

Hozier, Wildflower And Barley

Springtime in the country
Each time, I'm shocked by the light
The world lying fallow
And you are apart from me
Everything in my vision is movement and life
Riverboat, wheelbarrow, wildflower and barley

Springtime in the country
I can smell summer on its breath
Low and harrowed lie the fields and the heart of me
Everything in my vision, departure and death
Riverboat, wheelbarrow, wildflower and barley

(The healers)
This year, I swear it will be buried in actions
(Are healing)
This year, I swear it will be buried in words
(The diggers are digging the earth)
Some close to the surface, some close to the casket
(I feel as useful as dirt) Useful as dirt
Put my body to work
Mmm (Ooh)
Mmm (Ooh)

Springtime in the city
The canal banks are empty again
The grass crying out to be heated by bodies
The streets for the laughter of young women and men
Canal boat and trolley
Wildflower and barley

(The healers)
This year, I swear it will be buried in actions
(Are healing)
This year, I swear it will be buried in words
(The diggers are digging the earth)
Some close to the surface, some close to the casket
(I feel as useful as dirt) Useful as dirt
Unreal unearth

(The healers)
This year, I swear it will be buried in actions
(Are healing)
This year, I swear it will be buried in words
(The diggers are digging the earth)
Some close to the surface, some close to the casket
(I feel as useful as dirt) Useful as dirt
Put my body to work
Mmm (Ooh)
Mmm (Ooh)

Springtime from my window
Another month has not much longer now
The sun hesitates more on each evening's darkening
With all things God allows remain above ground
Like grief and sweet memory
Wildflower and barley