

# The Whistling Song

**Meat Puppets**

It's the shadow in the dark  
It's the silver in the park  
It's the broken, faded bird  
You've learned to cally our heart

It's not a border you can see  
Just as plain as you or me  
I can't throw the lock back  
And I don't have the key

It hovers in the living room  
Just above the door  
It whistles while it hangs there  
Feathers dripping from every pore  
They show the spectacle of falling  
And settle to the floor  
They show the spectacle of falling  
And settle to the floor