

Having Wings

Ben Harper

I heard a street singer play a song I knew
It brought me closer to you
I heard a street singer play a song I call my own
It brought me to my childhood home

Did you go back from where you came?
If I get there, will they have my name?
If they don't, I'll only have myself to blame
For all these things, true happiness is having wings

Life is a blurry-eyed, heavy-hearted whirlwind of a storm
Some things just hurt too much to cry
Memories are like shadows the light won't make disappear
I still see you smiling with your eyes

Did you go back from where you came?
If I get there, will they have my name?
If they don't, I'll only have myself to blame
For all these things, true happiness is having wings