

Rival Sons, Bird In The Hand

There's a man on the roadside
Standing in the shadow of a stop sign
When you think there's nowhere left for you to go
That's when you cling tight to the devil you know and you know

Let's go down to the river
Where the water runs still and deep
Scatter the ashes of the mess I used to be
Drink till there's nothing left
Lay on the shore and take a good deep breath
Shapes in the sand, warm sun shining through the leaves
A bird in the hand, now that's a miracle that I can believe

There are rats in the silos
Drowning themselves in your sorrows
You can have your cake and eat it too
Now that the wall's too thick to chew your way out through, out through, out through

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Bird in the hand
(In the hand)
Bird in the hand
(In the hand)
Bird in the hand
(Lord, understand)
Bird in the hand
(Lord, understand)
Bird in the hand

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