

Koo Koo

Oh Land

It's hard not to feel deflated
When you really try to do the right thing
And you don't get half the way

He cleans up the forest-floor
He practices some steps he'd never seen before
So unaware that she's a swing door
Left in fainted feelings on the empty stage once more

Limestones, bay leaves, dinner snail
With all that effort he can hardly fail
But will she stay?
Will she fly?
Will she sing?
Find a suitable treetop to make a new home
Or does he have to wait till next spring?
It's a dusky dawn day
And if you carefully listen
You would hear him say:

Koo koo
Koo koo