Most Days

Mojave 3

She was a hummingbird song
She fluttered her wings but she would not come in
And I threw my weight at the door
But she held her ground and she would not come in

And some days I'm better than most
Most days I'm tied to the posts
Was so bad at being bad
Baddest bad boy, that's a fact

She said she was born a traveller
I said I knew as she ran out the door
Our love is like old money
Somewhere out there, somewhere out in the past

She was a hummingbird song
She floated nice but she would not come in
No I would think of her daily
I praise the Lord that I knew her waiting

And most days I'm better than most
Some days I'm tied to the posts
Was so bad at being bad
The baddest bad boy, that's a fact

And some days I'm better than most
Most days I'm tied to the posts
She said she was born a traveller
I said I knew as she ran out the door
I said "I won't let you go"
She said "boy, you know, you're just clutching a straw"

She was a hummingbird song
She fluttered her wings but she would not come in
And I threw my weight at the door
But she held her ground and she would not come in

And most days I'm better than most
Some days I'm tied to the posts
Yeah, most days I'm better than most
Most days I'm tied to the posts

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