

## Sparrow

St. Vincent

No eyes are on the sparrow, eyes are on the sparrow  
He is singing anyway  
The lark keeps whistling his number, silly little number  
Although he's being chased  
And no eyes are on the sparrow, eyes are on the sparrow  
How could that be the case?  
The lark keeps whistling his number, silly little number  
As if he isn't prey

And they're calling Maria  
Momma, Momma Maria  
They're calling Maria

No eyes are on the sparrow, eyes are on the sparrow  
I could've told you that  
The finch keeps gathering all the branches  
Ignoring all the chances the wind will blow it flat

And they're calling Maria  
Momma, Momma Maria  
They're calling Maria