

Mehitabel's Blues

Jolie Holland

Feeling my blues, I tear myself away
He will never have to hear what I had to say
My little words are lost in the wind
With no where to go and I am just like them

There's a voice in the alley in the cold bare arms of a tree
When the moon sails high, a ghost ship in a dark and lonely sea
Mockingbird, your song burns right through me
I know why you singing, all the day and every night

Like that little mockingbird, high up in the pine
All I do is worry, all I do is cry
We're lost in the shadows of a beautiful spring
Empty-handed lovers and all we do is sing