

## Something Biblical

Andrew Bird

Take your apples from the earth  
And your fingerlings from the air  
If you cried when you were born  
'Cause it ain't fair  
You got nothing, nothing to wear

And there's a drink that we're all needing  
A need to weep but we have tried  
And though the clouds we keep on seeding  
Still the county remains dry, the county remains dry  
The county remains dry

I see your coat, that it needs sewing  
And these seeds will sow the corn silk bride  
But in your absence nothing's growing  
And still the county remains dry, the county remains dry  
The county remains dry

Well still we keep on dreaming  
Of that fifty-year flood  
Of oceans of plasma  
And rivers of blood

Take your apples from the earth  
And your fingerlings from the air  
If you cried when you were born  
'Cause it ain't fair  
You got nothing, nothing to wear