

Andrew Bird's Bowl of Fire, Vidalia

There was a time when I enjoyed Vidalia
There was no other fruit I dared my lips to touch
But my granddad he prescribed me Vidalia
For whatever ails you, heart disease, the grippe and such
But to yourself this medicine you'll properly expose
The benefits of health, wealth and respect
Oh, eat it like an apple of a deep colored rose
Sweet victory will be yours to dialect
But how my palate grew tired
So sweet, so sweet, so sweet
No thanks, I'll take defeat

I remember a dark and smoky den
Cheeks of roast beef, bloody and rare
Whiskey etched faces of barrel chested men
And I'm feeling small, weak and scared
I remember that nook, the way I shook
Pain hurts, innocence be damned
Oh, red with shame and red with pain
We all sit down to eat our leg of lamb
Our leg of lamb
We all sit down to eat our leg of lamb