

The Littlest Birds

Jolie Holland

Well, I feel like an old hobo, I'm sad, lonesome and blue
I was fair as a summer's day, now the summer days are through
You pass through places and places pass through you
But you carry them with you on the soles of your travelers shoes

Well, I love you so dearly, I love you so clearly
I wake you up in the morning, so early just to tell you
I got the wandering blues, I got the wandering blues
And I'm going to quit these rambling ways
One of these days soon, ooh

And I sing, the littlest birds sing the prettiest songs
The littlest birds sing the prettiest songs
The littlest birds sing the prettiest songs
And the littlest birds sing the prettiest songs

Well, it's times like these I feel so small
And wild like the rambling footsteps of a wandering child
And I'm lonesome as a lonesome whippoorwill
Singing these blues with a warble and a trill
But I'm not too blue to fly, no I'm not too blue to fly

'Cause the littlest birds sing the prettiest songs
The littlest birds sing the prettiest songs
The littlest birds sing the prettiest songs
And the littlest birds sing the prettiest songs

But I love you so dearly, I love you so fearlessly
I wake you up in the morning so early, just to tell you
I've got the wandering blues, I've got the wandering blues
And I don't want to leave you, I love you through and through

Well, I left my baby, on a pretty blue train
And I sang my songs to the cold and the rain
And I had the wandering blues, and I sang those wandering blues
And I'm gonna quit these rambling ways one of these
Days soon, ooh

And I sing, the littlest birds sing the prettiest songs
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Well, I don't care if the sun don't shine
And I don't care if nothing is mine
And I don't care if I'm nervous with you
I'll do my loving in the wintertime