

Girlyman, St. Peter's Bones

Growing tired, barely walking
Walking over this sweet grave
Winds grew bolder, bruised my shoulder
Not much left to say

Sweet and spare now, holy sparrow
Singing softly outside
When it's colder, we'll feel older
Not much left to hide

We are breathing, we are seething
We are hardly underway
We have high hopes like the old popes
Even St. Peter's bones decay

In the old times, we made up rhymes
To sing ourselves to sleep at night
It was wild means, singing horse dreams
Did nothing wrong and nothing right

We are breathing, we are seething
We are hardly underway
We have high hopes like the old popes
Even St. Peter's bones decay

Making wishes like wine
Losing sleep and losing time
Maybe silver or green
The world alive, the world unseen

We are breathing, we are seething
We are hardly underway
We have high hopes like the old popes
Even St. Peter's bones decay