

Hummingbird

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Hummingbird flap your tiny wings
Stick your skinny beak into everything
Too many choices
One million tempting voices
Imaginary nothing
Constructed out of nothing

Tried to get your fill
But your fill could not be gotten
Your senses were gratified
But the pleasure was forgotten
And your memories are building up
Now they're breaking through the levy
And your back to where you started
You're crying like a baby

Hummingbird where you going to go when it starts to rain?
Where you going to go when
The winter comes again