

## **Andrew Bird's Bowl of Fire "Vidalia"**

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There was a time when I enjoyed Vidalia  
There was no other fruit I dared my lips to touch  
But my granddad he prescribed me Vidalia  
For whatever ails you, heart disease, the grippe and  
such

But to yourself this medicine you?ll properly expose  
The benefits of health, wealth and respect  
Oh, eat it like an apple of a deep colored rose  
Sweet victory will be yours to dialect

But how my palate grew tired  
So sweet, so sweet, so sweet  
No thanks, I'll take defeat

I remember a dark and smoky den  
Cheeks of roast beef, bloody and rare  
Whiskey etched faces of barrel chested men  
And I'm feeling small, weak and scared

I remember that nook, the way I shook  
Pain hurts, innocence be damned  
Oh, red with shame and red with pain  
We all sit down to eat our leg of lamb  
Our leg of lamb  
We all sit down to eat our leg of lamb

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