

The Beat Of Black Wings

[Joni Mitchell](#)

I met a young soldier
He said his name was Killer Kyle
He was shakin' all over
Like a night frightened child
This is his story
It's a tough one for me to sing
Hard as the squawk and the flap
And the beat of, the beat of black wings
"They gave me a gun," he said
"They gave me a mission
For the power and the glory
Propaganda piss on 'em
There's a war zone inside me
I can feel things exploding
I can't even hear the fucking music playing
For the beat of, the beat of black wings"
He said, "I never had nothin'
Nothin' I could believe in
My girl killed our unborn child
Without even grievin'
I put my hands on her belly

To feel the kid kickin'
Damn, she'd been to some clinic
Oh the beat of black wings"
They want you, they need you
They train you to kill
To be a pin on some map
Some vicarious thrill
The old hate the young
That's the whole heartless thing
The old pick the wars, we die in 'em
To the beat of, the beat of black wings
There's a man drawing pictures
On the sidewalk with chalk
Just as fast as he draws 'em
Rain come down and wash 'em off
Keep the drinks comin' girl
'Til I can't feel anything

I'm just a chalk mark in a rainstorm
I'm just the beat of black wings

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>