

## The Cuckoo Is A-Callin'

Fontaines D.C.

Although the trees ungentle sway  
Reflect the temper of the day  
Just as lovely as you say  
Rain upon my hair is falling  
Stirred up as the river flows  
The clammer of the bar below  
Strings a man, his sentence slow  
"The cuckoo is a-callin"  
Now

I know this bitter life may feel  
Ungentle & at times unkind  
It bares within itself the fear  
Of being someone else its fine but  
You my lovely friend have nothing  
But a spine, but a spine  
You'll surely take those jabs they throw and drink them like red wine  
You swine