

Ray

The Mutton Birds

Ray, come out of the dark
Close your mouth, it's my turn to talk
Oh

Ray don't be so cool
That you can't - let yourself just fall
Oh

Ray, hope comes in strange shapes
When you don't expect it
Ray, hope comes in strange shapes
Wouldn't you say it's time for you?

You say that all the good has gone
If you stay, I'll try to prove you wrong
Oh

And when it hurts too much, to stand in the queue
Go on, Ray, I'll save a place for you
Oh

Ch

Dead leaves in the wind are burning
Like a dial on a radio you're turning
Ray, wouldn't you say?

Ch