

Handsome Family, Down In The Valley Of Hollow

down in the valley of hollow logs
two lovers lay in the weeds
safe in the net of their sweaty arms
safe from the wind in the trees

my love, said the boy, you're the clear blue sky
you're the air I gulp to breathe
I feel you rushing through my vein
like the wind rushing through the trees

my love, said the girl, you're my secret pearl
you're a string of tiny glass beads
you're a burning star I keep in a jar
safe from the wind in the trees

down in the valley of hollow logs
two lovers lay back in the weeds
listening to the howl of hunting dogs
and the wind howling through the trees

then insects ran for the underbrush
as the wind fills the air with dead leaves
and every stone moved closer to dust
as the wind tore through the trees

so the young girl pierced her lily-white breast
her blood poured over dark weeds
a silver dagger through her burning heart
cold as the wind in the trees

so the boy picked up the bloody knife
and stove it through the chest
farewell, farewell to the wind and the trees
I'll die with the one I love best