

M**"The Bird Song"**

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There's a half dressed mama running through the front
yard
Waving a briefcase a hollerin'
There's mailman stumbling to his truck
With a dog on his leg that sure could use a collar and
I know there's times that you
Wish you had my point of view

I can see two skin-kneed boys
Down at the creek
Smoking daddy's cigarette butts
Down there's a man cussing me
Cuz he just got his car all washed and waxed up
But I ain't done nothing wrong
I'm just a bird singing my song

Looking down on the world below
Here they come and there they go
I'm a people watcher it's been a hobby of mine
For quite some time
And I might go out on a limb
Just to get a better look at them
Oh no, I'm a little too close
I better fly away

There's a See Rock City birdhouse
Where I like to hang out but Johnny Shoots BBs
And Mrs.Cole's got a cement bowl
Where I'd love to take a bath
But the cat might eat me
So I'll just stay up here
At least until the coast is clear

Chorus

Oh Yeah

There's a millions stories that I could tell
But some of them I keep to myself
Just remember whatever you do
Somebody looking over you, yeah

La La La La La La La La La La

Chorus

La La La La La La La La La La

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