In our days we will live Like our ghosts will live... Pitching glass at the cornfield crows And folding clothes

Like stubborn boys across the road We'll keep everything...
Grandma's gun and the black bear claw
That took her dog

When sister Laurie says, "Amen"
We won't hear anything...
The ten-car trains will take that word
That fledgling bird

And the fallen house across the way It'll keep everything...
The baby's breath
Our bravery wasted and our shame

And we'll undress beside the ashes of the fire Both our tender bellies wound in baling wire All the more a pair of underwater pearls Than the oak tree and its resurrection fern

In our days we will say What our ghosts will say... We gave the world what it saw fit And what'd we get?

Like stubborn boys with big green eyes We'll see everything...
In the timid shade of the autumn leaves And the buzzard's wing

And we'll undress beside the ashes of the fire Our tender bellies are wound around in baling wire All the more a pair of underwater pearls Than the oak tree and its resurrection fern