

# Flightless Bird, American Mouth

## Iron & Wine

I was a quick-wet boy, diving too deep for coins  
All of your straight blind eyes wide on my plastic toys  
Then when the cops closed the fair, I cut my long baby hair  
Stole me a dog-eared map and called for you everywhereHave I found you  
Flightless bird, jealous, weeping or lost you, american mouth  
Big pill loomingNow I'm a fat house cat  
Nursing my sore blunt tongue  
Watching the warm poison rats curl through the wide white fence cracks  
Pissing on magazine photos  
Those fishing lures thrown in the cold  
And clean blood of Christ mountain streamHave I found you  
Flightless bird, grounded, bleeding or lost you, american mouth  
Big bill stuck going down

Lyrics provided by

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