

Archaeopteryx

Lemon Demon

Saw him in a book of fossils
dancing with some old Apostles.
I think if I went back in time
he'd be there, alive,
root of all my jealousy.

Grounded in my devastation,
I can't get no aviation.
Up in the sky, his grandchildren fly.
I don't sing, I sigh.

Tell the Archaeopteryx
that I never wanted this
featherhead metropolis.
Liar liar, wings on fire.

When it's fast approaching winter
and I eat my turkey dinner,
tickles of hate, they rattle my cage
and evolve to rage.
This is when I make a choice.

I will build a time contraption.
I will start a chain reaction
Know what I think I'm going to do?
I am going to

Tell the Archaeopteryx
that I never wanted this
featherhead metropolis.
Liar liar, wings on fire.

Now the clock ticks,
and I hope this will fix
all the present bird tricks.
Farewell, Mr. Archaeopteryx

Tell the Archaeopteryx
that I never wanted this
featherhead metropolis.
Liar liar, wings on fire.