

House Wren

Owl City

I'm a house wren
Hunting for a house
I haven't found one
I'm under look at
For a home, to call my own
A private residence

Through the grapevine
I heard an empty gourd
Is hangin up somewhere
On some old lady's porch
I'll pack my bags
And off i'll go
To my new humble abode

I'm gonna sing
At the top of my lungs
Cause it's a beautiful day
I'm gonna
Spread my wings
'cause as far as I know
I am half way home

I'm a house wren
Who needs a summer home
A country farm house or a quiet bungalow
Not too big, and not too small
First-rate real estate

I got my eyes peeled
For a window box
An old tin can
A boot or a flower pot
I'll pack my bags
And off i'll go
To my new humble abode

I'm gonna sing
At the top of my lungs
Cause it's a beautiful day
I'm gonna
Spread my wings
'cause as far as I know
I am half way home

I'm a house wren
Still hunting for a house
But I got a song and
A lot to sing about
I'll pack my bags
And off i'll go off i'll go
Because you know

I'm gonna sing
At the top of my lungs
Cause it's a beautiful day
I'm gonna

Spread my wings
I'm on top of the world
And it's a beautiful thing
I'm gonna sing
At the top of my lungs
Cause it's a beautiful day
I'm gonna
Spread my wings
'cause as far as I know
I am half way home
I am half way home