

# Wings

William Clark Green

In my younger days  
I was flying free  
That's before there was you and me  
I love 'em and I leave 'em  
And you changed everything  
Oh, who the hell needs wings

I don't need a reason to chase freedom  
I found something I can believe in  
Seeing what I'm seeing  
Is like nothing I've ever seen  
Who the hell needs wings

I'm so sick of sleeping  
In the same old bed  
Just tossin' and turnin' in the sheets  
I know it's not a palace  
But I've got some bread

Just enough to afford a queen

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