

Broken Wings

Mary Black

A tall tree turn and face the west
Oh we're running with the wind
A high clifftop we're waiting with the rest
For this journey to begin

But these broken wings won't fly
These broken wings won't fly
These broken wings won't fly at all

And oh how we laugh but maybe we should crawl
And ask to be excused
We shout loudly, have answers to it all
Oh but we have been refused

Girl child
You're dancing with the stream
Growing with the silver trees
Your young questions
You ask me what it means
Oh but I am not at ease