

# The Bird & the Rifle

Lori McKenna

There's a bird making coffee in the kitchen  
And there's a rifle out back smoking cigarettes  
He don't ever really feel like talking  
It don't matter what she says And the bird is always dreaming out the window  
Looking at that big wide open sky  
And the rifle, he used to be a dreamer  
But he wasn't meant to fly Something down on the ground  
Won't let her out, it holds her in  
And he's afraid if she flies  
She'll never come home again  
Something 'bout the bird  
And her spreading those wings  
Always brings the rifle out in him  
But the rifle loves the bird when she's singing  
And he knows every word to every song  
And the bird, she loves the rifle  
Cause he's dangerous, stubborn and strong Something down on the ground  
Won't let her out, it holds her in  
And he's afraid if she flies  
She'll never come home again  
Something 'bout the bird  
And her spreading those wings  
Always brings the rifle out in him  
One night when the autumn wind was perfect  
The rifle drank his whiskey and went to bed  
And he never even heard the window open  
And she ain't come back in

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