

Ray LaMontagne, Gossip In The Grain

Such the lazy Jackstraw,
Always late for tea
Never bothers to ring lately

Says the silly Sparrow,
'There's gossip in the grain,
Have you heard the...Oh you don't say.'

'Someday,
Someday,
A snow shall fill the trees
You'd best make warm the eves.'

Grown callous is the old Crow,
He'd mock even the sun,
Eyes as black as blood
Bone crack in the crow

He'd say,
He'd say,
Always a 'Never mind'
Always a 'Never mind'

Truth be:
The Beggar that holds his tongue,
Dines on none but air alone