

# Flightless Bird

## Iron & Wine

I was a quick-wit boy, diving too deep for coins  
All of your street light eyes wide on my plastic toys  
Then when the cops closed the fair, I cut my long baby hair  
Stole me a dog-eared map and called for you everywhere  
Have I found you  
Flightless bird, jealous, weeping or lost you, American mouth  
Big pill looming  
Now I'm a fat house cat  
Nursing my sore blunt tongue  
Watching the warm poison rats curl through the wide fence cracks  
Pissing on magazine photos  
Those fishing lures thrown in the cold  
And clean blood of Christ mountain stream  
Have I found you  
Flightless bird, grounded, bleeding or lost you, American mouth  
Big pill stuck going down

Songwriters

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