

50 Pieces

Andrew Bird's Bowl of Fire

You've been away for such a long, long time
Gone from the brickyard, gone from the mine

All these unfamiliar places used to find your measured paces

Now it's all arriving, now it's all just fine
I thought perhaps we could sit down for tea
Nein, was the cold reply of Frau ecstasy

Sitting on a mossy stump, among all the bottles drunk

Breathe cold against the air

All I smell your ragweed hair, smoked to the bone

Soaked to the bone I'm all alone, poor me
I thought perhaps we could sit down to tea

Nein, was the cold response of Frau ecstasy

Songwriters

Andrew Bird

Published by

WEGAWAM MUSIC CO. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damlyrics.com/>