I'm always burning
For things that are gone
But now I'm learning
To stop turning around, to hold on
That's not a song about you,
not about me, not about anyone
Maybe an outstanding account to be paid
For all the days, all night long, all the years
I hold on till the cows come home