

Albatross

Floater

"I love to fly... It's just a long, peace and quiet
Nothing around you but clear, blue sky
No one to hassle you, no one to tell you where to go, or what to do
The only bad part about flying is having to come back down to the f*cking world."

Slowly, the albatross comes down
And witless, his body meets the ground
And like him I find peace
Like him I get release
As the bastard son of all that's turned out wrong

Well, you've got a lot to tease me about
Well, I'm just lucky, I guess
Ain't nobody talkin' bout the clothes I've been wearin'
Well, take it from me I've been blessed

And I've seen the desolation all their attention brings
And I learned my lesson at the back of the classroom
If your voice is a loud one, try not to say anything

So won't you please be gentle with this one, He's meek and he's mild, messianic child. Can't you see he's hopelessly bold, he's bought and he's sold, And there's more than he's told

And when everything turns out wrong, He knows it'll be alright.
I'm the bastard son of all that's wrong

And I've seen the desolation all their attention brings
And I learned my lesson at the back of the classroom
If your voice is a loud one, you'll never stop screaming
Well there's been so many days you have shouted it down to them, Searching the ground for a good place to land again. And you've been drifting in the meantime, Aching in the meantime. You know we albatross are made to fly not land... You know we albatross are made to fly not land... And you'll never stop screaming

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