

David Gray, Birds Without Wings

Wishing that something would happen
A change in this place,
'cos I'm tearing off the fancy wrapping
Find an empty package

Take for a while
Your trumpet from your lip
Loosen your hold, loosen your grip
On your old ways
That have fallen out of step
In a changing time
Hoist a new flag
Hoist a new flag

Angry sun burn down
Judging us all
Guilty of neglect and disrespect
And thinking small

And death by boredom
And death by greed
If we can't stop taking
More than we need

But across the fractured landscape
I find the same things
Tired ideas
Birds without wings

Birds without wings
Birds without wings

And these are just thoughts
On lack-lustre times
I've no interest
In excuses you can find

Like you've had a hard day
Now you've too tired to care
Now you're too tired to care
You've had a hard day

Well across the fractured landscape
I see the same things
Tired ideas broken values
Many with the notion
That to share is to lose
A hollow people bound by a lack
Of imagination and too much looking back Without the courage
To give a new thing a chance
Grounded by this ignorance

(and the cat comes)
We're just,

Birds without wings
Birds without wings
Birds without wings