

# Birthday Girl

Matt Nathanson

Oooooohhh... ooohhh...

Early morning, autumn light.

White washed walls and children playing.

The air is still, I smell the bakery.

Lying here in last night's clothes,

Mexican girls and Sunday dresses.

Fill the sidewalks up, Guerrero street.

Save me, I get lost so easy.

C'mon and lift the fog, my birthday girl.

The rains came, turned all the hills green,

Turn the dirt to flowers, birthday girl

My birthday girl

Just because you learn to breathe

Underwater, doesn't mean

You ever shake the fear of being drowned.

Between the sparks and junkyard thoughts,

The things I stole, the things I lost,

You could build a city in my hair.

In my hair.

Save me, I get lost so easy.

C'mon and lift the fog, my birthday girl.

The rains came, turned all the hills green,

Turned the dirt to flowers, birthday girl.

I don't know what to do,

Once this gets started.

I never meant to be so broken hearted.

Save me, I get lost so easy.

Turn my dirt to flowers, birthday girl.

My birthday girl

La la la la la la sha la la la la la...

Save me, I get lost so easy.

C'mon and lift the fog, my birthday girl.

The rains came, turned all the hills green,

Turn the dirt to flowers, birthday girl.

I don't know what to do,

Once this gets started.

I never meant to be so broken hearted.

Baby, c'mon and save me,

Turn my dirt to flowers, birthday girl.

My birthday girl.