

Whooping Crane

Lyle Lovett

I think I'll look around for a whooping crane
I think I'll look around for a whooping crane
What do you think this pain has got me?
You think I'm uptight, but I'm not
It's just that I look around for a whooping crane and I can't find one...So, I think I'll look around
for a drinking stream
I think I'll look around for a drinking stream
They say you turned the water to wine
And they must have been right this time because
I look around for a drinking stream and I can't find one...
Mighty red man painted ponies brown
Fallen eagle feathers on the ground
And the bullets they spin your dreams around
And they paint your face on the penny brownSo, I think I'll look around for the yellow stones
I think I'll look around for the yellow stones
Set your eyes on the eagle's flight
Because the, the eyes of God have lost their sight
I look around for the yellow stones, and I can't find none...Mighty red man painted ponies
brown
Fallen eagle feathers on the ground
And the bullets they spin your dreams around
And they paint your face on the penny brown
So I think I'll look around for a whooping crane
I think I'll look around for a whooping crane
What do you think this pain has got me?
You think I'm uptight but I'm not, it's just that
I look around for a whooping crane, and I can't find one...
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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