

## Jeffrey Foucault

### "Four And Twenty Blues"

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Four and twenty blackbirds sitting on a fence  
Four and twenty years and I been trying to make some  
sense

But it don't look too good mama  
Don't look too good for me  
I was wading in the water but I only got washed out to  
sea

Four and twenty blackbirds flying through the sky  
Four and twenty years and still I'm barely getting by  
But it don't look too good mama  
Don't look too good for me  
I was toiling in the fields  
But the whirlwind is all I did see

Four and twenty blackbirds crowing up above  
Four and twenty years and I been in and out of love  
But it don't look too good mama  
Don't look too good for me  
Well my cup runneth over  
But it never seems to satisfy me

It's four and twenty thunder  
Four and twenty rain  
I just walking on the rails  
I just keep grinning at the train  
But it don't look too good mama  
Don't look too good for me  
Oh my cup runneth over  
But it never seems to satisfy me

Four and twenty blackbirds crowing on a wire  
Four and twenty years that I been caught up in desire  
But it don't look too good mama  
Don't look too good for me  
I got one taste of the apple  
And I wanted the whole damned tree

