Blackbirds

Gretchen Peters

The blackbirds came at dusk and they roosted in the cane,
Raised such a ruckus that it shook my windowpane
And I'm covered up in dirt and I stink of kerosene
And no matter what I do I can't get clean.Last thing I remember was your footsteps in the hall.
Whisky in your voice and a shotgun on the wall.
Now there's shadows in the shadows, there's trouble in the cane
And there's things you do that you just can't explain.Uneasy lies the head - unfaithful is the heart
Ungrateful and unlucky and untrue.
And no one saw me coming, and no one saw me go
Only the blackbirds and you.Come harvest in the cane fields the sky turns black with smoke.
So I took our father's gun and a heavy piece of rope
And I left you lying there like rotten fruit upon the ground.
And I lit a torch and I burned the whole thing down.Uneasy lies the head - unfaithful is the heart
ungrateful and unlucky and untrue
And no one saw me coming, and no one saw me go
Only the blackbirds and you.Our father was a farmer he planted fields of cane
He planted seeds of evil and we harvested the shame.
Oh but I'm the last one standing there's no one left to tell
And when it's my time I'll see you both in hell.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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