

## 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 (1) the cops (2)	the fair,
I cut my long 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 (3) blunt tongue	
Watching the warm poison rats	
curl through the (4) fence cracks.	
Pissing on magazine photos.	
Those fishing (5) (6)	in the cold
and clean blood of Christ (7)	stream.
Have I found you	
Flightless bird, jealous,	
weeping or lost you,	
american mouth	



- 1. when
- 2. close
- 3. sore
- 4. wide
- 5. lures
- 6. thrown
- 7. mountain

## Fill in the gaps