

Chris Robinson Brotherhood

"Sorrows Of A Blue Eyed Liar"

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Pale skies, last snow of spring
John the butcher, picked poor Robin clean
Black smoke, tied to nine knots
The wheel of stars that won't ever stop
Hole in heaven, rain on the stove
The plough is crooked, the lead won't hold

So sing to me blackbird from out on your wire
Sing me the sorrows of a blue eyed liar

Grey prayers, what never can be
Solemn words repeated to me
Thread bare, down to my soul
And when it breaks, nobody will know
Hole in heaven, rain on the stove
Plough is crooked, lead won't hold

So sing to me blackbird from out on your wire
Sing me the many sorrows of a blue eyed liar

Rain on the old weather vein
The field where the bay ponies play
When "love" is just too hard to say
Silence is pain

A raven dies, all will then know
Lone black feather, rests on white snow
Hole in heaven, rain on the stove
Plough is crooked, the lead won't hold

So sing to me blackbird from out on your wire
Sing me the many sorrows of a blue eyed liar

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