

Trick Bird

Califone

Bet your eyes you're a broke law onions and bread born
fine born
late whait in the reeds peels your face and wears it for
a crown

walk into my mouth and tongue marsh's mine enemy my enemy
my enemy my trick bird shoulder wing one leg fine gentle
dead
water laps upon the edge temptation open what's shut
trick bird
enemy my enemy my enemy my screamers luck old faced baby
our
cocaine years trick bird just yours and mine enemy my
enemy my enemy my
enemy my enemy my enemy