

## Flightless Bird, American Mouth by Iron & Wine

I was a quick wet boy,
diving too deep for coins.
All of your street light eyes
wide on my (1) toys.
Then when the (2) close the fair,
I cut my long baby hair
Stole me a dog-eared map
and called for you everywhere.
Have I (3) you
Flightless bird, jealous,
weeping or lost you,
american mouth
big pill looming.
Now I'm a fat house cat
Nursing my sore blunt tongue
Watching the warm poison rats
curl (4) the wide (5) cracks.
Pissing on magazine photos.
Those fishing lures thrown in the cold
and (6) blood of (7) mountain stream.
Have I found you
Flightless bird, jealous,
weeping or lost you,
american mouth

big (8)\_\_\_\_\_ looming.



- 1. plastic
- 2. cops
- 3. found
- 4. through
- 5. fence
- 6. clean
- 7. Christ
- 8. pill

## Fill in the gaps