

# Flapping Your Broken Wings

The Handsome Family

I can still see you there  
In your grass-stained underwear  
Dancing crooked circles  
Across the golf course green

It must have been 3 a.m.  
When we hopped that chain link fence  
And ran across the grass  
In the pouring rain

Oh and you kept falling down  
and rolling on the ground  
like a drunken little bird  
flapping its broken wings

flapping your broken wings, flapping your broken wings  
flapping your broken wings in the green, green grass

as if pilgrims with axes  
had never seen the devil dancing  
in the silent branches  
of thousand year old trees

as they sailed up the wild coast  
leaning from their wooden boats  
shooting every pretty bird  
that rose up from the weeds

when the sun began to rise  
I could see it in your eyes  
and shining on the golf balls  
lying in the grass

and a rusted chain link fence  
a golf cart in a ditch  
and the colored flags  
you pulled from all the holes

like jewels on your green dress  
my lady of the golf course  
running in your underwear  
to greet the cops who'd driven up

flapping your broken wings, flapping your broken wings  
flapping your broken wings in the green, green grass