Jean the Birdman

David Sylvian

He gambles on the saddle
He's pulling on the mane
He thrashes on the horse's back
Ambition is a bloody gameHorse doesn't want to jump
The river looks too wide
Well he faces every hurdle
With a nervous state of mindStay with me, breathe deeply
Take three passes back
Turn and make a full attackThe gods are laughing
And they're tugging at the reins
But he's taken to his wings
And they hit the bankHeaven may stone him
But Jean the birdman pulls it offHis finger's on the trigger
His eye is on the clock
He doesn't give the game away
And quickly fires the bullets offSix hearts cut short
Still dreaming they're alive
Blown 'round in dusty circles
Like an absent state of mindWho hunter? Who victim?
God love America
He surely doesn't love himHitching out of nowhere
Lines of traffic knee deep
A chance to stave the morning off
And get some sleepHeaven may stone him
But Jean the birdman pulls it offHe wears a crucifix
His mother left to him
It's wrapped in chains around his heart
Rusted and wafer thinDon't count on luck son
All the angels sing
Don't need to check a weather vane
We all know what tomorrow bringsLife is a cattle farm
Coyotes with the mules
Life is a bullring
For taking risks and flouting rulesWho needs a safety net?
The world is open wide
Just look out for card sharks
And the danger signsHeaven may stone him
But Jean the birdman pulls it off

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