

The Wild Trapeze

Brandon Boyd

A boy upon a tireless trail, with the wind at his back
He's becoming One, -coming One
He's becoming One.
The birds, the bees, the wild trapeze,
Symbiotic heart-attack.
He's becoming One, -coming One
He's becoming One.

Stand still! Like a humming bird in flight.
Stand still! Like a humming bird in flight.
Stand still! Like a humming bird in flight.
Stand still! Like a humming bird in flight.

No borders, no empires, no inquisitions,
Point or blame.
He's becoming One, -coming One
He's becoming One.
Up North, down South, back East and out West,
They're saying his bright-eyed name.
He's becoming One, -coming One
He's becoming One.

Stand still! Like a humming bird in flight.
Stand still! Like a humming bird in flight.
Stand still! Like a humming bird in flight.
Stand still! Like a humming bird in flight.
Still, Still like a humming bird in flight.

He's becoming One, -coming One
He's becoming One, -coming One

Armed only with an old guitar,
Broken-end on wits and whim,
He's becoming One, -coming One
He's becoming One.
Humming bird up in an April sky, observed and said of him
He's becoming One, -coming One
Yeah, he's coming home.