

Pigs in the Grass

(Harry Bird)

i feel so alive in the wild countryside
when i'm roving and rambling about
like a sweet burst of song that the heart feeds upon
is the the fruit that the eye picks out

it's that river in spate, it's those colours and shapes
it's the sun riding high through the clouds
it's the pigs in the grass, it's your face as we laugh
that's the fruit that the eye picks out

i was a bird holed up in this city
too lonesome to speak
but you just kicked away all of the bricks
and then opened my lips with your beak

so ruddy and ripe is the flesh from light
all juiced in a jubilant mouth
feel spring on your breath as you roll back death
we're the fruit that that the eye picks out

oh it was so cold i froze in my clothes
i just froze where i stood
but you said you'd show me the secret of heat
that's as ancient as feet in the greenwood

i feel so alive in the wild countryside
as i rove and i ramble about
like a sweet burst of song that the heart feeds upon
is the the fruit that the eye picks out

lai lai lai lai lai...