

Three flags flung high
Taut nylon lines
Blow them a breeze for riding
Three swallows never still
Trace their routes along our hill
For dunes deep enough to dive in

It's there in your cards
Recipes for losing
Sometimes losing makes you better
And you're better off to
Shoot through the dark
Your sparks fly even brighter
And we'll find you in spite of
Our tangled lines
We're kites in the park

Three into four
Better for tug-of-warring
Another feather for your tail
Envy of all the heave-ho

Chiming a wind
A fighter winds
And severs our line
To leave me behind
And wave at you from my window

It's there in your stars
Black holes to consume you
Your lost souls to be rescued
Like fledgling birds you'll hold to your heart
So we'll brace you to be broken
And though words will be spoken
In tangled lines
We're kites in the park

Kites in the park
Kites in the park
Kites in the park