

Flightless Bird

[Josh Hoke](#)

In Jefferson county, where I was born
Used to walk along train tracks, play tag in the corn
But time rearranges, time has a way
And lately I've lost all track of the day I met a girl, she was pretty-eyed, fine
Camped out under the covers, told me she was all mine
But people are people, they stick to the plan
Couldn't marry the son of no poor preacher man
With your words on fire, and my roots so tired from running
These wings don't fly, so don't you let me go tonight
So we sing for the good times, sing for the thrill
Of a youth that is fading, a love with no will
And we drink to the lovers who don't have a clue
Keep digging hard at the ditch and scratch at the blue

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