

## Fly

Ruby

As I fly through the eye unaware  
That the man at the helm is more scared  
Of losing his money than his mind or his hold on the sky

And the wings on his rings that he wears  
Bend and bow to the man splitting hairs  
Between the weight of his pennies and the birds in the sky  
And what makes them fly

And the stone inside the seed is what feeds the rose  
And the bud that grows from weed  
Is more knowing than those  
Who purge the fishless sea

From their sinking boat  
'Cause the skin is all they see  
For a glimpse of gold  
For a glimpse of gold