

## Bird of Evil Fortune

I'm a bird of evil fortune,  
Flapping like a crow,  
Adding up the damage done  
Everywhere I go.  
Of all God's feathered creatures,  
Mine ain't the kind preferred.  
There's not a lot to love in a bad-luck bird.

Yet people always gather  
To listen to my song.  
I know just what they want to hear,  
Though I don't know right from wrong.  
Wrack and ruin start a-brewin'  
Everyplace my voice is heard.  
If you hear, you're too damn near to the bad-luck bird.

I'm a bird of evil fortune,  
Truly such am I.  
And don't you dare come close enough  
To learn exactly why.  
I swear I'll make you rue the day  
You took me at my word.  
Don't be the dove who loved a bad-luck bird,  
A bad-luck bird.