Andrew Bird's Bowl of Fire "A Woman's Life And Love"

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Since I first saw him, I think myself blind I look around me and it's only him I see His image floats before me so gentle and so kind He has got a clear mind and firm courage

Oh, ring upon my finger, little golden ring Devoutly I press you to my lips and to my heart

Sisters come adorn me, banish foolish fear Twine upon my furrowed brow the blossoming myrtle I serve him and live for him belong wholly to him Give myself and find myself, transfigured by his brightness

Ring upon my finger, little golden ring Devoutly I press you to my lips and to my heart

The blissful dream of childhood has ended Now I drink delicious death with you my love

Now you have me caused me my first pain, that really hurt

You sleep, you hard cruel man, the sleep of death The veil falls, the bell tolls, the black shawls, the carriage rolls

You, my whole world

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