

Flightless Bird American Mouth

Iron & Wine

I was a quick wet boy
Diving too deep for coins
All of your straight blind 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 bill looming Now I'm a fat house cat
Cursing my sore blunt tongue
Watching the warm poison rats
Curl through the wide white 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, brown hair bleeding
Or lost you?
American mouth
Big bill, stuck going down

Songwriters

SAMUEL ERVIN BEAM Published by

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