It makes sense that it should happen this way
That the sky should break, and the earth should shake
As if to say: Sure it all matters but in such an
unimportant way
As if to say:

Fly away, sweet bird of prey
Fly fly away
Nothing can stand in your way
Sweet bird, if you knew the words
I know you'd say: fly, fly away

It makes sense that it should hurt in this way
That my heart should break, and my hands should shake
As if to say: Sure it don't matter except in the most
important way
As if to say:

Fly away, sweet bird of prey
Fly fly away
I won't stand in your way
Sweet bird, if you knew the words
I know that you'd say: fly, fly away

It makes sense that it should feel just this way
That you slowly fade and yet still remain
As if to say: Everything matter in such an invisible way
As if to say: It's O.K.
Fly... away

Goodbye, Bye, Goodbye
I'm back
Am I gonna get sued for saying that?
Call Me later
See ya, I love you, bye
I'm gone
Okay