

# Boom!

## Little Wings

boom

my voice says make room

may the hand combat the gloom

when the ant comes creeping up

i spread my arms so i'd assume

my vest starts to bloom

with the breath that I consume

and I grow like grass on the hillside

its the way i leave my tomb

was it dark in there at all?

it was dark i must admit

was it you that i heard call?

it was me from yonder pit

was it what you thought was you?

it was me and someone else

i was crying out for you

in high and girly swell

is the gleam you thought was gone

beginning to return?

when you lay down on the lawn

can't you feel its fiery burn

see the rooftops in the sun

see the fading afternoon

feel the tangle come undone

hear the doobydoo

boom

my voice says make room

may the hand combat the gloom

when the dark slips in

I spread my arms so why did I consume  
the depth of its doom  
with the brightness I resume  
and I grow green leaves on my branches  
its the way my blossoms bloom  
wasn't I the wind that blew?  
here is that what you allowed  
to come wildly rushing through  
you became a gambit howl  
was it finally coming true  
it had never ceased to be  
wasn't i the light that grew  
wasn't that light born in me  
here is that what you have touched  
when you werent trying to  
it was how you made so much  
by forgetting what was you  
see the rooftops in the sun  
see the fading afternoon  
feel the tangle come undone  
hear the doobydoo  
and like a mountain peak so high and stout  
i blew my little bloomy guts about  
i was told i've always been  
with flashing flood and whipping wind  
i live with everything that i can't do without