

# Walkabouts, Nightbirds

The nightbirds stumble in  
Like broken pendulums  
The nightbirds stumble in  
Flown from thick to thin  
'Neath a cloud of suspicion  
You're a lucky man  
Say it again  
The nightrain's pourin' down  
As the nightsky hits the town  
The nightbirds stumble in  
There are orders to be filled  
There are tall ones to be killed  
There are songs of praises to be sung  
Will they all go south on us?  
With the crazies, with our trust?  
I trust you'll tell me  
If you lose that trust  
The nightrain's pourin' down  
As the nightsky hits the town  
The nightbirds stumble in  
You're a lucky man  
Say it again  
I'm a lucky man  
Say it again