

At The Bird's Foot

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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