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

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