

# Bird Gone Wild

Bedouine

Daddy was an electrician, fingers to the bone  
Mama was a seamstress, stitched everything she owned  
Crossing the Atlantic, a dream over the tide  
Soldiers, we were ready there, approaching the front line

Don't let me down  
I'm beating 'round a cage like a bird gone wild  
Come back around  
Strong hands, pull back the wire

Strange thoughts and images of what awaited me  
My mind was painting pictures only I could see  
A traitor, I was too far gone and belonged to either side  
Now I'm alone, they return way behind the tide

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