

# Andrew Bird, The Giant Of Illinois

The giant of Illinois  
Died of a blister on his toe  
After walking all day  
Through the first winter's snow  
Throwing bits of stale bread  
To the last speckled doves  
He never even felt  
His shoe filled with blood  
Delirious with pain, his bedroom walls began to glow  
And he felt himself soaring up through falling snow  
And the sky was a woman's arms  
And the sky was a woman's arms  
A boy with a club foot  
Had sat next to him in school  
Once upon a summer's day  
They went wandering through the woods  
They spotted a sleeping swan  
On the banks of a muddy stream  
They stormed it with rock  
Till it collapsed in the reeds  
They laid out on the grass  
Full of chocolate and lemonade  
And underneath it all the giant was afraid  
And the sky was a woman's arms  
Oh, the sky was a woman's arms  
And the sky was a woman's arms