

# Birds of Flims

## Sun Kil Moon

Damn if I didn't just go walking and find some horses  
A man-made lake and some trees  
Came back to my room all covered in sweat  
Here at the Swiss Waldhaus Hotel Filled out an application for a work visa  
For Japan and Australia  
It's been a few weeks since I've left home  
And I feel out of place  
And out of my element I work from 7 at night  
Until 5 AM when the AD says "Wrap"  
And a runner named Fabio flashlights me back to my hotel before the sun comes up  
Then I get in my bed and talk with my girl on the phone to the birds chirping  
How the hell did I end up playing myself in an Italian film  
Set in a ski town in Switzerland? Damn if I didn't just go walk in the yard, so alone on my night off  
I felt like Jimmy Page walking the mountains out behind Aleister Crowley's house  
It was too dark, and it got so cold  
That I turned back around  
Came back to my room, read Graham Nash's Wild Tales  
Til I fell asleep to the sound The sound of the birds  
The birds of Flims  
Yeah I've asked around  
But nobody knows the names of 'em Of the birds  
The birds of Flims  
Yeah I've asked around  
But nobody knows the names of 'em Damn if I didn't just go walking down the road  
When a girl named Veronica stopped me  
She said she was from Milan and that she recognized me from the film  
And that today was her birthday We talked a little bit  
But there was a barrier  
And she went one way and I went the other  
And I walked along the dandelions and down to market  
Where I bought her some flowers On the way back to my hotel  
I left them in the lobby of hers, with a note  
"Veronica, happy birthday - Mark"  
And when I saw her again on the set  
She said "Grazie", and I could tell the gesture  
Had touched her heart Damn if I didn't go to dinner last night with Paul  
But his throat was sore  
And I could see that he was feeling ill  
He spends more time on the set than I do

And it's cold out there  
And the last two days, he was playing Hitler I could see he was grappling with that  
And I felt bad, and I gave him some words of support  
And we talked about John Hughes movies, home ownership  
And the cost of living in San Francisco and New York And damn if I didn't go out later with a set dresser or  
something like that  
Named Cipriana  
We talked for four hours at a bar down the street  
And the music was terrible  
But yeah, I liked her, kinda She's been with someone for four or five years  
And I kinda figured that anyhow, and told her "Well, so have I"  
And that made life easier for both of us  
And I walked her drunk ass back to her room  
And like a gentleman, I didn't try And I went to my room  
I looked down at the waterfront  
From my balcony I felt  
The surrealness of my surroundings I got in my bed  
Looked up at the baby blue ceilings above  
And thought of my home  
And my girl  
And I ached for her love Damn when it all ended  
If I didn't have them fly me out  
To New Orleans  
Where I saw kitty cats sleeping on porches  
And drank real iced tea for the first time in six to eight weeks It was nice not having to walk down that awkward  
path again  
And not to have to yell or to holler  
About eating pasta pomodoro for the 38th time in a month  
If its price [?] was 60 Swiss fuckin' francs Damn if I didn't go walking the next afternoon  
Down Oretha Castle  
I ate a catfish lunch at Cafe Reconcile  
With a side of macaroni and cheese  
And cornbread and collard greens Saw it advertised on channel 99  
The public access channel  
And I walked across the street to a gym  
And I watched two fighters spar  
And I talked to them during their break  
While they sipped on their Snapple And I thought, what is life if not a fight?  
Or a test of will and grace  
Some would match it by throwing bombs like Mike Tyson  
But some, like Pernell, are slippery and win cleverly Some are fearless like Gatti  
But like Henry Akinwande  
Some of them buckle and stall  
When the going gets tough, with much due respect  
Some of them break down and cry

Like Oliver "The Atomic Bomb" McCall  
Life's a chess game for all of us  
Hit, don't be hit, jab and hook and feint and bob and weave  
When the fighters got back in the ring  
I thought of my own fight in life  
And it was time to be leaving  
And damn if I didn't go to the airport  
And fly up to Cleveland, Ohio  
I had dinner at Sylvester's in North Canton with my girlfriend and her friends  
And for the first time in a while  
I was surrounded by genuine smiles (beautiful smiles)  
There at the table with all of them, I felt content  
And grounded and rooted again  
And was dropped off to face the hardships  
Of a single mom who happens to be one of my closest and dearest friends  
Fell asleep in her spare room to the  
sound of crop dusters  
And cars on the highway  
Back to my roots where unconditional love  
Rules over everything  
And I could no longer hear the birds of Flims

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