

Tuck the Darkness In

Bowerbirds

Well, the light was rust, and the cold was in our knees,
and our breath poured out over golden fields
Though I could not know then, we'd have but few times like these,
with all the good smoke in between

Tucked the darkness in, dragged the harrow across the land,
found my fresh start, sowed my wildest dreams
Though I could not know then, I was well in the weeds,
a tangled mess, whatever could come next

before the hours took over,
before the full weight was on our shoulders,
before the twilight's cover,
before I knew time was such a swindler

Oh my dear friend, everything falls to death
We tuck the darkness in, we tuck the darkness in
Oh my dear friend, everything falls to death
We tuck the darkness in, we tuck the darkness in