

Words and Music by Jakob Dylan

Sugarfoot's got two hands
Just as long as he can see,
One hand in the birdfeed
And a hand in the apple tree.
He stands in line, just a little behind
A yellow moon that hangs,
he's all tangled and he broke his sticks on the links
Of his own chain gang.

You oughta see this home that he own,
It's like a box of jewelry,
He's got his own church bell
And his bed it lays in a gallery.
And all the colors they shine like flames
Coming in through the window pane,
They end up getting checked over twice
For the reds of someone's veins.

It's so cold and blown all apart,
It's so cold and needing of a heart.

He stands alone on the top of his home
Where all the blue birds flown,
Sucks in on his cheeks and he cries
As he moans through a saxophone.
He reaches high with his hands in the sky
And puts his fingers right into the storm
Always one to stand under the moon
And blow on his own horn.
And anyone with anything has already begun to think
That somebody down there knows
Just how he sat down on his knees in the dirt
And buried someone's rainbow.

It's so cold and blown all apart,
It's so cold and needing of a heart.

It's so cold and blown all apart,
It's so cold and needing of a heart.

Well, I know you ain't my enemy,
The only one's inside of me,
He's killing me getting free.
I hear he wants my head with an old ice pick
And fix me up on a stick.
An' all I've ever got to be
Is everything I wanna be
And Sugarfoot disagrees,
He still stands tall underneath that apple tree
Man, he's still watching me.
His chain gang is tryin' to pull me down
Like the birds and the fireflies.
They shoot arrows up into the skies
And they burn all the feathers dry.
Well, he only wants to fill his belly up
With rocks till it hurts, then he stops.
Well, he don't know what to do with love
If it don't fill his belly to the top.

It's so cold and blown all apart,
It's so cold and needing of a heart.

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