

## Knives, Snakes and Mesquite

Bowerbirds

Listen through the walls. The wave has got to break soon.  
Only so many nails to a room, only so much could it support.  
The floorboards sigh to the sway of the dance that could keep going  
All night and peel away the dawn.

And I am a peach down in the forest of knives and snakes and mesquite,  
Where all is a dream, all eyes on me, and I bite my nails till they bleed.

I see your claws come off and your knees come out  
Like an iceberg, like a secret offer.  
Sailing the waves of that icy morning,  
While all in between there's a new wind blowing.

And I am a peach down in the forest of knives and snakes and mesquite,  
Where all is a dream, all eyes on me, and I bite my nails till they bleed.  
(The prevailing winds from the east) I will set my sights on defeat.