

# Andrew Bird's Bowl of Fire, Dear Old Greenland

On the way to Greenland I shall find  
All the disparate fragments of my mind  
And I, I shall return a different man  
And darling, do, oh darling, do all that I can  
On the way to Greenland I shall find  
No mundane distractions of any kind  
And if, if beneath the ice fields there's a room  
You know 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 sort peace  
Peace and pain, the peace of nothing  
Well friends, I'm telling you I'm going there  
Fear is lying dying in the sands  
Yes, and it's breathing from the gills of my Greenland