

# Mockingbirds

Mark Lanegan

Your voice is a mockingbird  
Calling me when the day is gone  
You please yourself with every word  
Telling me where I'm going wrong  
Telling me where I've gone wrong

Get me out it's starting to burn  
I can't let go for the life of me  
Some hold tight, and some turn  
Another fire out in front of me  
My whole life out in front of me

You can't kill what's already dead  
But I don't blame you for trying it  
The sun comes up and falls away  
Two little birds makin' sense of it  
Two mockingbirds making sense of it