

The Township of King

Barenaked Ladies

She's lived alone in a little home
By the Township of King
In the morning she'd feed the birds
And listen to them sing
From the words they flock to her
Knowing she would do no harm
Flying over the patchwork quilt
Of the fields and the farms

Of the fields and farms, oh yeah
Then one day a yellow bird
Landed on her hand
Devoted, it sang to her
So that she could understand
It warned of the trucks coming up the road
Full of concrete and steel
Come to cut down all the trees
And pave over the field
Oh oh oh

Come come, the sky is grey
Come come, we'll find a way

They were building an amusement park
Where the forest once did stand
With gypsum built a mountain
And they'll call it Wonderland
I will feed you and care for you
Until you are strong and tall
And I will climb upon your back
And we'll fly away in the fall
We'll fly away, fly away

Come come, the sky is grey
Come come, we'll find a way

Then one day they flew away
And it was the strangest thing
To watch them all fly as she waved goodbye
To the Township of King
To the Township of King, oh yeah