

## Fir Coat

Widowspeak

Firs that grow on their own  
They could keep me alive  
And when we were alone  
It would still feel fine  
(It would still feel fine)

We're sprawled on the ground  
There's grass in my hair  
There's no one around  
Just us and heavy air  
(Just us and heavy air)

Firs that grow on their own  
I made a coat for him  
And when he was alone  
It was part of his skin  
(It was part of his skin)

But the cold set in  
A bite worse than its bark  
And now we're just  
Huddled in the dark  
(Huddled in the dark)