

Four And Twenty Blues

Jeffrey Foucault

Four and twenty blackbirds sitting on a fence
Four and twenty years and I been trying to make some sense
But it don't look too good mama
Don't look too good for me
I was wading in the water but I only got washed out to sea

Four and twenty blackbirds flying through the sky
Four and twenty years and still I'm barely getting by
But it don't look too good mama
Don't look too good for me
I was toiling in the fields
But the whirlwind is all I did see

Four and twenty blackbirds crowing up above
Four and twenty years and I been in and out of love
But it don't look too good mama
Don't look too good for me
Well my cup runneth over
But it never seems to satisfy me

It's four and twenty thunder
Four and twenty rain
I just walking on the rails
I just keep grinning at the train
But it don't look too good mama
Don't look too good for me
Oh my cup runneth over
But it never seems to satisfy me

Four and twenty blackbirds crowing on a wire
Four and twenty years that I been caught up in desire
But it don't look too good mama
Don't look too good for me
I got one taste of the apple
And I wanted the whole damned tree