

Andrew Bird "Souverian"

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Though bells will ring church steeples catchin' fire
And if you promise spring then I know you are a liar

'Cause in the spring tender grasses won't burn easily
Though thrushes sing still my lover won't return to me
Wild parsnips, they still scald my lungs
While thistles will burn my feet

And if you join our chorus you will never fear anymore
So here comes the chorus, we will meet on a fatal
shore

Souverian, souverian, the elder
Souverian, souverian the free
Souverian, souverian we felt her
So very young, so very young were we

Birds will sing still my lover won't return to me
You promise spring still my lover won't return to me
Wild parsnips scald my lungs and thistles are burning
my feet

So here it comes the chorus, you'll never fear anymore
If you join our chorus we will meet on a fatal shore

Under the elders the older get younger
The younger get over, over their elders
And under the elders pretend that you're older now

Under the elders the older get younger
The younger get over, over the elders
Under the elders bending your branches down

We who are so very young still my lover won't return to
me
The thrushes sing still my lover won't return to me
Wild parsnips they still scald my lungs while thistles
still burn my feet

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