

Cuckoo

Kristin Hersh

Oh, cuckoo, she's a pretty bird
She wobbles when she flies
She don't ever holler, Cuckoo
Till the fourth day of July Jack o' diamonds, Jack o' diamonds
I know you of old
You rob my poor pockets
Of silver and gold Oh, the cuckoo, she's a pretty bird
I wish that she was mine
She don't ever drink water
She only drink wine Gonna build me a log cabin
On a mountain so high
So I can see Willie
When he goes on by

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