

Nowhere To Go

Lisa Hannigan

Bird, you've so many hearts on your sleeve.
One for each feather,
though you never see,
blue eyes blink bright lights
through leaves on the trees
from seeds that did grow where you sowed.
You'll never have nowhere to go.
Look at this silver and gold,
shook through a tangle of thorns.
Bird, we've so many days spent beside
this sulk of a river,
now we're deep down dyed
into the marrow, out with the tide,
with all that you have and I hold.
You'll never have nowhere to go.
Your heart, it holds more than your hands,
not bought or sold, more than mountains.
Look at this silver and gold.
You'll never have nowhere to go.