

HEY, LITTLE
SONGBIRD.
GIVE ME A
SONG.

**I'M A BUSY
MAN AND I
CAN'T STAY
LONG.**

**I GOT CLIENTS
TO CALL.**

**I GOT ORDERS
TO FILL.**

**I GOT
WALLS TO
BUILD, I GOT
RIOTS TO
QUELL.**

**AND
THEY'RE
GIVING ME HELL
BACK IN HADES.**

**HEY LITTLE
SONGBIRD,
YOU GOT
SOMETHING
FINE.**

**YOU'D
SHINE LIKE
A DIAMOND
DOWN IN
THE MINE.**

**AND THE
CHOICE IS
YOURS IF YOU'RE
WILLING
TO CHOOSE.**

SEEING HOW
YOU'VE GOT
NOTHING TO
LOSE...

**AND I COULD
USE A
CANARY.**

**HEY LITTLE
SONGBIRD.
LET ME
GUESS...**

**HE'S SOME
KIND OF POET
AND HE'S
PENNILESS?**

**GIVE HIM YOUR
HAND, HE'LL
GIVE YOU HIS
HAND..TO
MOUTH.**

HE'LL WRITE
YOU A POEM
WHEN THE
POWER'S OUT

**HEY, WHY
NOT FLY
SOUTH FOR
THE WINTER?**

**HEY LITTLE
SONGBIRD,
LOOK ALL
AROUND YOU.**

**SEE HOW THE
VIPERS AND
VULTURES
SURROUND YOU.**

**THEY'LL TAKE
YOU DOWN.**

**THEY'LL PICK
YOU CLEAN.**

**IF YOU STICK
AROUND SUCH
A DESPERATE
SCENE...**

**SEE,
PEOPLE GET
MEAN..**

**WHEN THE
CHIPS ARE
DOWN!**