

# Blackbird and the Fox

## The Twilight Singers

A little bit of smoke in the sky  
It's late in the evening  
And the end of the summer  
Burns upon your skin It's never too late to cry  
Or sleep with strangers  
Show you things that you've never seen  
Then I'll take you home  
Far below the city burns Now they'll come as your friend  
And they'll warn about all the rats in the barn  
Come closer and when they disarm  
They'll ask you to sit in the front of their car Cold blooded but some like it freezing  
I keep my blood in the bar  
Just when you've forsaken me  
That's when I turn my blinders on  
And I'll make 'em bleed for my baby bird

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