

Robin Egg Blue

Cass McCombs

By all accounts, accounts it's true
Not that it matters much, much to the blue
To the blue, to the blue
Heather Burns went, went to the field
To gather robin's eggs, eggs for her meal
For her meal, for her meal Walking, she thought about
A coward, years ago
"Saint Jude, when will I learn?"
A snake side-winded
Across her broken path
But Heather knew better and thought:
"What is done is done, done, what's done is done" By all accounts, accounts it's fine
"One egg for Saint Jude, one egg is mine,
One is mine, one is mine"
She saw a nest, nest in an elm
Not-so high, yet another realm
Another realm, another realm Reaching up, she felt
Two eggs with her fingers
And lightly picked them out
And lowering, one fell down
"One for Jude!", the snake said
But Heather knew better and thought:
"What is done is done, done, what's done is done
Done, what's done is done" "Can't we raise the dead anew?
Call me Robin Egg Blue
Robin Egg Blue, Robin Egg Blue" By all accounts, accounts it's through
Not that it matters much to Robin Egg Blue
Robin Egg Blue, Robin Egg Blue The snake followed her home
Along the broken path
The field needed to be burned
Inside, she set the egg down
"Should I have not been hungry?"
But Heather knew better and thought:
"What is done is done, done, what's done is done
Done, what's done is done
What's done is done, what's done is done
Done, what's done is done"

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