

Flightless Bird, American Mouth by Iron & Wine

I was a quick wet boy,
diving too deep for coins.
All of your street light eyes
wide on my plastic toys.
Then when the cops (1) the fair,
I cut my (2) baby hair
Stole me a dog-eared map
and called for you everywhere.
Have I found you
Flightless bird, jealous,
weeping or lost you,
american mouth
big pill looming.
Now I'm a fat house cat
Nursing my sore blunt tongue
Watching the warm (3) rats
curl through the (4) (5) cracks.
Pissing on magazine photos.
Those (6) lures thrown in the cold
and clean blood of (7) mountain stream.
Have I found you
Flightless bird, jealous,
weeping or lost you,
american mouth
big (8) looming.



- 1. close
- 2. long
- 3. poison
- 4. wide
- 5. fence
- 6. fishing
- 7. Christ
- 8. pill

Fill in the gaps