

Minnie Driver, Mockingbird

Sure do song a pretty song darlin'
Pretty music, lord, and pretty words
Like a lark and sweeter than a starling
But mostly like a mockingbird.

Words that leave your mouth all turn to ashes.
They flutter to the ground like falling snow,
They make a bed that's soft enough to lie in
And your foot steps make no sound as you go.

Mockingbird, you just sound like what you said you were
Mockingbird, you were the sweetest thing, I ever heard.

The colour of desire is a wretched blue,
It burns just like the centre of a flame.
It pulls the loosest thread inside your mind.
It burns everything
But it calls you out by name.

Mockingbird, you just sound like what you said you were
Mockingbird, you were the sweetest thing, I ever heard.

The devil stole the wings from a poor angel
They grew into the skin upon his back
Now half of his heart for me it beats
And the other half just repeats
The things I'm feeling for my mockingbird.

Oh my my my my,
My mockingbird.

Mockingbird, you just sound like what you said you were
Mockingbird, you were the sweetest thing, I ever heard.