

Kurt Vile, Like A Wounded Bird Trying To Fly

Like a wounded bird trying to fly
Surrounded by green ferns
Still, a cozy and scenic place to die
Lately, I've been flying high
Then, I guess, I had to crash
Always did I love that line
But never did I apply it to myself
Till just then

On the corner of our camping site
There's an entrance there to the woods
Watch my kids there as they play
While me, I'm-a-just pick away
On a red Fender Palomino guitar for a change

My daddy was a railroad man
Imagine all the miles of steel
He rode along his whole life long
And now I just put that in a song
My mother, she would mend our wounds
While he was out along the track
Maybe try and clip our wings

Well, I remember everything
Like the red feathered wingspan of some great majestic bird
Come flying over the horizon
Over field of birds of paradise or medicine
Or was it real or was it just a dream
Or was it real or just a dream
Just a dream

Like a wounded bird trying to fly
Surrounded by some trees
In a cozy scenic place
Wish the world would stop and take notice of all the disgrace
But then breathe in quite deep and smell all the flowers while in bloom

Like a wounded bird trying to fly
Well, my daughter she wrote that line so copyright Awilda Vile
Like a wounded bird trying to fly
Like a wounded bird trying to fly, trying to fly, trying to fly