

## Fin Song 8

Gregory and the Hawk

Orange river glides  
Through the saddle of the park  
An icy day in March  
Cuts the clouds  
They push apart

I'd rather be on fire  
Rather be on fire, fire

Staring straight ahead, meeting the streets  
Your inky skin and your skinny feet  
It's about a sidewalk, about a subway, waking to sunsets

It's been all of my wishes  
Devised a dream and then lived it  
And I remember when I first  
Listened to your records  
It's clouded, what we know  
We can only hope  
And I'm losing just about everything

It's been all of my regrets  
To live a lie and end upset  
And I remember when peace was a pretty contender  
It's clouded what we know  
And I'm losing everything  
And I'm losing everything  
And I'm losing everything