Fly

Ashley Maher

whistling on a windy day
Iâ€™m a bird above
a bird above
a bird above
a beating bird above

twisting to the to and fro-ing
of a roaring sky

up down, deep, or far away
Iâ€™m a bird above
a bird above
a bird above
a beating bird above

peering through the secret seeking
of an eagle eye
I fly

fly fly fly fly
fly fly fly fly

lovers never calculate
is this the way?
is that the way?
is this the way?
is this or that the way?

mothers love their children
turn they murderer or saint
cut and toss it all away

all that
is this the way?
is that the way?
is this the way?
is this or that the way?

feel your face
asleep beneath a billion coats of paint

and fly

fly fly fly fly
fly fly fly fly

when the weather tells its tale to you
wing or feather
let them surrender too
if you sense the scent
is true to you
itâ€™s a clue to the truth

saving for a rainy day
we play the part
we play the part
we play the part
we, daily, play the part

twisting down the flower bounty
of October trees

but, coffers fill and drain away
while we play the part
we play the part
we play the part
we, daily, play the part

and our eagle wings
keep beating windward
when weâ€™re on our knees
to fly

fly fly fly fly
fly fly fly fly

learn to be happy with nothing
if you canâ€™t be happy with nothing
how can you be happy
with something
when something
walks through the door?

seek the source of your wanting
if you canâ€™t be clear
what youâ€™re wanting
how can you be clear

about something
when something seems to want
more more more more more
more more more more more
more more more more more
more more more more more
more?

Lyrics submitted by Ashley.

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