

# 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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