

Dark Horse

Bowerbirds

On the shore of the lake,
In the great upstate of New York,
Came the call of a loon.
Cold, cold, o'er a plume of smoke.

He spoke to my center
He spoke of the future.
He sang, "You, my friend, are alone, alone."

We live with the cockroach
And we split our cords of oak
And keep this wood stove burning
While the bitter winds are blowing.
We stow our words in the cellar
So we never lose hope,
And keep this wood fire stoked
While the bitter winds blow.

Alone on the land,
In the love of the dirt again,
There's a sharp, jagged winter
At the center of my home.
Of my blood and bones,
That sleets and snows and makes me shiver.
But you, my heart, I will never know.

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And we split our cords of oak.
And keep this wood stove burning
While the bitter winds are blowing.
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So we never lose hope,
And keep this wood fire stoked
While the bitter winds blow