

Bird Problems

Limbeck

I wound up in a cold, dark, lonely forest
With trees so high they nearly disappeared
In the sky a small bird was flying around
The leaves on the trees were falling

I felt as though that bird seemed quite familiar
I remembered that his name was "Parking Lot"
Me and that bird fell beneath a tree in the snow
And died several years ago

All my friends came calling
Thinking that I'd gone lost
All of them were searching
For me and Parking Lot

We left for a house up on the hillside
With broken stairs and graffiti on the walls
The kid, that's where he lived, wrote for a magazine
And we all stood outside talking
The owner was a man from Texas
Who had left the place and brought his family
The kid extended an invitation to me
To stay for as long as I needed

After a few years the man got homesick
He moved back in and started cleaning up
And even though I was never lost with Parking Lot
I was glad to have friends who'd come find me

When all my friends came calling
Thinking that I had gone lost

I was simply sleeping
In a parking lot
When all my friends came searching
Looking for my ghost
I was lost inside a dream
In a parking lot