

## Now We Hurry On

Bowerbirds

No you're not alone,  
The sun pours in slow,  
The hinges creek,  
Now the sparrows know,  
And flash their wings.

These mornings, these mornings.

No you're not alone,  
The valley is flushed and warm,  
And breaths a lazy mist,  
Take your time with it,  
All of it,  
And what we miss we miss,  
And what we see is what we get.

Down the red dirt path,  
Me and my true love,  
We thought we'd have forever,  
And now we hurry on,  
And what we miss we miss we miss,  
And what we see is what we get,  
And what we miss we miss we miss,  
And what we see under the sun is what we get.

And in the knurled paths,  
Just me and my.  
We used to see the forest  
Now we see the trees,  
We know where this is going.

Down the red dirt path,  
Me and my true love,  
We thought we'd have forever,  
And now we hurry on,  
And what we miss we miss we miss,  
And what we see is what we get,  
And what we miss we miss we miss,  
And what we see under the sun is what we get.

No you're not alone,  
The valley is flushed and warm,  
No you're not alone,  
You're not alone,  
On a lazy mist,  
Take your time with it,  
Take your time with it,  
All of it,  
All of it.