

# 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

Lyrics provided by  
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