

Late New Year's Eve, paper hat on your head,  
it's hard to believe you'll ever be dead  
But that dream where you're falling you've had  
since you're five is a bird on your shoulder who whispers goodb  
ye

Evil Knievel shot up from dead grass  
I loved him better each time he crashed  
Liza Minnelli spent a month in her bed certain  
that Skylab would fall on her head

One night I dreamed that I dug my own grave  
and climbed down inside to patiently wait  
Down in the ground I breathed the warm air  
and blackbirds flew down to nest in my hair.  
What is moving will be still  
What's been gathered will disperse  
What's been built up will collapse  
All your dreams fulfilled