

## ***Barren Ground***

Bruce Hornsby & The Range

2<sup>nd</sup> Part

There was a ship along the coast  
Carrying a load of black money  
In the sound near the northern lights  
When the ship set sail  
The crew looked for guidance  
In the bottom of an empty glass

Then the captain said: "Pour me another rye"  
Then the water turned black as that cold winter's night

Good seeds don't grow  
On the barren ground  
Good things don't come along  
As you just sit dreaming on  
Good seeds don't grow  
On the barren ground  
Say everything fades away  
There you are still around

What'll you do where will you go

And the sons and the daughters got diamonds and gold  
But they were given a land where  
Strong roots never take hold

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