

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