

Blackbird Pie

Laura Veirs

Well I'm come back home from seeing my man
With gritty brown hands and eyes of tin
I say baby we ought to make us a plan
He said come on and eat my blackberry jam

Ever love a lass make sure she plays the drums
Don't fall for her guitars no matter how hard she strums
Guitarist as a breed are all really bums
They'll unwrap you and chew you like a piece of gum

There goes white and there goes black
The shadows trip across my dusty pack
I'm listening to the wheel of the steal rail track
Go clickty-clack, clickity-clack

I like boys dark like Alder side
I like girls solid with twinkles in their eyes
When I get home I'm making blackberry pie
Until then I'll listen to these railroad ties

There goes white and there goes black
The shadows trip across my dusty pack
I'm listening to the wheel of the steal rail track
Go clickty-clack, clickity-clack