All Of Your Days Will Be Blessed

Ed Harcourt

With beady black eyes, the bluebird has died
It's feathers have dried, it couldn't survive
From the winter's grasp nothing ever lastsBut you and I know, the seasons are slow
The rivers they froze, the wind always blows
Down all our dreams, the engine's out of steamAll of your days will be blessed
So put on a smile and get dressed
Into the void we will fly away from hereAll of your thoughts will be crowned
You'll be the toast of the town
Into the view of a million crystal spheresPitchfork in my foot, I tried the best I could
Dragging all this wood with a rusty old fishhook
To feed the fire and make our blood flow higherBut I'm a stubborn man, the sun needs my command
I'm gonna make a stand, condemn this twisted land
And I'm sure you'd agree, but I can't leave you seeAll of your days will be blessed
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