

## Release The Sunbird

Robert Pollard

They will send for you someday  
Release the sunbird  
Wheel up to you and drive you home  
And below it was home then  
To keep us so grounded  
Oh, and I know it's ugly and wrong

When she calls you  
You'll be crying  
Inside dying alone  
When she keeps you  
You can't kiss her  
And you will miss her  
When she's gone

Falling in an arc from an open wrist  
And time can only free you  
When she's gone  
She is dead  
She is dead  
And now she's dead!