

These Old Wings

Anna Nalick

He raised his hand, for the last time she could stand
And the room was a grave that night
She left a note, it said "I'm not coming home"
It took courage, but she took flight

And what are you really holding onto?
Life is a tightrope, and you're burning, burning,
burning both ends
It don't always move the way it ought to
But don't let the ground drag you around

And these old wings
Have been a long time, been a long time coming
These old wings
Just gotta be good for something
Burn these strings so I can see what these old broken
things
What these old wings can do

She sold the car for \$1100 bucks
And a bottle of something sweet
She caught a train and counted seven stops
And got off when she felt free

And what are you really holding onto?
Life is a tightrope, and you're burning, burning,
burning both ends
It don't always move the way it ought to
But don't let the ground drag you around

And these old wings
Have been a long time, been a long time coming
These old wings just gotta be good for something
Burn these strings so I can see what these old broken
things
If these old wings can fly

Fly, fly, fly
Fly old wings, high

She found herself
Where people go in gloom
For friends that are buried there
She wrote a note to God in a balloon
And watched as it disappeared

And what are you really holding onto?
Life is a tightrope, and you're burning, burning,
burning both ends
You don't always move the way it ought to
But don't let the ground drag you around

And these old wings
Have been a long time, been a long time coming
These old wings have just gotta be good for something
Burn these strings so I can see what these broken
things

With these old wings can do