

Pink and Blue

The Mountain Goats

Wind out of Oklahoma this morning
Smelt like blood and smoke
And the crows discuss their future in the
branches of their Louisiana life oak

Its limbs are strong and heavy
And its leaves are all a-glow
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 old carboard produce box For a cradle, I
Mash them 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

Lyrics submitted by Public.

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