

Vidalia (Album Version)

Andrew Bird's Bowl of Fire

There was a time when I enjoyed Vidalia
There was no other fruit I dared my lips to touch
But my granddad he prescribed me Vidalia

For whatever ails you, heart disease, the grippie and suchBut to yourself this medicine youll properly expose
The benefits of health, wealth and respect

Oh, eat it like an apple of a deep colored rose
Sweet victory will be yours to dialectBut how my palate grew tired
So sweet, so sweet, so sweet
No thanks, Ill take defeatI remember a dark and smoky den
Cheeks of roast beef, bloody and rare
Whiskey etched faces of barrel chested men
And Im feeling small, weak and scared

Songwriters

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