Hundreds Of Sparrows

Sparklehorse

Every hair on your head is counted
You are worth hundreds of sparrows
The tree you planted has become fecund
With kamikaze humming birdsWings of hundreds of beats per second
Of people whose wings are just a blur
Afraid our eyes might become impaled
By their sharp and tiny beaksI'm so sorry, my spirit's rarely in my body
It wanders through the dry country
Looking for a good place to rest
Your head upon my chest
And I can feel the pillow of your breastYou are worth hundreds of sparrows

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