Blackbird (Remix)

The Beautiful Girls

Gonna be a fire come.
Gonna burn a wicked man's feet.
Hate and greed gonna bring down Babylon.
That blackbird, that blackbird he said.
That blackbird, that blackbird he said.The wind blows broken melodies,
into the feathers of a blackbird sitting on a branch beside of me.
He said you will never know, the troubles i have seen ,son.
And you should never go, the places i have been.
Lord don't you try to come with me.
Lord don't you try to come with me.The superstitious cast their stones at me.
Let them stare into the blackness,
self importance owns the evil it breeds.
And as the river flows,
the stories that it's told, go
into the well below,
for a blackbird to swallow.
Lord don't you cry i heard them weep,
Lord don't you cry i heard them weep.

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