

Evergreen

The Fiery Furnaces

I was wielding my axe
drunk whisky at the bar
every night coming home
out the windshield of my car
I would look through the boughs
and think I saw my lucky star.

I was spreading my sheets
took dinner all alone
every night of the week
awaiting by the phone.

I would dab off my tears
with my favorite pine cone.
Needle prick my spruce root.

Dear little hemlock shoot,
Make me stay sharp,
and keen and evergreen.

I would tend to my bees
sell honey on the road
every fall in the wet
watching lorries take their load
And I'd get all my winnings
ask for special sap in code

In August three weeks
I'm back in village where I clip
all sorts of brambles and thorns

From up the hill I pip
In a little clay cup
the stuff I cross myself and sip.

Needle prick my spruce root

Dear little hemlock shoot
Make me stay sharp
and keen, evergreen.

I was casting my line
angling way the day.

The stream was swift, it was clear,
But the light was getting gray.

I bent down by the thistle
and thought of what it was I'd say.

Needle prick my spruce root

Dear little hemlock shoot
Make me stay sharp
And keen, evergreen.

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