

## Hundreds of Sparrows

Sparklehorse

Every hair on your head is counted  
You are worth hundreds of sparrows  
The tree you planted has become fecund  
With kamikaze humming birds  
Wings of hundreds of beats per second  
Of people whose wings are just a blur  
Afraid our eyes might become impaled  
By their sharp and tiny beaks  
I'm so sorry, my spirit's rarely in my body  
It wanders through the dry country  
Looking for a good place to rest  
Your head upon my chest  
And I can feel the pillow of your breast  
You are worth hundreds of sparrows