

The Walkabouts

"Nightbirds"

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The nightbirds stumble in
Like broken pendulums
The nightbirds stumble in
Flown from thick to thin
'Neath a cloud of suspicion
You're a lucky man
Say it again
The nightrain's pourin' down
As the night sky hits the town
The nightbirds stumble in
There are orders to be filled
There are tall ones to be killed
There are songs of praises to be sung
Will they all go south on us?
With the crazies, with our trust?
I trust you'll tell me
If you lose that trust
The nightrain's pourin' down
As the night sky hits the town
The nightbirds stumble in
You're a lucky man
Say it again
I'm a lucky man
Say it again

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