

## This Year

## Bowerbirds

Just come down from a high fever,  
from out there in the yard  
While the pyre is burning, it's hard to feel the weather shift  
or the fear of the dark

Ahhh

This year we need a deeper frost  
Me and my meadowlark  
Under the winter's fears  
Out where the tree line starts  
Down on the north slope  
Down to the creek  
Hold tight til spring

On and on goes the long winter  
My eyes now fixed to the stars  
We've been there before and I'm fairly sure we'll find a clearing  
in the forest of our hearts

Ahhh

This year we need a deeper frost  
Me and my meadowlark  
Under the winter's fears  
Out where the tree line stops  
Down on the north slope  
Down to the creek  
Hold tight til spring

But you know I'm not an activist,  
not in the purest sense  
I'm not a pacifist  
I know which rules to bend  
I just reveal my name  
and show my love  
out in the hallows

Ohhh

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Hold tight til spring