

Andrew Bird's Bowl of Fire, 50 Pieces

You've been away for such a long, long time
Gone from the brickyard, gone from the mine
All these unfamiliar places used to find your measured paces
Now it's all arriving, now it's all just fine
I thought perhaps we could sit down for tea
Nein, was the cold reply of Frau ecstasy
Sitting on a mossy stump, among all the bottles drunk
Breathe cold against the air
All I smell your ragweed hair, smoked to the bone
Soaked to the bone I'm all alone, poor me
I thought perhaps we could sit down to tea
Nein, was the cold response of Frau ecstasy
Hey, who's that old man in the overalls
His cows lick the ice from off the stable walls
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His cows licked the ice from off the stable walls