

V's of Birds

Dwight Yoakam

I see blue skies and sunshine up ahead
Vâ€™s of birds flying south for the winter
Ricks of wood line the side of the road
Fire for the place to be warm

Listen, listen
I hear â€™em teaching
And itâ€™s something I want to learn
Even fallen angels need shelter from the harm
When the winter winds have turned so cold
Tell me, tell me
Did you see it
Was it shining in the sky
Giving answers
Within the wisdom
Leaving space between the truth and lies

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