

Empty Fields

1. Your sky is my treasure
Your earth is my home
Your sea is my pleasure
The surf and the foam

I follow the seasons
I follow my heart
Can't take the reasons
It's all come apart

Chorus

For you think you're a God you act like a king
You think that you're licensed to do anything
So many people at the tip of your hand
All of these souls who are chased from the land
And those fields

2. I've put up your fences
I've built up your walls
I've put up your sheds
And I've answered your calls

Spent all my money
Shed many tears
Sweated and toiled
For all of these years

Chorus

3. The smart suit you wear
Do you really care?
It's a factor's curse
I don't know what's worse

Your words they are hollow
Your deeds they are shallow
Why can't you be straight
Until it's too late

Chorus

4. Who pays the money
For the trees that you plant?
Do you plunder our taxes
And take all the grants?

Pocket the money
Fill up your purse
Well its history repeated
The bubble has burst

Chorus

Finale

Those empty fields

Dedicated to the tenant farmers and shepherds
who have had there livelihoods snatched from
under there feet to meet demands of politics and
absentee landlords who have no concerns on the
detrimental effects to rural communities and the
environment.