Nightbird

Glenn Medeiros

Some old hotel room in Memphis
I see the city through the rain
I'm just chasing me my time
And remembering some pain
See there once was a boy
And on the street he'd surely die
But the nightbird took him in
And she taught him how to fly
See the nightbird softly fly
Why does she fly alone?
Is the moonlight just a flame for her memory?
Now she's gone
Two bit bars and honky tonks
Any pleasure can be found
You can get just what you want
If you lay your money down

And lonely sailors do their drinking
My, my, my how the brave men do die
And the nightbird sells her pleasures
Bringing tears to my eyes
See the nightbird softly fly
Why does she fly alone
Is the moonlight just a flame for her memory
Now she's gone
So I guess I'll go out walking
Lord, let the rain keep falling down
I guess I'll go chase some memories
On the dark side of town
See the nightbird softly fly
Why does she fly alone
Is the moonlight just a flame for her memory
Now she's gone

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