

Walk the Furrows

Bowerbirds

Where's that horse you rode in on?
Where's that fair-faced young man?
You carried their dead weight and let it fall by the wayside
And buried those years one dark evening

Now in a land without leaders
I listen close to the soil beneath me
And keep my heart with yours
And yes, we know there're others
And yes, we feel the ground shifting below us

Keep, keep the secret
Walk the furrows
Mend the fences
Plum, plum and level
Go inside
Stow the shovel

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Walk the furrows
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Now it's time
Heat the kettle
Let the wars
Tell the story
Keep the joy
Keep the quiet
No, you're not shy
You have that fire

Smoldering
Keep the joy
Keep the quiet
No, you're not shy
Keep the fire
Smoldering