

## Clipped Wings

Matt Costa

She was the rain dancing in puddles  
She was trouble  
Me, with the games I played was a puzzle  
But I loved her, it's true  
Now I know what love can do

Once we were young, and lived dangerous  
But the rains poured down, they started to change us  
We both grew so ancient

Singing in circles around her were golden cherubs of sorrow  
I tried to bury them all in the backyard with a shovel  
But I only dug myself a hole

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There we were, familiar strangers  
When the rains poured down,  
Heaven knows why she changed her mind  
Or she saved her goodbyes  
Over cloudy skies, we tried, with clipped wings, to fly

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