

# The Weepies, Little Bird

Sometimes it's hard to say  
Even one thing true  
When all eyes have turned aside  
They used to talk to you  
And people on the streets seem to disapprove  
So you keep moving away  
And forget what you wanted to say

Little bird  
Little bird  
Brush your gray wings on my head  
Say what you said  
Say it again  
They tell me I'm crazy  
But you told me  
I'm golden  
Sometimes it's hard to tell the truth from the lies  
Nobody knows what's in the hold of your minds  
We are all building and people inside  
Never know who walks through the door  
Is it someone that you've met before

Little bird  
Little Bird  
Brush your gray wings on my head  
Say what you said  
Say it again  
They tell me I'm crazy  
But you told me  
I'm golden  
Little bird

I know what I know  
A wind in the trees and a road  
That goes winding 'onder  
From hear I see rain I hear thunder  
Somewhere there's sun  
And you don't need a reason

Sometimes it's hard to find a way to keep on  
Quiet weekends, holidays  
You come undone  
Open your window and look upon  
All the kinds of alive you can be  
Be still, be light, believe me

Little bird  
Little Bird  
Brush your gray wings on my head  
Say what you said  
Say it again  
They tell me I'm crazy  
But you told me  
I'm golden  
I'm golden