

Colbie Caillat "Older"

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Oh, where have you been, my blue-eyed son?
Oh, where have you been, my darlin' young one?
I've stumbled on the side of twelve misty mountains
I've walked and I've crawled on six crooked highways
I've stepped in the middle of seven sad forests
I've been out in front of a dozen dead oceans

And it's a hard, and it's a hard, and it's a hard, and it's
a hard
And it's a hard rain's a-gonna fall

Oh, what did you see, my blue-eyed son?
And, what did you see, my darling young one?
I saw a newborn baby with wild wolves all around it
I saw a highway of diamonds with nobody on it
I saw a black branch with blood that kept drippin'
I saw a room full of men with their hammers a-bleedin'
I saw ten thousand talkers whose tongues were all
broken
I saw guns and sharp swords in the hands of young
children

And it's a hard, and it's a hard, and it's a hard, and it's
a hard
And it's a hard rain's a-gonna fall

Oh what did you hear, my blue-eyed son?
And what did you hear, my darling young one?
I heard the sound of a thunder that roared out a
warnin'
I heard the roar of a wave that could drown the whole
world
I heard one hundred drummers whose hands were a-
blazin'
I heard ten thousand whisperin' and nobody listenin'
I heard one person starve, I heard many people
laughin'
I heard the song of a poet who died in the gutter
I heard the sounds of a clown who cried in the alley
And it's a hard, and it's a hard, and it's a hard, and it's
a hard
And it's a hard rain's a-gonna fall

Oh, who did you meet, my blue-eyed son?
And who did you meet, my darling young one?
I met a young child beside a dead pony
I met a white man who walked a black dog
I met a young woman whose body was burnin'
I met a young girl, she gave me a rainbow
I met one man who was wounded in love
I met another man who was wounded in hatred

And it's a hard, and it's a hard, and it's a hard, and it's
a hard
And it's a hard rain's a-gonna fall

Oh, what'll you do now, my blue-eyed son?
And what'll you do now, my darling young one?
I'm a-goin' back out 'fore the rain starts a-fallin'
I'll head for the depths of the deepest dark forest
Where the people are many and their hands are all
empty
Where the pellets of poison are flooding their waters
Where the home in the valley meets the damp dirty
prison

And the executioner's face is always well hidden
Where hunger is ugly and souls are forgotten
Where black is the color, where none is the number
And I'll tell it and think it and speak it and breathe it
And reflect it from the mountain so all souls can see it
Then I'll stand on the ocean until' I start sinkin'
But I'll know my song well before I start singin'

And it's a hard, and it's a hard, and it's a hard, and it's
a hard
And it's a hard rain's a-gonna fall

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