The Wild Trapeze

Brandon Boyd

A boy upon a tireless trail, with the wind at his back
He's becoming one--coming one
He's becoming one.
The birds, the bees, the wild trapeze,
Symbiotic heart-attack.
He's becoming one--coming one
He's becoming one.Stand still,
Like a humming bird in flight.
Stand still,
Like a humming bird in flight.
Stand still,
Like a humming bird in flight.
Stand still,
Like a humming bird in flight.No borders, no empires, no inquisitions,
Point or blame.
He's becoming one--coming one
He's becoming one.
Up, North, down South, back East and out West,
They're saying his bright-eyed name.
He's becoming one--coming one
He's becoming One.Stand still,
Like a humming bird in flight.
Stand still,
Like a humming bird in flight.
Stand still,
Like a humming bird in flight.
Stand still,
Like a humming bird in flight.Still...
Like a humming bird in flight.He's becoming one--coming one
He's becoming one--coming oneArmed only with an old guitar,
Broken-end on wits and whim,
He's becoming one--coming one
He's becoming one.
Humming bird up in an April sky, observed and said of him
He's becoming one--coming one
Yeah, he's coming home.

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