

## **Bowerbirds**

### **"Brave World"**

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I was a child of the grasslands with an oversized heart  
They gave me an inch, and I'd roam the whole yard  
And well past the corn fields there I'd understand  
How the world is dust, and I'm dust, and we're honest

So if you want to play, I'm wide open  
I'll bring my friends Mary and Annie on down to the  
quarry  
And in the late Autumn sun, we'll find the words to  
dwell upon  
You said "I'm dust, and you're dust, and we're honest"

My name it means nothing. My age it means less.  
The country I come from is called the Midwest  
And I was taught by the land to think right for myself  
And that the man knows all the rules, but I know this,  
Yes and I'm dust, and you're dust, and we're honest.

Oh brave world, how have you changed? I'm still  
unsure  
Your hat is hung in the very same place, your shoes are  
scuffed.  
Your shirt is untucked, just more and more impatient.

Oh brave world, how have you changed? I'm still  
unsure.  
Your hat is hung in the very same place, your shoes are  
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Your shirt is untucked, just more and more impatient.

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