

# Blindly Believing

## The Waifs

I picked her up in a January storm  
She was breathing the coldest air she'd ever known  
Carrying the sun on her skin from the home far away  
I didn't know what she was leaving behind  
But I could tell on her face she had trouble in mind  
The years had been kind but her eyes didn't shine any more  
She said  
Dirty little birds with dirty little wings  
That flies through the night to other pretty things  
I called him today and said I was leaving  
Ooh Dirty little birds with dirty little claws  
That scratch at my heart singing love's forever  
More the fool I am for blindly believing  
Blindly believing  
Well she took off her coat pulled out a chair  
She fixes me with an empty stare  
Says... "It's sure wild out"  
Something about the tremble in her voice  
Toys with a mans easy choices  
Tomorrow's choice will make everything alright  
In a dream in a web in a breathe of poison words  
A cold wind howls  
Loves a dirty little dirty bird

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