For the Birds

Miranda Lambert

I'm against the days

When the skies stay bummer-grey

And the cake just tastes okay, okay

Well I guess I'm anti-yuck

Against the stuff that sucks

Pulls the life out of your soul

And shuts it downI'm against the doc

Letting good tomatoes rott

Being someone that you're not, when you're not

Well I guess I'm anti-hate

Cause that ain't what it takes

It's love that makes this crazy world go roundI'm for the sun, I'm for the breeze

Old dogs sleeping at your feet

I'm for the girls with the curls and the curves

I'm for questions

I'm for freedom

Celebrating every season

For the bees and the trees and the dirt

I'm for the birds (I'm for the birds)

I'm for the birds (I'm for the birds)

I'm for the birds (I'm for the birds)I'm against the notion

Of drinking witchy potions

And causing big commotion

You know son

I guess I'm anti-confrontation

I'd rather have a conversation

About nothing in particular at allI'm against them feelings

The once that get revealing

Slamming hearts right in the ceilings

You feel me

And I guess I'm anti-tears

I'd rather sip an ice cold beer

Listen to some country music until dawn'Cause I'm for the sun, I'm for the breeze

Old dogs sleeping at your feet

I'm for the girls with the curls and the curves

I'm for questions

I'm for freedom

Celebrating every season

For the trees and the bees and the dirt

I'm for feathers I'm for wings

I'm for Tweedle-dee-dee-dee

For what it's worth

For what it's worth

I'm for the birds (I'm for the birds)

Tweedle-dee-dee-dee

Songwriters

MIRANDA LAMBERT, AARON RAITIEREPublished by

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