

Birdie

Father John Misty

Take off, little winged creature
It's nothing but teens in ravines
And antics on concrete down here
And are you really as free as all the great songs would have me
believe?
Let me tell you why some day, Birdie, you're gonna envy me

Some dream of a world written in lines of code
Well, I hope they engineer out politics, romance, and edifice
Two outta three ain't bad

Some envision a state governed by laws of business
Merger and acquisition instead of violence or nations
Where do I sign up?

Take off, little winged creature
It's nothing but falling debris, strollers, and babies down here
And you may be up in the sky but our paradigms are just as deep
and just as wide
What with all our best attempts at transcendence
Something's bound to take

Soon, we'll live in a global culture devoid of gender or race
There's just one tiny line:
You're either born behind
Or you're free to peek inside

Life as just narrative, metadata in aggregate
Where the enigma of humanity's wrapped up finally
That as they say is that

Oh, that day can't come soon enough
It'll be so glorious
When they finally find out what's bugging us