

Crushing The Wheat

Blitzen Trapper

Like a goat, broken, spent on wine
Wanderin' through the room
You were mad, stricken, stricken low
Both of your eyes all black and blue
"I'll be good to you," she said
"I'll split you right in two, again," yeah

On a Sunday, maybe, lift your cup
Drink to the days so dry
And a spoon, soon, will catch your eye
The devil's all black and blue inside
Shot full, turnin' red
Yeah, someone said we'll all be dead by dawn
All of the way past home we sang this song
Crushin' the wheat, oh yeah

When the guns finally spent their steel
You hopped on a bus and ran
With a girl that you hardly knew
Leanin' upon her hand
Like a [?] spread out in between
The pages of broken trees of green
Maybe, paper-thin, I've seen your sin
Upon the wind again
All of the way past home we sang this song
Crushin' the wheat with fingers straight and strong