

## **Liz Phair**

# **"Waiting For The Bird"**

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(White Bird Of Texas)

The last time I spoke to my aunt before she died  
She was describing to me this incredible owl  
That was sitting in a tree  
It meant nothing to me  
But it means a lot more now  
Because I'm waiting, I'm waiting, I'm waiting for the  
bird  
I'm waiting, I'm ready, I know it is my turn  
All those cigarettes, alcohol, this body's through  
You're gone for sure when the bird comes for you  
And the last time I spoke to my uncle before he died  
It was the very same week, but one year before her  
He was sitting alone in his study, on the phone  
When a giant hawk flew by  
Said, "I'm waiting, I'm waiting, I'm waiting for the bird,  
I didn't expect to be noticed or heard.  
Oh, Elizabeth, help me, I can't find the room,

You're gone for sure when the bird comes for you."  
And, oh, it is scary  
And, oh, it is cold to the bone  
My body's not ready for my mind to learn  
I have just been consigned here to rot in the earth  
Said, "I'm waiting, I'm waiting, I'm waiting for the bird,  
It comes in and takes you away from this world.  
Gate twenty-seven, I can't find the room.  
You're free to board now, they're waiting for you."  
I'm waiting, I'm waiting, I'm waiting for the bird  
I've seen it three times now, there's nothing to learn  
And don't be surprised if the sky's bright and blue  
And the white bird of Texas comes barreling through

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