

Holly Palmer, Five Little Birds

"...to the west side
they still believe in things"*

I reached between my legs
And found a silver screw
I held it up and straight out to you
I wish that you would take it
My house got split in half again
That leaves four lorn shares
Even if everyone wanted some
There wouldn't be enough to go around
We got our own now

Everybody gonna be alright

So there's five little birds right now
And they're flying manic around right now
Six if you're counting the Eskimo
But he never got used to the weather
So he was more than happy to go

Everybody gonna be alright

Monkey mouth and a stethoscope
She says honey, we don't want no kids
There's not enough hope
Chocolate Dog tells me better jokes
And he keeps his own room clean
And Hummingbird is on fire
But at least that girl don't smoke

Everybody gonna be alright