

# Mockingbird

Ruston Kelly

Pretty wings, you're the prettiest thing  
You're like Parker Posey in a magazine  
With fitted jeans and crop top back in ninety-three  
I wanna be your dressed in black  
Your dark star on the backwards hat  
I'm gonna write a book and put your name on every page  
Every page

Hey pretty little mockingbird  
Keep singing them sad, sad songs  
There's already rain on my window  
I'm dying when the morning comes  
Flew away in the night with the raven  
Now I'm underneath the willows hanging  
I'm too strung out to be upside down  
Pretty little mockingbird, sing your song

I was desert, honey you were the sand  
I was a bird, baby you were the branch  
And I flew into the blue and watched those flowers die  
It wasn't much, just everything  
You could've sat right there and got high with me  
But you fell asleep and your dreaming brought the nightmares  
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