

## Birds of the Meadow

Josh Ritter

I didn't come to ask you  
How you're doing these days.  
Didn't come to roll no stones away, no.  
I've come to tell you that the end is nigh.  
I've come to prophesize.

You wanted a messenger and I am thee,  
Your heebie-jeebie man, in ecstasy.  
But my eyes are blazing and I'm mental dark.  
You better hark.

Fire is coming, fire is coming.  
Birds of the meadow, birds of the meadow.  
Fire is coming, fire is coming.  
Birds of the meadow, birds of the meadow.

Honey, I'm a wild one and I'm dressed in rags.  
I roll you over, turn your bedside up, yeah.  
Before the whole thing's over, you're gonna shout my name.  
I don't care if you believe me.

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