

Wounded Bird

Kurt Vile

Like a wounded bird trying to fly
Surrounded by green fern, still a cozy and scenic place to die
Lately I've been flying high, then I guess I had to crash
Always did I love that I love that line
But never did I apply it to myself 'til just then

On the corner of our camping site, there's an entrance there to
the woods
Watch my kids there as they play
While me, I'ma just pick away on a red Fender Palomino guitar f
or a change

My daddy was a railroad man, imagine all the miles of steel
He rode along his whole life long
Now I just put that in a song
My mother, she would mend our wounds while he was out along the
track
Maybe try and clip our wings
Well, I remember everything
Like the red feather wingspan of some great majestic bird
Come flying over the horizon
Above a field of birds of paradise [?]
Or was it real? Or was it just a dream?
Or was it real or just a dream?
Just a dream
Whew

Like a wounded bird trying to fly
Surrounded by some trees in a cozy scenic place
Wish the world would stop and take notice of all the disgrace
But then breathe in quite deep and smell all the flowers while
in bloom

Like a wounded bird trying to fly
Well, my daughter, she wrote that line
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Trying to fly
Trying to fly