

# Sparrow

## St. Vincent

[Heavy beat]

No eyes are on the sparrow, eyes are on the sparrow

He is singing anyway

The lark keeps whistling his number, silly little number

Although he's being chased

And no eyes are on the sparrow, eyes are on the sparrow

How could that be the case?

The lark keeps whistling his number, silly little number

Although he is just prey

And they're calling Maria

Momma Momma Maria

They're calling Maria[Guitar]No eyes are on the sparrow, eyes are on the sparrow

I could've told you that

The finch keeps gathering all the branches

Ignoring all the chances the wind will blow it flat

And they're calling Maria

Momma Momma Maria

They're calling Maria

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