

## No Birds Today

Cowboy Junkies

No birds today  
Just this square patch of gray  
Molting sky moving in on its morning prey

No words today  
No one knocking at the gate  
I lost my name long before I lost my way

I wonder what he thinks out there  
Pastures turn from black to green and black again  
The sun it carves a well worn path  
from here to there and the next day back

No birds today  
Just this dull sky of gray  
Winter's quickly moving in on its skulking prey

No dust today  
No clouds rising from my driveway  
No hope drifting slowly my way

I wonder what he thinks in there  
Pastures turn from black to green and black again  
The sun it carves a well worn path  
from here to there and the next day back

Cold bars of steel  
I'm beginning to dig the feel  
of all that disappears into....ethereal

Cold words of hate  
Now I'm seeing how things break  
Much too late now to cure my mistakes

I wonder what he thinks in there  
Pastures turn from black to green and black again  
The sun it carves a well worn path  
from here to there and the next day back

No birds today  
Just this barren stretch of gray  
Just this barren stretch of gray