

## Holly Palmer "Five Little Birds"

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To the West side  
They still believe in things

I reached between my legs and found  
Found me a silver screw  
I held it up and straight out to you  
I wish that you would take it

My house got split in half again  
And that leaves me forlorn shares  
Even if everyone wanted some

There wouldn't be enough to go around  
There wouldn't be enough to go around  
We got our own now

Everybody gonna be, gonna be alright  
Everybody gonna be, gonna be alright  
Everybody gonna be, gonna be alright

Everybody gonna be, gonna be alright  
Everybody gonna be, gonna be alright

So there's five little birds right now  
They're flying manic around right now  
Six, if you're counting the Eskimo

But he never got used to the weather  
He never got used to the weather  
So he was more than happy to go

So everybody gonna be, gonna be alright  
Everybody gonna be, gonna be alright  
Everybody gonna be, gonna be alright  
Everybody gonna be, gonna be alright  
They're gonna be alright

A monkey mouth and a stethoscope  
She says, "Honey, well, we don't want no kids  
'Cause there's not enough hope"  
The Chocolate Dog tells me better jokes

And he keeps his own room clean  
And the hummingbird is on fire  
But at least that girl don't smoke

Everybody gonna be, gonna be alright  
Everybody gonna be, gonna be alright  
Everybody gonna be, gonna be alright

Everybody gonna be, gonna be alright  
Everybody gonna be, gonna be alright  
Alright, [Incomprehensible]

I know everybody gonna be, gonna be alright  
Everybody gonna be, gonna be alright

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