

## Avett Brothers "Yardsale"

Visit "[Yardsale](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

I wonder if this blade ran through someone's side  
The blood wiped away to hide  
How evil you grandfather was 'fore he died  
But war can make monsters out of us all  
I'm sure I'd become one if I was called  
And then it would be my blade  
Here at this yardsale

The guitar I am holding is way out of tune  
The neck it is warped and the saddle is through  
I wonder if sweet music ever was played  
From the hands of a boy to a girl in the shade  
From this rickety ghost of a song  
Here at this yardsale

A dollar for anything here on this quilt  
A price tag for hands from which all things are built  
A blanket of voices speak pleasure in shame  
Flowers of plastic and fruit of the same  
A basket of nothing at all  
Here at this yardsale

So if I had the money I'd buy everything  
And cover the whole lot with good gasoline  
And burn it for all that I care for the past  
And rid mother earth of what never should last  
And give her the present of ash  
Made of a yardsale

Visit [Avett Brothers](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.