

## Zen Archer

Todd Rundgren

Pretty bird with feathers falling  
Pretty as a lady calling  
For her pink and midnight lover  
As she stares into the water

And a yellow moon is rising  
And there can't be no disguising  
That the pretty bird is dying  
With a silver arrow lying at its side

Rivers of blood,  
Oceans of tears,  
Life without death,  
And death without reason

To the whole United Nations,  
To your greatest expectations  
To the moment that you realize  
As a dark figure slips from out of the shadow

Pretty bird closes its eyes, pretty bird dies  
Another pretty thing dead on the end of the shaft  
Of the Zen Archer

A man in parts forgotten  
With an outlook that is rotten  
And an attitude to match it  
Finds relief inside a hatchet  
And he halved someone in Boulder  
Justifiability is in the hands of the beholder  
And you just don't know what people will do next

Mountains of pain,  
Valleys of love,  
Death without life,  
And life without meaning

To the promise kept and broken  
To the love that's never spoken  
Just as surely as I'm in your ears  
A dark figure slips from out of the shadow