

It's not what you will say, it's what you have done
to let this come between us.
You're right, without a fight.
This might be worth it to you, and in the process gotten to me.

I think that nothing can fly with this broken wing.
There's so much to hold onto now.
Nothing can fly with this broken wing,
so here's a gift, in this feather.

You've gone too far. I'm standing alone.
Let's sort this out together.
You're right, without a fight.
It might be worth it to you, but I can't take this anymore.

I think that nothing can fly with this broken wing.
There's so much to hold on to now.
Nothing can fly with this broken wing,
so here's a gift, in this feather.

From this house of our friendship,
shut the door and light the match.
Throw behind you, walk away. (You burn it down, you burn it down!)
These ashes
These ashes
These ashes burn.

I think that nothing can fly with this broken wing.
There's so much to hold on to now.
Nothing can fly with this broken wing,
so here's a gift, in this feather.
Nothing can fly with this broken wing,
so here's a gift, in this feather.