

Old 97's, Bird In A Cage

I left you last night on the left coast
I'm writin' you a letter right now
The things that you do are rendering you
Something I can't live without
Maybe maybe I've got a pulse now
Maybe my heart's on fire
A bird in the hand is worth a bird in a cage
Is worth a bird on a telephone wire
Left you last night on the left side
The land of the free to be burned
Well the heat of your touch is makin' it such
That I've forgotten everything I've learned
Maybe maybe I've got a problem
Maybe my heart's a liar
A bird in the hand is worth a bird in a cage
Is worth a bird on a telephone wire
Yeah a bird in the hand is worth a bird in a cage
Is worth a bird on a telephone wire
And I may be a bird in a cage
But it least it's your cage
And I may be a bird in a cage
But it least it's your cage
Left you last night on the left half
Of the bed, the half that used to be mine
The way that you sleep is the image I'll keep
Always on the edge of my mind
Maybe maybe I've got a reason
For livin' even though I'm so tired
A bird in the hand is worth a bird in a cage
Is worth a bird on a telephone wire
A bird in the hand is worth a bird in a cage
Is worth a bird on a telephone wire
And I may be a bird in a cage
But it least it's your cage
And I may be a bird in a cage
But it least it's your cage
Maybe maybe you are the only
One my heart's desired
A bird in the hand is worth a bird in a cage
Is worth a bird on a telephone wire
A bird in the hand is worth a bird in a cage
Is worth a bird on a telephone wire
A bird in the hand is worth a bird in a cage
Is worth a bird on a telephone wire