

## Little Bird

### The Weepies

Sometimes it's hard to say even one thing true  
When all eyes have turned aside  
They used to talk to you  
And people on the street seem to disapprove  
So you keep moving away  
And forget what you wanted to say

Little bird, little bird  
Brush your gray wings on my head  
Say what you said, say it again  
They tell me I'm crazy  
But you told me I'm golden

Sometimes it's hard to tell the truth from a lie  
Nobody knows what's in the hold of your mind  
We are all buildings and people inside  
Never know who'll walk through the door  
Is it someone that you've met before?

Little bird, little bird  
Brush your gray wings on my head  
Say what you said, say it again  
They tell me I'm crazy  
But you told me I'm golden

I know what I know  
A wind in the trees  
And a road that goes winding under  
From here I see rain, I hear thunder  
Somewhere there's sun, and you don't need a reason

Sometimes it's hard to find a way to keep on  
Quiet weekends, holidays, you come undone  
Open your window and look upon  
All the kinds of alive you can be  
Be still, be light, believe me

Little bird, little bird  
Brush your gray wings on my head  
Say what you said, say it again  
They tell me I'm crazy  
But you told me I'm golden  
I'm golden