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?

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