The Station

Falling Up

I will watch the sparrows
Swim into the stack
Here's where you will find us
Stirring in our pass

If you have it in you
Let it move across you, Heather
Twenty buildings pass you
You'll be like the birds
You will sleep in blood beds
Of rivers wrapped in dark red, Heather
Like them who line the fences
You'll be like the birds

Have you seen the houses
Charging in their bays?
Once they're drenched in Moon Days
We will fly to graves

If you have it in you
Let it move across you, Heather
Twenty buildings pass you
You'll be like the birds
You will sleep in blood beds
Of rivers wrapped in dark red, Heather
Like them who line the fences
You'll be like the birds
...

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