

# Kristin Hersh, Little Birdy

Little birdy, little birdy  
What makes you fly so high?  
It's because I am a birdy  
And I'm not afraid to die

Little birdy, little birdy  
Come sing me your song  
I've a short time to be here with you  
And a long time, to be gone

Little birdy, little birdy  
What makes your wing so blue?  
It's because I've been a-grievin'  
Grievin' after you

Little birdy, little birdy  
Come sing me your song  
I've a short time to be here with you  
And a long time, to be gone

Little birdy, little birdy  
What makes your head so red?  
After all that I have been through  
It's a wonder I ain't dead

Little birdy, little birdy  
Come sing me your song  
I've a short time to be here with you  
And a long time, to be gone