

## Last Rights

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I'm not a bird  
You catch and release  
Your last phone call  
Some last ride home

I'm playing for keeps  
The characters are real  
So don't ride me out

Like a noise that you hear on return  
It's easy to land but harder to fall  
Broken on command

I'll change my tune  
If it matters to you  
God forbid that you listen  
To a voice of a man not with it

March 16th  
The sorry is for you  
Send it back if you don't want it

Like a noise that you hear on return  
It's easy to land but harder to fall  
Broken on command

Should you ever, ever need me to stick around