

Cowboy Junkies, No Birds Today

No birds today
Just this square patch of gray
Molting sky moving in on its morning prey

No words today
No one knocking at the gate
I lost my name long before I lost my way

I wonder what he thinks out there
Pastures turn from black to green and black again
The sun it carves a well worn path
From here to there and the next day back

No birds today
Just this dull sky of gray
Winter's quickly moving in on its skulking prey

No dust today
No clouds rising from my driveway
No hope drifting slowly my way

I wonder what he thinks in there
Pastures turn from black to green and black again
The sun it carves a well worn path
From here to there and the next day back

Cold bars of steel
I'm beginning to dig the feel
Of all that disappears into....ethereal

Cold words of hate
Now I'm seeing how things break
Much too late now to cure my mistakes

I wonder what he thinks in there
Pastures turn from black to green and black again
The sun it carves a well worn path
From here to there and the next day back

No birds today
Just this barren stretch of gray
Just this barren stretch of gray