

Cerys Matthews

"A Bird In Hand"

Visit "[A Bird In Hand](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

midday sun and my world's begun to come up roses
i got a ringside ticket playing domino with a friend of
mine
sitting getting old in the shade of the same old tree
i got change in my pocket a bird in my hand
it's singing for dinner and i understand
wake me gently in the morning
take me easy in the afternoon
i'm whiling away the hours

i'm good for nothing, nothing's good enough for me
i'm going nowhere, there's nowhere i'd rather be
than sitting getting old in the shade of the same old
tree
i got change in my pocket and a bird in my hand
it's singing for dinner and i understand
wake me gently in the morning
take me easy in the afternoon
im whiling away the hours

humdrum becomes routine
i open my mouth and feel
new words on my tongue
they already run, like honey

wake me gently in the morning
take me easy in the afternoon
i'm whiling away the hours

Visit [Cerys Matthews](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.