

# Birdie

## Father John Misty

Take off, little winged creature  
It's nothing but teens in ravines  
And antics on concrete down here  
And are you really as free as all the great songs would have me believe?  
Let me tell you why some day, Birdie, you're gonna envy me  
Some dream of a world written in lines of code  
Well, I hope they engineer out politics, romance, and edifice  
Two outta three ain't bad  
Some envision a state governed by laws of business  
Merger and acquisition instead of violence or nations  
Where do I sign up?  
Take off, little winged creature  
It's nothing but falling debris, strollers, and babies down here  
And you may be up in the sky but our paradigms are just as deep and just as wide  
What with all our best attempts at transcendence  
Something's bound to take  
Soon, we'll live in a global culture devoid of gender or race  
There's just one tiny line:  
You're either born behind  
Or you're free to peek inside  
Life as just narrative, metadata in aggregate  
Where the enigma of humanity's wrapped up finally  
That as they say is that  
Oh, that day can't come soon enough  
It'll be so glorious  
When they finally find out what's bugging us

Songwriters

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