The Littlest Birds

The Be Good Tanyas

Well I feel like an old hobo, I'm sad lonesome and blue I was fair as the summer day Now the summer days are through You pass through places And places pass through you But you carry 'em with you On the souls of your travellin' shoes

Well I love you so dearly I love you so clearly Wake you up in the mornin' so early Just to tell you I got the wanderin' blues I got the wanderin' blues And i'm gonna quit these ramblin' ways one of these days soon And I'll sing

The littlest birds sing the prettiest songs The littlest birds sing the prettiest songs The littlest birds sing the prettiest songs The littlest birds sing the prettiest songs

Well it's times like these I feel so small and wild Like the ramblin' footsteps of a wanderin' child And I'm lonesome as a lonesome whippoorwill Singin these blues with a warble and a trill But I'm not too blue to fly No I'm not too blue to fly cause

The littlest birds sing the prettiest songs The littlest birds sing the prettiest songs The littlest birds sing the prettiest songs The littlest birds sing the prettiest songs

Well I love you so dearly I love you so fearlessly Wake you up in the mornin' so early Just to tell you I got the wanderin' blues I got the wanderin' blues And I don't wanna leave you I love you through and through

Oh I left my baby on a pretty blue train And I sang my songs to the cold and the rain I had the wanderin' blues And I sang those wanderin' blues And I'm gonna quit these ramblin' ways One of these days soon And I'll sing...

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I don't care if the sun don't shine

I don't care if nothin' is mine I don't care if I'm nervous with you I'll do my lovin' in the wintertime