

Envy of Angels

The Mutton Birds

Look over there, you used to say,
The shape of the land beneath the street
Ridges and valleys and underground streams,
You have to know what's under your feet.

So you can make things strong enough,
To take the weight
The weight of all the people
That haven't been born.

That's what you said to me,
It's the envy of angels.

Listen to that, you used to say.
Can you hear someone drawing plans?
Can you hear someone cutting wood?
Can you hear someone walking the land?

And all the time I wanted to be,
Somewhere that wasn't so new,
Where you didn't have to dig yourself out
A place to stand.

Far away,
From the envy of angels.

Driving to your place after dark,
The light of the town behind these hills,
I'm wanting so much to see you again,
I can almost touch the new tar seal.

In front of my wheels,
They're painting the signs,
Measuring the land,
Marking the lines,

Laying foundations,
Making it strong,
For all of those people,
Who haven't been born.

Just like you said.
It's the envy of angels ...