

Pecking Order

David Cook

Clip my wings before I fly, clip my wings so I can die
Pressed against the dirt, you can't feel my hurt
Watch your shadow paint the sky as I follow in my mind
Forever falling short
too many thoughts to sort

Flat on my face
Can't plead my case (I still need my space)
But someday, I'll be on top
High above you all
In spite of my history, this is me
I've got no farther left to fall

Shoot me down, I'm in my prime
shoot me down, you've done no crime
It's all a pecking order, that we all must shoulder
Watch your shadow fill a space, in spite of all that falls from
grace
The circle's spinning, the new's beginning