

Trembling Peacock

Destroyer

Relax, trembling peacock...
No, I wasn't born to rock...
Oh, I was just plain born...
And then I kind of grew and then, well...
Vancouver made me, I guess it's true...
Sired to the House of Lords
(these days they call them 'Co-Op Boards'),
and now it's in my royal blood
to vote and vote and vote and vote
on things that never change...
Gods give and gods give our gifts away...
Settle down, trembling peacock...
No, I wasn't sent to rock you...
Oh, I just kind of came...
And then I withdrew and then, well...
I guess the rest of you already knew...
Sired to the House of Lords
on the day they declared it bankrupt and
now conquered lands pay tribute to the shifts of your skirt,
children at play get hurt,
and wars are won from a foxhole...
The inner world of a dove is complex, I'm telling you...
Lovers of the air, beware...
But for us it's real simple...
Look - shot through with arrows,
a chest full of sparrows,
gonna show you the way to my heart...
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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