

## 50 Pieces

Andrew Bird

You've been away for such a long, long time  
Gone from the brickyard, gone from the mine  
All these unfamiliar places used to find your measured paces  
Now it's all arriving, now it's all just fine  
I thought perhaps we could sit down for tea  
Nein, was the cold reply of Frau ecstasy  
Sitting on a mossy stump, among all the bottles drunk, breathe  
cold against the air  
Oh I smell your ragweed hair, smoked to the bone, soaked to the  
bone I'm all alone, poor me  
I thought perhaps we could sit down for tea  
Nein, was the cold reply of Frau ecstasy  
Hey, who's that old man in the overalls,  
His cows lick the ice from off the stable walls  
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His cows licked the ice from off the stable walls