

# Ostrich

## Y La Bamba

I belong to a cynical savior  
My belly has been fed  
Too much of its bread

I may have lost all of my reason  
So I  
So I could love the way  
The way that I can  
So I  
So I

Rest stay awake I'm fine  
Gotta rejuvenate my mind  
And I can taste fate in my mouth  
Like a copper from the ground  
Uh-uh-uh

Stay  
Dream about it all  
And bring me all along

You are your song  
Spirit body

I'm a daughter of the Southern mountain  
Some say that I come from a fruitful land  
Of milk and honey and holy tradition

So I  
So I could love the way  
The way that I can  
So I  
So I

There's no reason for time  
The money or the lies  
And I'll undress in front of this

Holy mess we made  
Uh-uh-uh-uh

Stay  
Dream about it all  
And bring me all along

You are your song  
Spirit body

In the wilderness is where  
We meet God hanging in the air

It's my oxygen  
And I thought  
And I thought I wasn't going  
To see again

We are Cain

We are Abel  
A memory

And I know you better  
(Uh-uh-uh)  
(Uh-uh-uh-uh-uh-uh-uh)

And I know you better  
(Uh-uh-uh)  
(Uh-uh-uh-uh-uh-uh-uh)

And I know you better  
(Uh-uh-uh)  
(Uh-uh-uh-uh-uh-uh-uh)

And I know you better