Fields so Green

by Jeff Bigler

2. The dancers today are not of the same stock,
   And the crops and the fields have long been forgot;
   For the magic is far less important today
   Than which way to go in a hey.

   At the ales where they gather the dancers do roam
   Through parking lots, malls and retirement homes;
   And the one thing that's foremost in all of their minds
   Is the contra dance later that night.

3. The crops of today are all grown by machines,
   And there's no place for magic in today's planting schemes.
   More important is yield per acre of land,
   And their parents and children be damned.

   And they've all got their bottles that they highly rate
   Of fertility magic trichlorosulfate.
   Yet all of their chemistry still can't explain
   Why the fields where we dance are so green.

4. Now I live in a city and I dance in the streets
   Where there's no growing thing within five hundred feet.
   And the crowd asks us "Hey, what are you s'posed to be?"
   Or they shout things I will not repeat.

   And we write city hall for permission to dance,
   And we drive ninety minutes for a half-hour stand.
   But the magic begins when we form up the set,
   And it still works despite the cement.

Alternate chorus, sung after the last verse:
   For I think of the fields, I think of the land
   Each time I wear bells and take hankies in hand.
   And I know when I caper, the higher I leap,
   Somewhere tall grow the barley and wheat,
   For the magic still works from the streets.

After alternate chorus, end with normal chorus.