

Weepies, The

"Little Bird"

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Sometimes it's hard to say
Even one thing true
When all eyes have turned aside
They used to talk to you
And people on the streets seem to disapprove
So you keep moving away
And forget what you wanted to say

Little bird
Little bird
Brush your gray wings on my head
Say what you said
Say it again
They tell me I'm crazy
But you told me
I'm golden
Sometimes it's hard to tell the truth from the lies
Nobody knows what's in the hold of your minds
We are all building and people inside
Never know who walks through the door
Is it someone that you've met before

Little bird
Little Bird
Brush your gray wings on my head
Say what you said
Say it again
They tell me I'm crazy
But you told me
I'm golden
Little bird

I know what I know
A wind in the trees and a road
That goes winding 'onder
From hear I see rain I hear thunder
Somewhere there's sun
And you don't need a reason

Sometimes it's hard to find a way to keep on
Quiet weekends, holidays

You come undone
Open your window and look upon
All the kinds of alive you can be
Be still, be light, believe me

Little bird
Little Bird
Brush your gray wings on my head
Say what you said
Say it again
They tell me I'm crazy
But you told me
I'm golden
I'm golden

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