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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