

Ghetto Bird

There's nothing like a ghetto bird
Holding onto every word
Like sinister premonitions and a swinging gospel song

Cause Heinrich found himself at last
Drinking from a broken glass
Like they always do before dying, just to pass the time along

I returned to the faith of the ordinary man
Got trampled down like my father always said
And my parting words they sound quite like the baddest in the land
I shall return I shall return

You stare outside the widow's tomb and hang you love on every room
Like conservatory musicians playing for nickels on the lawn
And every note of every song can cure you of a world gone wrong
Like nighttime bravery hanging round while you just sit and stare

And there's one for every bended note and two for every word you wrote
Bout tiring of this wicked world while you dreamt the sun away
And just as all the stories told became too much for you to hold
The ghetto bird still dances round and cries for yesterday