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Passenger Lisa Hannigan

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G C (alternating pretty much all the way through)
Walking round Chicago,
I have smuggled you as cargo,
though you are far away unknowing.

By the time we get to Salt Lake I have packed you in my suitcase, ironed the creases from my own remembering.

She said Bird, why?

We wound our way to Texas where I summoned remote hexes and I sent them across dust and oceans.

In Phoenix, Arizona I had the notion
I might phone you,
but there it lived and died, a notion.

She said Bird, why? I said Bird, why?

D C G D C G Oh my satellite, oh my passenger.

G C We came up on Ohio, I have you chewed on like a biro. You are a sum I am no closer to deciphering.

We came to Minneapolis, all fizzy blood and twitchy fists. I buried you in a day of snowing.

She said Bird, why? I said Bird, why?

DCGDCGOh my satellite, oh my passenger.