

# The Sad Milkman

Andrew Bird

Above the dark highways on a black tar roof  
Stood the Sad Milkman in love with the moon  
She filled up his window with soft milky light  
'Til he crawled up the chimney and into the night

But the moon she rises and the moon she falls  
And her slow white eye sees nothing at all

Down on the sidewalks a crowd gathered 'round  
Flinging up bricks and bottles to knock the boy down  
He stood up above them with his hands in the air  
Calling up to the moonbeams, "Come let down your hair!"

But the moon she rises and the moon she falls  
And her slow white eye sees nothing at all

He wanted to feel like a bucket of milk  
Or sweet summer wind on rolling green hills  
He wanted to fly up from the roof  
Sailing up from the night wind to the arms of the moon

But the moon she rises and the moon she falls  
And her slow white eye sees nothing at all  
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