

Flightless Bird

Sean Flinn & The Royal We

As you fell out of the tree
my first thought was the flightless bird.
Making circles in the air
your arms beat uselessly.
There was nothing you could do
no virtue granted by Nature.
To keep you from falling
falling down from grace.

Breaking branches one by one
on your way down from from the sun.
Your heart was made of wax.
You couldn't get too close to anyone.

I thought of last year' s heavy snow
and how the city stood so still.
You held your hand over the flame.
You said I will never
I will never get my fill.
I will never get my fill.
I will never get my fill.
I will never get my fill.

And the wheels inside your head
a whirlwind photo gallery
of the living you had done
and teenage immortality.
And the image of your friend,
last years' summer casualty.
And if favorites should go grey
D is for dangerously.

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Lyrics submitted by Keith Hyde.

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