

# All Of Your Days Will Be Blessed

Ed Harcourt

With beady black eyes, the bluebird has died  
It's feathers have dried, it couldn't survive  
From the winter's grasp nothing ever lasts

But you and I know, the seasons are slow  
The rivers they froze, the wind always blows  
Down all our dreams, the engine's out of steam

All of your days will be blessed  
So put on a smile and get dressed  
Into the void we will fly away from here

All of your thoughts will be crowned  
You'll be the toast of the town  
Into the view of a million crystal spheres

Pitchfork in my foot, I tried the best I could  
Dragging all this wood with a rusty old fishhook  
To feed the fire and make our blood flow higher

But I'm a stubborn man, the sun needs my command  
I'm gonna make a stand, condemn this twisted land  
And I'm sure you'd agree, but I can't leave you see

All of your days will be blessed  
So put on a smile and get dressed  
Into the void we will fly away from here

All of your thoughts will be crowned  
You'll be the toast of the town  
Into the view of a million crystal spheres

All of your days will be blessed  
So put on a smile and get dressed  
Into the void we will fly away from here

All of your thoughts will be crowned  
You'll be the toast of the town  
Into the view of a million crystal spheres

But you and I know, the seasons are slow  
The rivers they froze, the wind always blows  
Down all our dreams, the engine's out of steam