

## Pecking Order

David Cook

Clip my wings before I fly, clip my wings so I can die  
Pressed against the dirt, you can't feel my hurt  
Watch your shadow paint the sky as I follow in my mind  
Forever falling short  
too many thoughts to sort

Flat on my face  
Can't plead my case (I still need my space)  
But someday, I'll be on top  
High above you all  
In spite of my history, this is me  
I've got no farther left to fall

Shoot me down, I'm in my prime  
shoot me down, you've done no crime  
It's all a pecking order, that we all must shoulder  
Watch your shadow fill a space, in spite of all that falls from  
grace  
The circle's spinning, the new's beginning