

# Pigeons

Matt Nathanson

You were in a black dress  
Bowie in the kitchen  
Pigeons on your balcony  
Beautiful and barefoot  
Said you never show your bruises  
I was hoping that you might show me

I'd been living in a lifeboat  
Dizzy on the ocean  
I couldn't tell you when I last saw land  
I washed up on your doorstep  
A servant at the temple  
A Hail Mary from a drowning man

And it felt romantic to learn a new language  
Desperate and damaged and aching to be  
Yeah you came on like the queen of chaos  
Like some unsolvable mystery

Your daddy made a living  
Selling Jesus and the manger  
Salvation in the land of sin  
And every time that you got me  
In a vulnerable position  
Well you told me that I looked like him

And it felt electric to have your attention  
Full surrender to your gravity  
Yeah, you came on like the queen of chaos  
A child who only could ever play make-believe

And you're never gonna let anybody stand beside you  
You just sell 'em what they wanna hear  
Cause you're good at telling stories and talking revolution  
And using people 'til they disappear

A goddess when you get what you wanted  
When you don't my love, you're mean  
You came on like the queen of chaos  
But I never met anybody less free

Anybody less free