

# Andrew Bird, Souverian

Though bells will ring  
Church steeples were catchin fire  
If you promise spring  
Then I'll know you are a liar

Cause in the spring  
Tender grasses won't burn easily  
Tough thrushes sing  
Still my lover won't return to me  
Wild parsnips they still scald my lungs  
While thistles will burn my feet

And if you join our chorus  
You will never fear anymore  
So here it comes the chorus  
We will meet on a fatal shore

Souverian Souverian the elder  
Souverian Souverian was free  
Souverian Souverian we feld her  
So very young so very young were we

Birds will sing  
Still my lover won't return to me  
You promise spring  
Still my lover won't return to me  
Wild parsnips scald my lungs  
And thistles are burning my feet

So here it comes the chorus  
You'll never fear anymore  
If you join a chorus  
We will meet on a fatal shore

Under the elders  
The older get younger  
The younger get over  
Over their elders  
Under the elders  
Pretend that you're older now

Under the elders  
The older get younger  
The younger get over  
Over the elders  
Under the elders  
Bending your branches down

We who are so very young  
Still my lover won't return to me  
Thrushes sing  
Still my lover won't return to me  
Wild parsnips they still scald my lungs  
While thistles still burn my feet