

# Jean the Birdman

David Sylvian

He gambles on the saddle  
He's pulling on the mane  
He thrashes on the horse's back  
Ambition is a bloody game  
Horse doesn't want to jump  
The river looks too wide  
Well he faces every hurdle  
With a nervous state of mind  
"stay with me, breathe deeply  
Take three passes back  
Turn and make a full attack"  
The gods are laughing  
And they're tugging at the reins  
But he's taken to his wings  
And they hit the bank  
Heaven may stone him  
But jean the birdman pulls it off  
His finger's on the trigger  
His eye is on the clock  
He doesn't give the game away  
And quickly fires the bullets off  
Six hearts cut short  
Still dreaming they're alive  
Blown 'round in dusty circles  
Like an absent state of mind  
Who hunter? who victim?  
God love america  
He surely doesn't love him  
Hitching out of nowhere  
Lines of traffic knee deep  
A chance to stave the morning off  
And get some sleep  
Heaven may stone him  
But jean the birdman pulls it off  
He wears a crucifix  
His mother left to him  
It's wrapped in chains around his heart  
Rusted and wafer thin  
"don't count on luck son"  
All the angels sing  
"don't need to check a weathervane  
We all know what tomorrow brings"  
Life is a cattle farm  
Coyotes with the mules  
Life is a bullring  
For taking risks and flouting rules  
Who needs a safety net  
The world is open wide  
Just look out for card sharks  
And the danger signs  
Heaven may stone him  
But jean the birdman pulls it off