

Birds Of Flims

Sun Kil Moon

Damn if I didn't just go walking and find some horses
A man-made lake and some trees
Came back to my room all covered in sweat
Here at the Swiss Waldhaus Hotel

Filled out an application for a work visa
For Japan and Australia
It's been a few weeks since I've left home
And I feel out of place
And out of my element

I work from 7 at night
Until 5 AM when the AD says "Wrap"
And a runner named Fabio flashlights me back to my hotel before the sun comes up
Then I get in my bed and talk with my girl on the phone to the birds chirping
How the hell did I end up playing myself in an Italian film
Set in a ski town in Switzerland?

Damn if I didn't just go walk in the yard, so alone on my night off
I felt like Jimmy Page walking the mountains out behind Aleister Crowley's house
It was too dark, and it got so cold
That I turned back around
Came back to my room, read Graham Nash's Wild Tales
Til I fell asleep to the sound

The sound of the birds
The birds of Flims
Yeah I've asked around
But nobody knows the names of 'em

Of the birds
The birds of Flims
Yeah I've asked around
But nobody knows the names of 'em

Damn if I didn't just go walking down the road
When a girl named Veronica stopped me
She said she was from Milan and that she recognized me from the film
And that today was her birthday

We talked a little bit
But there was a barrier
And she went one way and I went the other
And I walked along the dandelions and down to market
Where I bought her some flowers

On the way back to my hotel
I left them in the lobby of hers, with a note
"Veronica, happy birthday - Mark"
And when I saw her again on the set
She said "Grazie", and I could tell the gesture
Had touched her heart

Damn if I didn't go to dinner last night with Paul

But his throat was sore
And I could see that he was feeling ill
He spends more time on the set than I do
And it's cold out there
And the last two days, he was playing Hitler

I could see he was grappling with that
And I felt bad, and I gave him some words of support
And we talked about John Hughes movies, home ownership
And the cost of living in San Francisco and New York

And damn if I didn't go out later with a set dresser or something like that
Named Cipriana
We talked for four hours at a bar down the street
And the music was terrible
But yeah, I liked her, kinda

She's been with someone for four or five years
And I kinda figured that anyhow, and told her "Well, so have I"
And that made life easier for both of us
And I walked her drunk ass back to her room
And like a gentleman, I didn't try

And I went to my room
I looked down at the waterfront
From my balcony I felt
The surrealness of my surroundings

I got in my bed
Looked up at the baby blue ceilings above
And thought of my home
And my girl
And I ached for her love

Damn when it all ended
If I didn't have them fly me out
To New Orleans
Where I saw kitty cats sleeping on porches
And drank real iced tea for the first time in six to eight weeks

It was nice not having to walk down that awkward path again
And not to have to yell or to holler
About eating pasta pomodoro for the 38th time in a month
And that the price of knit hats was 60 Swiss fuckin' francs

Damn if I didn't go walking the next afternoon
Down Oretha Castle
I ate a catfish lunch at Cafe Reconcile
With a side of macaroni and cheese
And cornbread and collard greens

Saw it advertised on channel 99
The public access channel
And I walked across the street to a gym
And I watched two fighters spar
And I talked to them during their break
While they sipped on their Snapple

And I thought, what is life if not a fight?
Or a test of will and grace
Some would match it by throwing bombs like Mike Tyson
But some, like Pernell, are slippery and win cleverly

Some are fearless like Gatti
But like Henry Akinwande
Some of them buckle and stall
When the going gets tough, with much due respect
Some of them break down and cry
Like Oliver "The Atomic Bomb" McCall

Life's a chess game for all of us
Hit, don't be hit, jab and hook and feint and bob and weave
When the fighters got back in the ring
I thought of my own fight in life
And it was time to be leaving

And damn if I didn't go to the airport
And fly up to Cleveland, Ohio
I had dinner at Sylvester's in North Canton with my girlfriend and her friends
And for the first time in a while
I was surrounded by genuine smiles (beautiful smiles)

There at the table with all of them, I felt content
And grounded and rooted again
And was dropped off to face the hardships
Of a single mom who happens to be one of my closest and dearest friends

Fell asleep in her spare room to the sound of crop dusters
And cars on the highway
Back to my roots where unconditional love
Rules over everything
And I could no longer hear the birds of Flims