

These Old Wings

Anna Nalick

he raised his hands
for the last time she could stand
and the room was a grave that night
she left a note said "im not coming home"
took courage but she took flight
What are you really holding onto
life is a tightrope and your burning burning burning both ends
it dont always move the way it ought to
but dont let the ground drag you around

and these old wings
have been a long time
been a long time coming
these old wings
just gotta be good for something
burn these strings so i can see
what these old broken things
what these old wings can do

she sold the car for \$1100
and a bottle of something sweet
she caught a train and counted 7 stops
and got off when she felt free

and these old wings
have been a long time
been a long time coming
these old wings
just gotta be good for something
burn these strings so i can see
what these old broken things
if these old wings can fly

fly
fly old wings
high

she found herself where people go and gloom
for friends that are buried there
she wrote a note to god in a balloon

and watched as it disappeared

and these old wings
have been a long time
been a long time coming
these old wings
just gotta be good for something
burn these strings so i can see
what these old broken things
what these old wings can do

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