

Antje Duvekot, Anabelle

Anabelle is chasing gravel angels
Mama's counting the lines on her face
In her sleep she has seen herds of black sheep
They are circling the compounds of disgrace
And boys grow out of the rust
Spin their wheels and turn to dust
On Black Bird Lane, I can hear my mama singing
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah
Mama, she is strong and there's power in her bones
Papa don't talk, he stopped long ago
Anabelle is dreaming, she is chasing down the street
Tiny gravel angels, flying at her feet
And boys grow out of the rust
Spin their wheels and turn to dust
On Black Bird Lane, I can hear my mama singing
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah
Anabelle is making dirty coffee
Been living all these years on Black Bird Lane
In her sleep she has seen herds of black sheep
Circling the compounds of disgrace
Boys grow out of the rust
Spin their wheels and turn to dust
On Black Bird Lane, I can hear my mama singing
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah