

Indian Myna

Ben Lee

I learnt to fly like an Indian Myna
I remembered being left alone
She rushed ahead and I followed behind her
When all I wanted was to go back home

That's why that storm that's ragging
It might ask nice but sometimes it takes you by force.
I still don't know, if I should intervene.
Or let nature, take it's course.

Build a nest for an Indian Myna
In a box with some holes to breath
On a door step on a apartment
If you kept me, I would never leave

It's not a problem I've considered
From getting lost, trying to make out the source
I still don't know, if I should intervene.
Or let nature, take it's course.

Come on, I'll take you under violence
Got to decide if any trace of remorse
I still don't know, if I should intervene.
Or let nature