

# Birds Without Wings

David Gray

Wishing that something would happen  
A change in this place,  
'cos I'm tearing off the fancy wrapping  
Find an empty package

Take for a while  
Your trumpet from your lip  
Loosen your hold, loosen your grip  
On your old ways  
That have fallen out of step  
In a changing time  
Hoist a new flag  
Hoist a new flag

Angry sun burn down  
Judging us all  
Guilty of neglect and disrespect  
And thinking small

And death by boredom  
And death by greed  
If we can't stop taking  
More than we need

But across the fractured landscape  
I find the same things  
Tired ideas  
Birds without wings

Birds without wings  
Birds without wings

And these are just thoughts  
On lack-lustre times  
I've no interest  
In excuses you can find

Like you've had a hard day  
Now you've too tired to care  
Now you're too tired to care  
You've had a hard day

Well across the fractured landscape  
I see the same things  
Tired ideas broken values  
Many with the notion  
That to share is to lose  
A hollow people bound by a lack  
Of imagination and too much looking back Without the courage  
To give a new thing a chance  
Grounded by this ignorance

(and the cat comes)  
We're just,

Birds without wings  
Birds without wings

Birds without wings