

Knives, Snakes and Mesquite

Bowerbirds

Listen through the walls. The wave has got to break soon.
Only so many nails to a room, only so much could it support.
The floorboards sigh to the sway of the dance that could keep going
All night and peel away the dawn.

And I am a peach down in the forest of knives and snakes and mesquite,
Where all is a dream, all eyes on me, and I bite my nails till they bleed.

I see your claws come off and your knees come out
Like an iceberg, like a secret offer.
Sailing the waves of that icy morning,
While all in between there's a new wind blowing.

And I am a peach down in the forest of knives and snakes and mesquite,
Where all is a dream, all eyes on me, and I bite my nails till they bleed.
(The prevailing winds from the east) I will set my sights on defeat.