

Andrew Bird, First Song

then it was dusk in Illinois
a small boy, after an afternoon of carting dung hung
on a rail fence, a sapped thing
weary to crying

dark was growing tall
he began to hear the pond frogs all calling on his ear
they were calling on his ears with what seemed their joy

soon the sound was pleasant for a boy
listening in the smoky dusk and nightfall of Illinois
and from the fields two small boys came
bearing cornstalk violins
so they rubbed the cornstalk bows with resins
and the three just sat there scraping of the joy
of their joy, they're scraping of the joy

it was now fine music
the frogs and the boys did
in the towering Illinois twilight make and into dark
in spite a shoulder's ache
a boy's hunched body loved out of a stalk
the first song of his happiness
and the song woke his heart into the darkness and sadness of joy

dark was growing tall
he began to hear the pond frogs all calling on his ear
they were calling on his ear with what seemed their joy