

Little Bird

The Weepies

Sometimes it's hard to say even one thing true
When all eyes have turned aside
They used to talk to you
And people on the street seem to disapprove
So you keep moving away
And forget what you wanted to say

Little bird, little bird
Brush your gray wings on my head
Say what you said, say it again
They tell me I'm crazy
But you told me I'm golden

Sometimes it's hard to tell the truth from a lie
Nobody knows what's in the hold of your mind
We are all buildings and people inside
Never know who'll walk through the door
Is it someone that you've met before?

Little bird, little bird
Brush your gray wings on my head
Say what you said, say it again
They tell me I'm crazy
But you told me I'm golden

I know what I know
A wind in the trees
And a road that goes winding under
From here I see rain, I hear thunder
Somewhere there's sun, and you don't need a reason

Sometimes it's hard to find a way to keep on
Quiet weekends, holidays, you come undone
Open your window and look upon
All the kinds of alive you can be
Be still, be light, believe me

Little bird, little bird
Brush your gray wings on my head
Say what you said, say it again
They tell me I'm crazy
But you told me I'm golden
I'm golden