

# 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