

Bird Flying

The Golden Palominos

I don't know where I am
But I like it here just fine
It's dark and cool
And I like it here just fine
There was a reason
But I can't remember it
I think it had to do with being alive
No, no, no God I don't want to go
Give that great gift of fire
To another poor soul
I don't think it lasted until my skin
Was paper thin back curled like
A question mark eyes closed by cataracts
The twilight tears I think I missed them
I was gone, gone, gone
Fragments of what was said and what happened
This time no beginning no end it goes rushing
By it goes rushing by take away the memory of
What happened this time no beginning no end
It goes by like this it goes by like this
If there are angels
Can't I be one of them?
Or if not an angel
Then how about bird flying?
What lesson did I miss?
All of them I guess
But learning them again will kill me
Oh yea, that didn't work
There was blood on the tile and the phone was ringing
Newspaper folded on the table and the cats sat waiting
The silence was broken by the sound of traffic and
The birds in the alley
It was the end of something

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