

# Mexican Blue

Jolie Holland

You're like a saint's song to me  
I'll try to sing it pure and easily  
You're like a Mexican blue  
So bright and clear and pale in the afternoon

I saw you riding on your bike  
In a corduroy jacket in the night  
Past the hydrangeas that were blooming in the alley  
With a galloping dog by your side

When I was hungry you fed me  
I don't mean to suggest that I'm like Jesus Christ  
Your light overwhelmed me  
When I lay beside you sleepless in the night

And when you dreamed my guardian spirits appeared  
And the moon stretched out across your little bed  
They said they'd started to get worried about me  
They were happy we had finally met, we had finally met

A mysterious bird flies away  
Seemed to be calling your name  
And bounced off the top of a towering pine  
And vanished in the drizzling rain

There's a mockingbird behind my house  
Who is a magician of the highest degree  
And I swear I heard him rip the world apart  
And sew it back again with his fiery melody, melody

When you were mad at me I didn't care  
And I just loved you all the same  
And I waited for the wind to push the hurricane  
Out to sea, and the sun could shine again

Oh, I don't mean to give you advice  
It's just like Delia said, "Oh, Jesus Christ"  
Just don't get so high you leave the ground  
Everything is so much better when you're around

Just don't float so high you drift away  
Stand tall, with your feet on the ground  
I love your songs, I love your sound  
Everything is so much better when you're around

When the moon is as clear as an opal  
And the amethyst river sings a song  
I'll remember all your dreams and the mysteries  
You have borne in your crystalline soul

That you sing from your golden throat  
That you shine from your sparkling eyes  
That you feel from the goddess in your thighs, oh

You're like a saint's song to me  
I'll try to sing it pure and easily  
You're like a Mexican blue

So bright and clear and pale in the afternoon  
In the afternoon