

## 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