

## Ghost Bird

Amanda Shires

Shuffling through the morning  
Bare-feet down the hall  
I must've left the windows open  
Cuz dear you don't belong here... at all  
You were bluer than the bluebirds  
I was hardly awake  
And you looked up from your perch on my chair back  
I thought "Isn't this so strange?  
So strange..."

You sang baby we're all running from the same things  
You sang baby we're all running from the same things  
Broken hearts, broken homes, the tired, and the loneliness  
Broken hearts, broken homes, the tired and the lonely, loneline  
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And you stayed until the day sighed  
Itself back to sleep  
And I remember it exactly  
You were all feathers and a heartbeat  
Feathers and a heartbeat

You sang baby we're all running from the same things  
You sang baby we're all running from the same things  
Broken hearts, broken homes, the past, and the loneliness  
Broken hearts, broken homes, the past and the lonely, lonelines  
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Now I leave every door open  
Every window every shade  
In the hopes that little ghost bird  
Maybe he will come back... someday

He sang baby we're all running from the same things  
He sang baby we're all running from the same things  
Broken hearts, broken homes, the tired, and the loneliness  
Broken hearts, broken homes, the tired and the lonely, loneline  
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