Birds Of Flims

Sun Kil Moon

Damn if I didn't just go walking and find some horses A man-made lake and some trees Came back to my room all covered in sweat Here at the Swiss Waldhaus Hotel Filled out an application for a work visa For Japan and Australia It's been a few weeks since I've left home And I feel out of place And out of my element I work from 7 at night Until 5 AM when the AD says "Wrap" And a runner named Fabio flashlights me back to my hotel before the sun come s up Then I get in my bed and talk with my girl on the phone to the birds chirpin How the hell did I end up playing myself in an Italian film Set in a ski town in Switzerland? Damn if I didn't just go walk in the yard, so alone on my night off I felt like Jimmy Page walking the mountains out behind Aleister Crowley's h ouse It was too dark, and it got so cold That I turned back around Came back to my room, read Graham Nash's Wild Tales Til I fell asleep to the sound The sound of the birds The birds of Flims Yeah I've asked around But nobody knows the names of 'em Of the birds The birds of Flims Yeah I've asked around But nobody knows the names of 'em Damn if I didn't just go walking down the road When a girl named Veronica stopped me She said she was from Milan and that she recognized me from the film And that today was her birthday We talked a little bit But there was a barrier And she went one way and I went the other And I walked along the dandelions and down to market Where I bought her some flowers On the way back to my hotel I left them in the lobby of hers, with a note "Veronica, happy birthday - Mark" And when I saw her again on the set She said "Grazie", and I could tell the gesture Had touched her heart

Damn if I didn't go to dinner last night with Paul

But his throat was sore And I could see that he was feeling ill He spends more time on the set than I do And it's cold out there And the last two days, he was playing Hitler

I could see he was grappling with that And I felt bad, and I gave him some words of support And we talked about John Hughes movies, home ownership And the cost of living in San Francisco and New York

And damn if I didn't go out later with a set dresser or something like that Named Cipriana We talked for four hours at a bar down the street And the music was terrible But yeah, I liked her, kinda

She's been with someone for four or five years And I kinda figured that anyhow, and told her "Well, so have I" And that made life easier for both of us And I walked her drunk ass back to her room And like a gentleman, I didn't try

And I went to my room I looked down at the waterfront From my balcony I felt The surrealness of my surroundings

I got in my bed Looked up at the baby blue ceilings above And thought of my home And my girl And I ached for her love

Damn when it all ended If I didn't have them fly me out To New Orleans Where I saw kitty cats sleeping on porches And drank real iced tea for the first time in six to eight weeks

It was nice not having to walk down that awkward path again And not to have to yell or to holler About eating pasta pomodoro for the 38th time in a month And that the price of knit hats was 60 Swiss fuckin' francs

Damn if I didn't go walking the next afternoon Down Oretha Castle I ate a catfish lunch at Cafe Reconcile With a side of macaroni and cheese And cornbread and collard greens

Saw it advertised on channel 99 The public access channel And I walked across the street to a gym And I watched two fighters spar And I talked to them during their break While they sipped on their Snapple

And I thought, what is life if not a fight? Or a test of will and grace Some would match it by throwing bombs like Mike Tyson But some, like Pernell, are slippery and win cleverly Some are fearless like Gatti But like Henry Akinwande Some of them buckle and stall When the going gets tough, with much due respect Some of them break down and cry Like Oliver "The Atomic Bomb" McCall

Life's a chess game for all of us Hit, don't be hit, jab and hook and feint and bob and weave When the fighters got back in the ring I thought of my own fight in life And it was time to be leaving

And damn if I didn't go to the airport And fly up to Cleveland, Ohio I had dinner at Sylvester's in North Canton with my girlfriend and her frien ds And for the first time in a while I was surrounded by genuine smiles (beautiful smiles)

There at the table with all of them, I felt content And grounded and rooted again And was dropped off to face the hardships Of a single mom who happens to be one of my closest and dearest friends

Fell asleep in her spare room to the sound of crop dusters And cars on the highway Back to my roots where unconditional love Rules over everything And I could no longer hear the birds of Flims