

# Giant of Illinois

Andrew Bird

The Giant of Illinois  
Died of a blister on his toe

After walking all day  
Through the first winters' snow

Throwing bits of stale bread  
to the last speckled doves

He never even felt,  
his shoes fill with blood

Delirious with pain,  
his bedroom walls began to glow

And he felt himself floating  
up through falling snow

And the sky was a woman's arms  
And the sky was a woman's arms

A boy with a clubbed foot  
sat next to him at school

Once upon a summer's day  
they went walking through the woods

They spotted a sleeping swan  
On the banks of a muddy stream

They stoned it with rocks  
till it collapsed in the reeds

They laid out on the grass  
full of chocolate and lemonade

And underneath it all  
the Giant was afraid

And the sky was a woman's arms  
Oh, the sky was a woman's arms

And the sky was a woman's arms.