

# Being A Mockingbird

**Bobby Long**

The night it rests like a hammer blow And breaks the morning it  
brings And for the mad men are down on the crypt floor Sleepin  
g through their favours and sins

Well I trained myself to be hardened And greet the bird like th  
e day I soared to greet lusty gamblings And drenched myself in  
the dusk where they lay

Oh I exchanged the dark for the darkness And I hung the belt fr  
om the wing So the traitors may part with their malice but I'll  
remember everything

Well I stood up and danced round the heckles And planted the le  
af from the book I admit I love my romances The blackbird, the  
wren, the rook

Oh, Uuuuuh, Ooohh ooh

And the church house won't harbour the coffins But the docks th  
ey wittle their ships To the pleasure the feast And the memory  
and the soar of kissing her lips

Well I gave up myself to the dawning of the morning bird in fir  
st flight I thought I ran the road of the pauper I lost it all  
in the night I lost it all in the night