

## Odetta

Joe Henry

Whose chickens are those in my yard?  
They pick at every shiny thing,  
Stitching down this earth so cold and hard,  
Low and tight across my wings,  
And when they're calling over me,  
Their unholy, fitful song ...

Odetta, Odetta

Please carry me along  
My bones they rumble and time will shift  
On every plan I have laid,  
Clouds will crack and spill, decent and lift,  
Sharpen this light into a blade  
And split the limb beneath me  
That holds me off the ground ...

Odetta, Odetta

Please come and take me down  
Nothing is now as it appears  
And there is no law speaks to that,  
Just and ocean's roar between my ears  
And down here deep inside my hat  
Where broken ships still drift and pine  
For some new world reverie ...

Odetta, Odetta

Please come discover me