

Jerry Reed, The Bird

THE BIRD

Writers Hal Coleman, Barry Etrics

Well my throat was dry and I was getting' late
And I was at this bat on the interstate
When this guy with a bird on his shoulder walked in the door
And he proceeded to tell me the strangest thing
He said, Sir this bird of mine can sing like no other bird
You've never heard before!
Well I just looked at the guy and said Oh really?
And he turned to the bird and said Do ole Willie
When that bird started singing I almost hit the floor.
Whiskey River take my mind
Don't let her memory torture me
Whiskey River don't run dry
You're all I got to take care of me
Well if that ain't the durndest thing
I thought, son, what a heck of a thing
A man could get rich making that bird sing
And I could feel this wild idear comin' on strong
I said, I'm just sittin' here with two weeks pay
And I'd probably blow it all anyway
I'll buy that bird If he'll do one more song.
Maybe I didn't hold you quite as often as I should have
You were always on my mind
You were always on my mind
I said, well that does it sir, yep
I'd like to buy that bird
Would \$500.00 take him off your hands?
Well, he thought for a while and he said, alright
He handed me the bird and he said goodnight
Counted the money and out the door he ran
I was thinkin' I'd found the rainbow's end
My ship would soon be rolling in
When that bird sailed out the door
And he was gone
And as I watched him leave I got boilin' mad
Cause I knew right then that I'd been had
And as he faded in the night he was singing this song
On the road again
I just can't wait to get on the road again (Somebody stop that bird!)
The life I love is making money with my friend
And I can't wait to get on the road again