

# Souverian

## Andrew Bird

Though bells will ring church steeples catchin' fire  
And if you promise spring then I know you are a liar  
'Cause in the spring tender grasses won't burn easily  
Though thrushes sing still my lover won't return to me  
Wild parsnips, they still scald my lungs  
While thistles will burn my feet  
And if you join our chorus you will never fear anymore  
So here comes the chorus, we will meet on a fatal shore  
Souverian, souverian, the elder  
Souverian, souverian the free  
Souverian, souverian we felt her  
So very young, so very young were we  
Birds will sing still my lover won't return to me  
You promise spring still my lover won't return to me  
Wild parsnips scald my lungs and thistles are burning my feet  
So here it comes the chorus, you'll never fear anymore  
If you join our chorus we will meet on a fatal shore  
Under the elders the older get younger  
The younger get over, over their elders  
And under the elders pretend that you're older now  
Under the elders the older get younger  
The younger get over, over the elders  
Under the elders bending your branches down  
We who are so very young still my lover won't return to me  
The thrushes sing still my lover won't return to me  
Wild parsnips they still scald my lungs while thistles still burn my feet

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