

Big A

Futurebirds

They see em' hold his head up high
Like a high and mighty patient
Wearing the mask of olden time
Who will his lover be?
Whether it'd be a church bell chime
Or high on the magic islands
Known only to the most of kind
Who can his ruler be?
And he said

You don't have to be this way
I believe you, I believe you
You don't have to live this way
I could see you, I can't see you

See them crying everyday
The people ordinary
If they ever chance his way
It'll be to gaze upon his hand
But all over the world's playground
Like the story from the bible
Behind his burning bush he cries
Like a river that broke his back
And they say

Give us something wonderful
We can feel to, and it's real too
Give us something wonderful
That will seal you
We can kneel to

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