

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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Somewhere in the sunshine
Etc.