Release the Sunbird

Robert Pollard

They will send for you someday
Release the sunbird
Wheel up to you and drive you home
And below it was home then
To keep us so grounded
Oh, and I know it's ugly and wrongWhen she calls you
You'll be crying
Inside dying alone
When she keeps you
You can't kiss her
And you will miss her
When she's goneFalling in an arc from an open wrist
And time can only free you
When she's gone
She is dead
She is dead
And now she's dead

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