

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

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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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