

# 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 harkFire 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 meadowHoney, 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 meFire 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 meadowFire 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 RITTERPublished by  
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