

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 plastic toys.
Then when the (1) close the fair,
I cut my long baby hair
Stole me a dog-eared map
and (2) for you everywhere.
Have I (3) you
Flightless bird, jealous,
weeping or (4) you,
american mouth
big pill looming.
Now I'm a fat house cat
Nursing my sore blunt tongue
Watching the warm (5) rats
curl through the (6) fence cracks.
Pissing on magazine photos.
Those fishing (7) thrown in the cold
and clean blood of (8) (9) stream.
Have I found you
Flightless bird, jealous,
weeping or lost you,
american mouth

big pill looming.



- 1. cops
- 2. called
- 3. found
- 4. lost
- 5. poison
- 6. wide
- 7. lures
- 8. Christ
- 9. mountain

Fill in the gaps