

Fly Back Home

John Hiatt

Saw a red tailed hawk eatin' road kill
Said, "Man, what happened to your dignity?"
He said, "Subdivisions have taken my home
There's no more pray to eat"

I said, "Where we gonna live?"
He said, "Anywhere you want to, I guess
All you creatures walkin' upright 'round here
Well, you've really made a mess"

I wish we both could fly back home
To the green fields of our youth
Where friends and family set the tone
With the hardcore language of the truth

I know times bent on destruction
The past is over every day
I wish we both could fly back home
But we can't, so I guess I'll just fly away

An owl swooped down
As I was drivin' my pickup through the creek
He said, "I was only tryin' to scare ya
But instead you scared the hell right out of me"

With three hundred and forty-five houses
A locking differential and four-wheel drive
I guess you were livin' large there, country boy
I was just tryin' to survive

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There was a rattlesnake up on the road
I ran him over and over 'til he died
Then his ghost rose up
And curled around this fear I hold inside

And he flew on off to heaven
As I sat there in my instrument of death
I had to think what I was doin'
I had to think just to draw another breath

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