

Moxy Fruvous "Jockey Full Of Bourbon"

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(Mike)

Edna Million in a drop dead suit
Dutch Pink on a downtown train
Two-dollar pistol but the gun won't shoot
I'm in the corner on the pouring rain
Sixteen men on a dead man's chest
And I've been drinking from a broken cup
Two pairs of pants and a mohair vest
I'm full of bourbon, I can't stand up

(All)

Hey little bird, fly away home
Your house is on fire, children are alone
Hey little bird, fly away home
Your house is on fire, your children are alone

(Mike)

Schiffer broke a bottle on Morgan's head
And I'm stepping from the dead man's tail
Across the line of a full moon's head
And through the bars of a Cuban jail
Bloody fingers on a purple knife
Flamingo drinking from a cocktail glass
I'm on the lawn with someone else's wife
Check the view from up on top of the mast

(All)

Hey little bird, fly away home
Your house is on fire, children are alone
Hey little bird, fly away home
Your house is on fire, your children are alone

(Guitar Solo)

(Mike)

Schiffer broke a bottle on Morgan's head
And I'm stepping from the dead man's tail
Across the line of a full moon's head
And through the bars of a Cuban jail
Bloody fingers on a purple knife
Flamingo drinking from a cocktail glass
I'm on the lawn with someone else's wife

Check the view from up on top of the mast

(All)

Hey little bird, fly away home

Your house is on fire, children are alone

Hey little bird, fly away home

Your house is on fire, your children are alone

(Jian, unclear)

1,2,3,4,5,

(All)

Hey little bird, fly away home

Your house is on fire, children are alone (your children
are alone)

Hey little bird, fly away home

Your house is on fire, your children are alone

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