

Quail And Dumplings

Bonnie 'Prince' Billy

Holes in our ceiling, holes in our roof
Hope that we've got it made have gone in a poof
When we gonna be turning the tide
When we gonna see we got god on our side

Quail and dumplings down to the end
God and her minions as our bosom friends
We got empty tummies but it won't always be
One day it's gonna be quail and dumplings for we

Too big our slippers, too small our bed
Too bent our bosom and too broke our head
We must tip the bottom in order to rise
Find peace in a hobble to find home in the skies

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What are we, why did he do this?
And I a woman, and you a man
Why wait for someday, why make a plan?
Fuck birds in the bushes, let's take 'em in hand

Weather ain't judgment and money ain't love
The crimes of a criminal ain't doubt from above
I'll hold your hand and we'll say it's enough
Satisfied minds, clean hearts and clean tongues

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