

## Deathbed Versions

Joe Henry

How do you like your blue-eyed boy?  
How do you like your blue-eyed boy?  
Now the rabble have been jailed,  
The moon is up, had hung and paled  
The horses spooked, the fences failed ...  
How do you like your boy?

How do you hear your lion's song?  
How do you hear your lion's song?  
Now the girl had turned her eye,  
The light is bent, and crawling by,  
Now that leaves all blaze and fly ...  
How do you hear your song?

How do you keep your time to come?  
How do you keep your time to come?  
Now its lover has drawn you out,  
Set fire upon your house,  
Has sucked the smoke right from your mouth ...  
How do you pass your time?

How do you like your blue-eyed boy?  
How do you like your blue-eyed boy?  
Now the horses have all won,  
Now the rabble hang for fun,  
The moons has hopped its fence and run ...  
How do you like your boy?