

The Brute Choir

Bonnie 'Prince' Billy

A cow-call, and they all call together
Describing the way to go
I never hurt someone so young
But I never held someone so sweet
It makes me want to holler with them
All the way down

All the way down
Their voices show the way
How to hold it back
And see the end of the day
Shut their mouths, shut their mouths
And rip the pictures down
Withdraw, withdraw
You live so far from town

This is what makes a thing last
Won't make what didn't happen go
Take fear and call it lust
And let me go lay in the snow
I cannot rest with so many singing
So many songs and what a way of singing
Their voices are bringing the trees to their knees
With nothing to say when they're speaking

'Cause they're quiet, the choir, their voices go higher
The choir, the choir, how their voices go higher