

## Evergreen

## The Fiery Furnaces

I was wielding my axe  
Drank whiskey at the bar  
Every night coming home  
Out the windshield of my car  
I would look through my boughs  
And think I saw my lucky star

I was spreading my sheets  
Took dinner all alone  
Every night of the week  
Awaiting for the phone  
And I'd dab off my tears  
With my favourite pinecone

Needle prick my spruce root  
Dear little hemlock shoot  
Make me stay sharp and keen, evergreen

I would tend to my bees  
Sell honey on the road  
Every fall in the wet  
Watching lorries take their load  
And I'd get all my winnings  
Ask for special sap in code

In August for three weeks  
I'm back in the village where I clip  
All sorts of brambles and thorns  
From up the hill I pip  
In a little clay cup  
I cross myself and sip

Needle prick my spruce root  
Dear little hemlock shoot  
Make me stay sharp and keen, evergreen

I was casting my line  
Angling way the day  
The stream was swift it was clear  
But the light was getting grey  
I bent down by the thistle  
And thought of what it was I'd say

Needle prick my spruce root  
Dear little hemlock shoot  
Make me stay sharp and keen, evergreen