

## Nightingale

## The Tiger Lillies

Slow death to the nightingale  
His voice would always fail  
In tenement towers  
and on rails  
And all of these praising words  
They all seem so absurd, so absurd

Your poverty you declare  
The paint blisters on your stairs  
The dampness in your bones is always there  
And all of these praising words  
Well, they all seem so absurd, so absurd

Ever thought that you would be  
This washed up and lonely  
This washed up and lonely  
This lonely