

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