

Brave World

Bowerbirds

I was a child of the grasslands with an oversized heart
They gave me an inch, and I'd roam the whole yard
And well past the corn fields, there I'd understand
How the world is dust and I'm dust, and we're honest

So if you want to play, I'm wide open
I'll bring my friends, Mary and Annie, on down to the quarry
And in the late autumn sun we'll find the words to dwell upon
Yes, and I'm dust, and you're dust and we're honest

My name, it means nothing. My age, it means less.
The country I come from, is called the Midwest
And I was taught by the land to think right for myself
And that the man knows all the rules but I know best
Yes and I'm dust, and you're dust and we're honest.

Oh, brave world, how have you changed? I'm still unsure.
Your hat is hung in the very same place
Your shoes are scuffed, your shirt is untucked.
Just more and more impatient