

## Flightless Bird, American Mouth

Iron & Wine

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 baby hair  
Stole me a dog-eared map  
And called for you everywhere

Have I found you?  
Flightless bird, jealous, weeping  
Or lost you?  
American mouth  
Big pill looming

Now I'm a fat house cat  
Nursing my sore blunt tongue  
Watching the warm poison rats  
Curl through the wide fence cracks  
Pissing on magazine photos  
Those fishing lures  
Thrown in the cold and clean  
Blood of Christ mountain stream

Have I found you?  
Flightless bird, grounded, bleeding  
Or lost you?  
American mouth  
Big pill stuck going down