

Andrew Bird, Dear Old Greenland

On the way to Greenland I shall find
All the disparate fragments of my mind
I shall return a different man
And darling do
All that I can

On the way to Greenland I shall find
No mundane distractions of any kind
If beneath the ice fields there's a room
It's there I'll find my peace a lovely tomb

Friends, Greenland is a place where souls go to dry out
It is a vast and terrifying place of ice fields and tundra
Bereft of fire and in the horror of its imposing irrelevance
There is a peace
The peace of pain
The peace of nothing
Well friends, I'm going there
Fear is lying dying in the sands
And it's breathing from the gills of my Greenland