

Broken Bird

John Cale

Like a broken winged, like a broken bird
She senses every damn thing that's near her
And nothing in the light of day could see how
Her happiness faded away
Her happiness faded away with the night
Away with the dawn
As the sea faring gun
The fish and the heron
Walking stiffly, the stalker of oblivion
Keep me alive in this
Stars at night
And they shine on you either way
Broken wing on the bird
A broken wing
He did not have to break
Only reading, reading the long signs
And thinking, hell
Where his arm is
Just saying
Could it be I'm just saying the safe thing again
And, Ladies and Gentlemen
Can't reread on the help
Lend me your fires, 'cause I'm broken winged
Could be anything, anything
Any day, any time or year or month
Satisfied, are you satisfied
Now that you're satisfied
Done it again