

# Vidalia

## 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 scaredI remember that nook, the way I shook  
Pain hurts, innocence be damned  
Oh, red with shame and red with pain  
We all sit down to eat our leg of lamb  
Our leg of lamb  
We all sit down to eat our leg of lamb

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