

Bird Has Flown

Angelo De Augustine

If I was my father's son
Then I'd have to guess
That I'd be the only one
But he fell out years ago
Set off on his ride
Leaving California for
A young woman and a child

Mother said that I was wrong
He left her not me
A woman will come your way
To fill his broken piece

It was all you could take
Light will follow you through your day
Bird has flown
And you've gone
On your own

If you were your mothers love
Then you'd have to guess
That you'd be her number one
But she said that times were tough
When he lost his mind
Breeding paranoia and
Fear of her own kind