

Rare Birds

Chris Robinson Brotherhood

I think she said, my name is Pearl
And like a dance, I was in a whirl
Next thing I remember were roses on the bed
We made love and both did agree
We were pleasant company
What's good for the body is good for your head
She said

Easy as paradise
We were there with no look twice
Tending to our garden
And playing in the sun
Rock n roll, Saturday nights
Hangovers and airplane flights
It must be a custom job
Cause it sho' feels nice

For sure you're a rare bird baby
Perched in my tree
One thing I know for certain is you got to be free

Witchcraft and dungarees
All to real and make believe
Dirty hippie feet
In the house of tangerine
The pilgrims walk the midnight talks, the evil eye, the holy cloth
Turquoise lapis and aquamarine

For sure you're a rare bird baby
Perched in my tree (High in my tree)
One thing I know for certain is you got to be free

Hidden charms, false alarms
Down in the basement with the red light on
Stash away a little
In case some folks drop by
Dreaming of the horse's hoofs
Never bad, only good
Never sad, only blue as it comes with time

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