

Mountain Goats, The

"Pink And Blue"

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Wind out of Oklahoma this morning
smelled like blood and smoke
And the crows discussed their future
in the branches of their Louisiana live oak
The limbs are strong and heavy
and its leaves are all aglow
And the branches brush the upper air
But the roots reach down to where the bad people go
And will I do with you, pink and blue
True gold, nine days old

Nice new clothes on you
and an old cardboard produce box for a cradle
I mashed some bananas in a coffee cup
and I fed you there at the kitchen table
Crows outside complaining about the finer points of
local politics
Strange wind all full of new smells
rust and fur and reception sticks
And what will I do with you, pink and blue
True gold, nine days old

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