

Iron And Wine, Flightless Bird, American Mouth

I was a quick wet boy
Diving too deep for coins
All of your street light eyes
Wide on my plastic toys
Then when the cops closed the fair
I cut my long baby hair
Stole me a dog-eared map
And called for you everywhere

Have I found you?
Flightless bird
Jealous, weeping
Or lost you?
American mouth
Big pill looming

Now I'm a fat house cat
Nursing my sore blunt tongue
Watching the warm poison rats
Curl through the wide fence cracks
Kissing on magazine photos
Those fishing lures thrown in the cold and clean
Blood of Christ mountain stream

Have I found you?
Flightless bird
Grounded, bleeding
Or lost you?
American mouth
Big pill, stuck going down