

Edie Brickell

"1873"

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1873 was a very bad year for me.
When all I feared just disappeared so suddenly.
They got their tickets for the train.
Raised their weapons and took aim.
Laughing from the railroad tracks they shot my
brothers in the back.
1873. No more thunder on the ground.
Birds were flying round and round.
Though the dust we kicked up no longer could be seen.
And 1873 was a very bad year for me.
1873 was a very bad year for me.
We cradled their babies.
Made up their houses.
Covered their feet.
They took what they needed.
Never took us for granted.
But the were defeated when people shot at me.
In 1873.
Laid out in the broken sun.
Rain beat on us like a drum.
The rhythm of that emptiness which shot my spirit free.
In 1873.
1873 was a very bad year for me.

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