

# Birds of the Meadow

[Josh Ritter](#)

I didn't come to ask you  
How you're doing these days  
Didn't come to roll no stones away, no  
I've come to tell you that the end is nigh  
I've come to prophesize You wanted a messenger and I am thee  
Your heebie jeebie man, in ecstasy  
But my eyes are blazing and I'm mental dark  
You better hark Fire is coming, fire is coming  
Birds of the meadow, birds of the meadow  
Fire is coming, fire is coming  
Birds of the meadow, birds of the meadow Honey, I'm a wild one and I'm dressed in rags  
I roll you over, turn your bedside up, yeah  
Before the whole thing's over, you're gonna shout my name  
I don't care if you believe me Fire is coming, fire is coming  
Birds of the meadow, birds of the meadow  
Fire is coming, fire is coming  
Birds of the meadow, birds of the meadow Fire is coming, fire is coming  
Birds of the meadow, birds of the meadow  
Fire is coming, fire is coming  
Birds of the meadow, birds of the meadow

Songwriters

JOSH RITTER Published by  
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