D. Feathers

Bettie Serveert

What a wonderful solution.

Now we all can rest our weary heads and go to bed.

And you pretend it's all illusion,
so I can pretend my mind is dead.

What a wonderful solution.

Now the wings have clipped the bird instead and claimed it's head.

But in the midst of all confusion,
remember what D. Feathers said.

I can't trust the things I see, for I can only trust in me. And if the whole world should drop dead, I'll build my own inside my head.

What a wonderful solution.

Now we all can finally turn our heads on what's been said.

But in the midst of all confusion, remember what D. Feathers said.

I can't trust the things I see, for I can only trust in me. And if the whole world should drop dead, I'll build my own inside my head.