

ICIBILLET

## Paroles de chanson

03/05/2026

# 6 My Oldest Memory

Par Bowerbirds

*Album : Hymns for a Dark Horse*

I cracked my knuckles and I said grace  
And gave thanks for being 100 and still feeling amazed  
Out where the waves wrestle with the dirty brine  
This is a lonely place, this was a home of mine  
And after the struggle, I'd watch the sand settle  
Over the quiet reef, it's my oldest memory

**And I don't know whose land we're on**

**Is this an island that plots like a villain**

**Or an old ghost friend we don't believe in?**

Well, I don't know

I curse the weapon we stub our toes on

Its the land of make believe, can't you see, can't you see?

Now in the dirt where I put my feet and in the trunk of my body

I'm only shy here when I want to be, my head between my cypress knees

And in the top of the canopy of the trees I am climbing

The morning sun here, you will see, it's my oldest memory

**And I don't know whose land we're on**

**Is this an island that plots like a villain**

**Or an old ghost friend we don't believe in?**

**Is this an island that plots like a villain**

**Or an old ghost friend we don't believe in?**

I don't know