

Little Birdie (C)

Additional Lyrics not in Songbook

Lyrics

Little birdie, little birdie
Come sing to me your song
I've a long time to stay here
And a long time to be gone

I'd rather be in some dark holler
Where the sun don't ever shine
Than to see you another man's woman
When you promised to be mine

Little birdie, little birdie
What makes you fly so high
When you know that my true lover
Is waiting in the sky

Little birdie, little birdie
What makes your wing so blue
It's because I've been a'grievan
Grievan' after you

Little birdie, little birdie
What makes your head so red
Well after all I've been through
It's a wonder I ain't dead

I'd rather drink muddy water
Rather sleep in a holler log
Than to stay here on this old river
Be treated like a dirty dog

I'm long way from old Dixie,
Near my old Kentucky home;
And my father and mother are both dead,
Got no place to call my home.

Definitions

holler - a small, sheltered valley area where people might live in a rural area