

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