

# Snowbird

M. Craft

Snowbird was just a little girl once  
All tangled up in dandelion hair and polka dots  
And a picture book mind full of dreams and designs  
And visions of faraway places Yeah, she drew underwater worlds and cities in the stars  
In the Asteroid belt between Jupiter and Mars  
In felt tips and crayons her little works of art  
All promised a future of greatness She caught the sunlight in her eye  
Underneath the winter sky  
"I'll paint the world until I die", she said  
"One day I'll spread my wings and fly high like a snowbird" Yes, I will Her daddy died when she was only ten  
But all she cried came out in ink and in pen  
She drew charcoal streets leading down to dead ends  
Where heads hung low in sorrow But she was left a small fortune at the reading of the will  
About enough for a life and then another life still  
And with her mother in a haze of vodka and pills  
Snowbird had just dreamed of tomorrow She caught the sunlight in her eye  
Underneath the winter sky  
"I'll paint the world until I die", she said  
"One day I'll spread my wings and fly high like a snowbird" Yes, I will  
That's right Years went by and she hit eighteen  
And left home for the art-school scene  
To paint the people of the shadows and the faces unseen  
For her hero was now Egon Schiele But she did a couple of little canvases and bad super 8  
And a conceptual piece that was thirty years too late  
It was all she could fit between the dinner and the dates  
With dreamers and drummers and dealers She caught the sunlight in her eye  
Underneath the winter sky  
"I'll paint the world until I die", and she said  
"One day I'll spread my wings and fly high like a snowbird" Yes, I will Well, who's that girl in the little black  
dress?  
Her head held high like a real princess  
A glimmering, shimmering, coked up mess  
A fashion trash, art school failure Yeah, her fingernails are all there's left to paint in her world  
She dishes out the dirt with the party powder girls  
Who think love comes in diamonds and wisdom in pearls  
And art is just paraphernalia She's lost the sunlight from her eye  
There's only a mirror ball left in her sky  
"I'll do what I want till the day that I die  
Now see me spread my wings, I can fly high like a snowbird Snowbird was just a little girl once, she was

Snowbird was just a little girl once  
Snowbird was just a little girl once, she was  
Snowbird was just a little girl once but now she can fly

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