

## Prehistoric Bird

### The Samples

Prehistoric bird  
Headed for the ocean  
Can I catch a ride  
From my view it looks so fun  
Got to pay our dues  
Before we hit the coastline  
Just a ball of blue  
Somewhere in the sunshine  
The cities down below  
I see New York shine like a fire  
The sparks must be their headlights  
And the bridges take them higher  
We proved it once again  
When we trusted in a feeling  
But did we ever doubt  
That the highest was the ceiling  
The arctic was the first stop  
Since then I've lost the feeling  
By taking what I was given  
And changing it to stealing  
The bird gave up as I did  
In this ever coldest weather  
Hold the flight and spend the night  
And keep warm between my feathers  
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Just a ball of blue  
Somewhere in the sunshine  
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Etc.