

Liz Phair "White Bird Of Texas"

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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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