

Giant of Illinois

Andrew Bird

The Giant of Illinois
Died of a blister on his toe

After walking all day
Through the first winters' snow

Throwing bits of stale bread
to the last speckled doves

He never even felt,
his shoes fill with blood

Delirious with pain,
his bedroom walls began to glow

And he felt himself floating
up through falling snow

And the sky was a woman's arms
And the sky was a woman's arms

A boy with a clubbed foot
sat next to him at school

Once upon a summer's day
they went walking through the woods

They spotted a sleeping swan
On the banks of a muddy stream

They stoned it with rocks
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.