

Robin Egg Blue

Cass McCombs

By all accounts, accounts it's true Not that it matters much, much to the blue To the blue, to the blue Heather Burns went, went to the field To gather robin's eggs, eggs for her meal For her meal, for her meal

Walking, she thought about A coward, years ago "Saint Jude, when will I learn?" A snake side-winded Across her broken path But Heather knew better and thought: "What is done is done, done, what's done is done"

By all accounts, accounts it's fine "One egg for Saint Jude, one egg is mine, One is mine, one is mine" She saw a nest, nest in an elm Not-
so high, yet another realm Another realm, another realm

Reaching up, she felt Two eggs with her fingers And lightly picked them out And lowering, one fell down "One for Jude!", the snake said But Heather knew better and thought: "What is done is done, done, what's done is done Done, what's done is done"

"Can't we raise the dead anew? Call me Robin Egg Blue Robin Egg Blue, Robin Egg Blue"

By all accounts, accounts it's through Not that it matters much to Robin Egg Blue Robin Egg Blue, Robin Egg Blue

The snake followed her home Along the broken path The field needed to be burned Inside, she set the egg down "Should I have not been hungry?" But Heather knew better and thought: "What is done is done, done, what's done is done Done, what's done is done What's done is done, what's done is done Done, what's done is done"