

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

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