

Ghostbird

Amanda Shires

Shuffling through the morning
Bare-feet down the hall
I must've left the windows open
Cuz dear you don't belong here... at all
You were bluer than the bluebirds
I was hardly awake
And you looked up from your perch on my chair back
I thought "Isn't this so strange?
So strange..."

You sang baby we're all running from the same things
You sang baby we're all running from the same things
Broken hearts, broken homes, the tired, and the loneliness
Broken hearts, broken homes, the tired and the lonely, loneliness

And you stayed until the day sighed
Itself back to sleep
And I remember it exactly
You were all feathers and a heartbeat
Feathers and a heartbeat

You sang baby we're all running from the same things
You sang baby we're all running from the same things
Broken hearts, broken homes, the past, and the loneliness
Broken hearts, broken homes, the past and the lonely, loneliness

Now I leave every door open
Every window every shade
In the hopes that little ghost bird
Maybe he will come back... someday

He sang baby we're all running from the same things
He sang baby we're all running from the same things
Broken hearts, broken homes, the tired, and the loneliness
Broken hearts, broken homes, the tired and the lonely, loneliness.