

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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