

# Evergreen

## The Fiery Furnaces

I was wielding my axe  
drunk whisky at the bar  
every night coming home  
out the windshield of my car  
I would look through the boughs  
and think I saw my lucky star.

I was spreading my sheets  
took dinner all alone  
every night of the week  
awaiting by the phone.

I would dab off my tears  
with my favorite pine cone.  
Needle prick my spruce root.

Dear little hemlock shoot,  
Make me stay sharp,  
and keen and evergreen.

I would tend to my bees  
sell honey on the road  
every fall in the wet  
watching lorries take their load  
And I'd get all my winnings  
ask for special sap in code

In August three weeks  
I'm back in village where I clip  
all sorts of brambles and thorns

From up the hill I pip  
In a little clay cup  
the stuff I cross myself and sip.

Needle prick my spruce root  
Dear little hemlock shoot  
Make me stay sharp  
and keen, evergreen.

I was casting my line  
angling way the day.  
The stream was swift, it was clear,  
But the light was getting gray.

I bent down by the thistle  
and thought of what it was I'd say.

Needle prick my spruce root  
Dear little hemlock shoot  
Make me stay sharp  
And keen, evergreen.