

Rheostatics, Little Bird, Little Bird

Dave Bidini

Where did you fly, little bird, little bird?
How long till I might see
The view of the world, little world, little world,
The marching of industry?
Those smokeblack stains,
Red and purple planes,
Blood on a flag unfurled,
A screaming sound when we hit the ground,
To walk with me, walking through the wicked world.

How hard the sun, little bird, little bird?
How deep the winter freeze?
How strong am I--missing words, missing words--
To tell you how scared I feel?
Of an artist's fake,
Or a sadist's rake,
Scars on a teenage girl,
But a slow parade for the price we paid,
To walk with me, walking through the wicked world. Okay.

Through the fire and the flood, I'll staunch the blood.
Put your face to my face. Take her place, it's all right.
We are drunk on our death, bed of arms, bed of ice.
I've never learned how to dance. Is this Poland or France?

How hard the sun, little bird, little bird?
How deep the blood and the bone?
How strong am I--missing words, missing words--
To tell you how scared I feel?
Of a rusted saw
And an iron jaw,
Screams of a dead man's dream,
But my country and my family know
To walk with me, walking through the wicked world.
Come and walk with me, walking through the wicked world.