

FLIGHTLESS BIRD

IRON AND WINE
TWILIGHT SOUNDTRACK

I WAS A QUICK WET 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 BA-BY
HAIR, STOLE ME A DOG-EARED MAP AND CALLED YOU FOR EVERYWHERE. HAVE I FOUND YOU
FLIGHTLESS BIRD JEALOUS, WEEPING OR LOST YOU AMERICAN MOUTH, BIG PILL,
LOO-MING. NOW I'M A FAT HOUSE CAT NURSING MY SORE BLUNT
TONGUE, WATCHING THE WARM POISON RATS CURL THROUGH THE WIDE FENCE CRACKS PIS-SING ON MA-GA-ZINE
PHOTOS THOSE FISHING LURES THROWN IN THE COLD AND CLEAN BLOOD OF CHRIST MOUNTAIN
STREAM. HAVE I FOUND YOU FLIGHTLESS BIRD GROUND-DED,
BLEEDING OR LOST YOU AMERICAN
MOUTH, BIG PILL, STUCK GOING DOWN.
OOH, OOH, OOH.
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