Pink And Blue

Outcast

Wind out of Oklahoma this morning smelled like blood and smoke
And the crows discuss their future in the branches of their Louisiana live oak
The limbs are strong and heavy and its leaves are all aglow
And the branches brush the upper air but the roots reach down to where the bad people go

And what will I do with you?
Pink and blue
True gold
Nine days old

Nice new clothes on you and an old cardboard produce box for a cradle
I mashed some bananas in a coffee cup and I fed you there at the kitchen table
Crows outside complaining about the finer points of local politics
Strange wind all full of new smells, rust and fur and reception sticks

And what will I do with you?
Pink and blue
True gold
Nine days old

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