

Avett Brothers, The

"Yardsale"

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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 yard sale

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 yard sale

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 yard sale

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 yard sale

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