

Shawn Christopher

"The Bird"

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I might go to the mountains of Spain
And I'll see all the pretty snow,
And I'll dream the dream I dream
No matter where I go

We were still young like when we met,
And I hadn't fucked it all up yet,
And you wanted me to be with you
Like before

What I like about time is it don't ask why
What I like about love is it makes me cry
What I like about the bird is she don't need
Nothing but sky...

And I know you tried to tell me then
No one could bear the shit I put on them
I bet you wonder why you even let me in
Well, so do I.

In my dream I never make you pay
For all the things you did and did not say
I was ready to be good to you
And make you stay

And you took me to the carnival town,
And we rode the rides up and down,
And we watched the birds watch us smile,
And then they flew away

What I like about time is it don't ask why
What I like about love is it makes me cry
What I like about the bird is she don't need
Nothing but sky...

And I know you think my life's a crime
And you talk about it with your wife sometimes
Y'all shake your heads and sigh
Oh believe me, I shake mine.

