

## Mehitabel's Blues

Jolie Holland

Feeling my blues, I tear myself away  
He will never have to hear what I had to say  
My little words are lost in the wind  
With no where to go and I am just like them

There's a voice in the alley in the cold bare arms of a tree  
When the moon sails high, a ghost ship in a dark and lonely sea  
Mockingbird, your song burns right through me  
I know why you singing, all the day and every night

Like that little mockingbird, high up in the pine  
All I do is worry, all I do is cry  
We're lost in the shadows of a beautiful spring  
Empty-handed lovers and all we do is sing