

Girlyman, Sunday Morning Bird

Little Sunday morning bird yelling at me to wake up
Screaming at the top of its blue lungs, at the top of its blue lungs
Northern New Mexico feeling like the driest of dry land
Keeps that Rio grand

I've been wondering, wondering, waiting for you
Since the day you came through
Fare thee well, every day I do

You're that stretch of spaceship houses on the mesa past the bridge
So far off the grid
You're a score of a score inside of some great opera years gone by
You are given to goodbyes

I've been wondering, wondering, waiting for you
Since the day you came through
Fare thee well, every day I do

Now and now and now I'm losing
Always chasing, always choosing you
In the car the car because you always go back to what you know
Feel that tailwind blow
Thursday Sunday morning thinking nothing's gonna get me to give up
Baby no such luck

I've been wondering, wondering, waiting for you
Since the day you came through
Fare thee well, every day I do