

Flightless Bird, American Mouth

Iron & Wine

C

I was a quick wit boy

Am

Diving too deep for coins

F

All of your street-light eyes

G

Wide on my plastic toys

C

And when the cops closed the fair

Am

I cut my long baby hair

F

Stole me a dog-eared map

G

And called for you everywhere

C

Have I found you?

Am

Flightless Bird

F G

Jealous, weeping.

C

Or lost you?

Am

American Mouth

F G

Big bill, looming

C

Now I'm a fat, house cat

Am

Cursing my sore blunt tongue

F

Watching the warm poison rats

G

Curl through the wide fence cracks

C

Pissin' on magazine photos

Am

Those fishing lures

F

Thrown in the cold and clean

G

Blood of Christ, mountain stream

C

Have I found you?

Am

Flightless Bird

F

G

Grounded, bleeding.

C

Or lost you?

Am

American Mouth

F

G

Big bill, still going down.

C Am G F x4