

## At The Bird's Foot (Vocal)

City and Colour

There is a fire, burning in the ocean  
With death black smoke and devil red flames  
You can see it, burning from the valley,  
Oh you can see it from the high planes

Well they went drillin'  
Searching for black gold  
To add more dollars to their names  
Then one evening so suddenly and violent,  
There was an explosion they can't explain

Now the deep water horizon  
Descends down to deaths door  
And at the bird's foot  
They've lost all hope  
Cause oil is a driftin'  
For miles and miles  
Poisoning the Gulf of Mexico

But what of the eleven  
Men at the bottom,  
Who sank to  
An underwater grave?  
And while they were sinking  
And their lungs filled with oil,  
They must have been screaming,  
Screaming to be saved

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