

A Song for Ernest Hemingway

The Wonder Years

The sky goes from concrete to charcoal
I'm laying on my back on the roof
Gonna shoot these clouds full of holes
I need some fucking light to pour through
Cause December's got me up against the ropes
And I don't know how to get loose
I can't get feeling back in my toes
From walking in circles with you
Like we're lost Canadian geese
I should be south of here already I'll be your dead bird, you'll be my bloodhound
You're just doing what you're told
Pick my body off the ground
I'll be your dead bird...
I'm staring at Hemingway's shotgun
And I'll picture him drinking alone
He's forgetting things that he wouldn't have before
His eyes are starting to go
And I heard all about how his plane went down
After Christmas in the Congo
Read about his own death in the paper
I bet it was freeing to know
When you destroy everything worth chasing
There's no where left to go I'll be your dead bird, you'll be my bloodhound
You're just doing what you're told
Pick my body off the ground
I'll be your dead bird
Hanging from your mouth
You're doing like you're told
Gonna make your master proud
It's good to know
I didn't die for nothing
December's got me backed into a corner again
My ears are back, my teeth are showing
I'm combing through the wreckage trying to find where I've been
I still get battle pains but from a safer distance I'll be your dead bird, you'll be my bloodhound
You're just doing what you're told
Pick my body off the ground
I'll be your dead bird
Hanging from your mouth

You're doing like you're told
Gonna make your master proud
It's good to know
I didn't die for nothing December's got me backed into a corner again
My ears are back
(I didn't die for nothing)
My teeth are showing
I'm combing through the wreckage trying to find where I've been
I still get battle pains
I didn't die for nothing
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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