The Bird & the Rifle

Lori McKenna

There's a bird making coffee in the kitchen
And there's a rifle out back smoking cigarettes
He don't ever really feel like talking
It don't matter what she saysAnd the bird is always dreaming out the window
Looking at that big wide open sky
And the rifle, he used to be a dreamer
But he wasn't meant to flySomething down on the ground
Won't let her out, it holds her in
And he's afraid if she flies
She'll never come home again
Something 'bout the bird
And her spreading those wings
Always brings the rifle out in him
But the rifle loves the bird when she's singing
And he knows every word to every song
And the bird, she loves the rifle
Cause he's dangerous, stubborn and strongSomething down on the ground
Won't let her out, it holds her in
And he's afraid if she flies
She'll never come home again
Something 'bout the bird
And her spreading those wings
Always brings the rifle out in him
One night when the autumn wind was perfect
The rifle drank his whiskey and went to bed
And he never even heard the window open
And she ain't come back in
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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