

Sing Song Bird

Iron & Wine

Give me your shoulder, I'm a sing song bird
My savior says that I'm the words
I map across a daylight blinding you
Chicken-boned and with a ten-cent bunk
Claimed Jesus spoke, though I was drunk
Untied my shoe and told me what to do

Warn the boys are about the dimmer rooms
That try to woo them all with their cheap perfume
Rooms like this, a pathway to the fall
Warn the girls about the dimmer stars
That try to woo them all with the cheap guitars
The morning fades the glitter on their song

Warn the boys are about the dimmer rooms
That try to woo them all with their cheap perfume
The sun don't sweat the souls that get the call
Warn the girls about the dimmer stars
That try to woo them all with the cheap guitars
Dear Lord, give me the strength to shade you all