

# That Bird Has A Broken Wing

Sun Kil Moon

Foghorns blowing, all day sirens,  
Long trip, still unwinding.  
Had trouble getting out of bed,  
Basked in the grey of fog instead.  
Phone rang, sun ain't shining,  
City I live, uphill and trying.  
Walked 'round the corner,  
Kid said "What the zing, that bird has a broken wing,"  
Sister cracked diamonds in two,  
They laughed, that pigeon flew,  
Into the street, market at Hyde,  
Bus came, that pigeon died.

I'm outside, gotta come see you,  
There's something I've gotta tell.  
There's a burning in my body,  
Little sip, bro, I'll be well.  
What kind of man travels and sings?  
No kids, no food to bring  
Home in his trunk, home to his stable  
Family with a picnic table.

Oh melody, why all this?  
Why you dodging my every kiss?  
Okay, so I brought home a little sting  
From a girl who didn't mean anything.  
Smoked like a chimney, dressed like a witch,  
Didn't even speak much English.  
Met her at midnight, took her in my room,  
She didn't even stay past 2.  
Could have been Belgian, could have been French  
Could have been Dutch, I didn't get a chance  
To get a number, to get a name,  
Went to sleep, woke up and got a train.

I know you're hating me pretty bad,  
But I ain't some tool named Brad,  
Up at seven, home by five,  
Hasn't got it up since winter time.

I really love you more than that, but I'm half man, other half alley cat.  
I really love you more than that, but I'm half man, half alley cat.

Foghorns blowing, cats are hiding,  
Goddamn, blue angels flying.  
Having trouble falling asleep,  
Gotta get to the doctor this week.  
Went to his office, told him about the trip,  
Checked it out, wrote me a slip.  
He said "It seem you're too often,  
Next time use a little more caution,"

Sat me down, had a little chat  
"Men are men, but we're all half alley cat,"  
Sat me down, had a little chat  
"Men are men, but we're all half alley cat."