

# Jack Frost "Birdowner"

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These are weird times  
There's a widow in my street  
She turns her husbands into birds  
They've got claws instead of feet  
A cage is in the garden  
There's feathers in my phone box  
Screeching, squawking, it sounds like talking  
Damn noise never stops  
Birdowner  
See her at the market  
She's buying all the seed  
I walk right up and ask her  
"Is there anything you need?"  
I go "coo coo coo"  
What else can I do  
I go "coo coo coo coo coo"  
What else can I do  
I go "coo coo coo"  
What else can I do  
Every night she brings me in  
And I fly around the room  
There's a parrot who was a doctor  
There's a finch who was a clerk  
Two black starlings, former darlings  
Changed the milkman just for a lark  
The cops arrived at dawn  
Things were getting out of hand  
It seems she had her eyes on  
Every single man  
Fumbling with their handcuffs  
They wanted her to fry  
She was waiting in a garden  
Watched them piggies fly

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