

# 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