

## Wounded Bird

The Black Crowes

Off the tracks lost the rail  
Trying to squeeze a little blood out a rusty nail  
When you're thirsty, thirsty  
Behind your eyes you feel the burn  
As your down hill ride takes a solid turn from the lonely, lonely

Now don't look back  
My wounded bird  
There's nothing for you're here  
Need no wing just set your mind to fly

It's like it been a long time in an empty bed  
In an empty room with an empty head full of nothing  
And all you got left is your skin and your teeth  
And the red in your eye your six feet deep to get ready yeah

Now don't look back  
My wounded bird  
There's nothing for you're here  
Need no wing just set your mind to fly

The waiting is over  
So lets roll in the clover  
Time for a head full of stars  
Lets pull back the curtain  
I know one thing for certain  
Well we don't have very long

Now don't look back  
My wounded bird  
There's nothing for you're here  
Need no wing just set your mind to fly