

The Sad Milkman

Andrew Bird

Above the dark highways on a black tar roof
Stood the Sad Milkman in love with the moon
She filled up his window with soft milky light
'Til he crawled up the chimney and into the night

But the moon she rises and the moon she falls
And her slow white eye sees nothing at all

Down on the sidewalks a crowd gathered 'round
Flinging up bricks and bottles to knock the boy down
He stood up above them with his hands in the air
Calling up to the moonbeams, "Come let down your hair!"

But the moon she rises and the moon she falls
And her slow white eye sees nothing at all

He wanted to feel like a bucket of milk
Or sweet summer wind on rolling green hills
He wanted to fly up from the roof
Sailing up from the night wind to the arms of the moon

But the moon she rises and the moon she falls
And her slow white eye sees nothing at all
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