

Thrift Store

Bowerbirds

[Verse 1]

No use selling those lonely chairs
To the void they go, and back again
Now how do I keep framing these stories then?
Feeling wild and wrought
By some future hand

[Chorus]

Where we swung from the cables of evening's rope
Where the nighthawks come tumbling through the pink and gold
Tell me, how do we get back to feeling the glow
Of the early years?

[Verse 2]

Now, I had the fortune of growing up wild
Beneath a willow tree, Midwestern sky
Kept on running those little boy thighs
Through the fields out back with the cabbage whites

[Chorus]

Where we swung from the cables of evening's rope
Where the nighthawks come tumbling through the pink and gold
Tell me, how do we get back to feeling the glow
Of the early years?

[Verse 3]

What's encased in this treasure box?
Some foreign coins and a mirrored watch
Now I can't quite trace these memories lost
In a rattled time I just rattled off

[Chorus]

Could we swing from the cables of evening's rope?
Where the nighthawks come tumbling through the pink and gold
Tell me, how do we get back to feeling the glow
Of the early years?

[Verse 4]

Call my ex-lovers, call them one by one
Was I a good man, were we on to something?
Did the light come willing through the open door?
Did we take our time, did we need much more?

[Chorus]

Did we swing from the cables of evening's rope?
Where the nighthawks come tumbling through the pink and gold
I've erased this history and replaced it with hope
For the years to come