

Woody Guthrie, Birds & Ships

The birds are singing
In your eyes today;
The flowers blooming in your smile;
The wind and sun
Are in the words you say;
Where might your lonesome lover be?

Birds may be singing
In my eyes this day;
Sweet flowers may blossom when i smile;
My soul is stormy
And my heart blows wild;
My sweet heart rides a ship at sea.