Able To Sing

Indigo Girls

I went to a wedding, I brought a song
I folded it up like a list of thanks at a Praisathon
The bride was Snow White, the groom was strong
Trailers as endless as the day is long
Some days are fairy tales, some days belie
The four and twenty black birds baked in a pie
Could open up their sweet throats to serenade a king
That's a lot of heat to take and still be able to sing, sing, sing
It's not been proven hard to bring unending start
And even easier to die from a broken heart
Oh, was a blind force trauma from the fireworks
That someone is celebrating while another gets hurt
Some days are fairy tales, some days belie
The four and twenty black birds baked in a pie
Could open up their sweet throats to serenade a king
That's a lot of heat to take and still be able to sing
Still I see them in the night
With their blood red wings alike

While the rocket's red glare
Gives proof through the night
If some things not right
Some things not right
In the book of Steven there is no prophecy
'Cause there was no need for God in the way things came to be
Some live by faith, some live by proof
They don't meet up on a friendly road or live under the same roof
Some days are fairy tales, some days belie
Four and twenty black birds baked in a pie
Could open up their sweet throats to serenade a king
That's a lot of heat to take and still be able to sing, sing, sing
Sing, sing, sing
And the birds fall hard like black rain
Jerking the earth with a portent stain
Beat like drums, they beat like a wings
Are we looking? Are we listening?
Sing, sing, sing, sing
Sing, sing, sing

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