

Something Biblical

Andrew Bird

Take your apples from the earth
And your fingerlings from the air
If you cried when you were born
'Cause it ain't fair
You got nothing, nothing to wear

And there's a drink that we're all needing
A need to weep but we have tried
And though the clouds we keep on seeding
Still the county remains dry, the county remains dry
The county remains dry

I see your coat, that it needs sewing
And these seeds will sow the corn silk bride
But in your absence nothing's growing
And still the county remains dry, the county remains dry
The county remains dry

Well still we keep on dreaming
Of that fifty-year flood
Of oceans of plasma
And rivers of blood

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