

# Tim Finn, So Deep

A thousand butterflies lifting away  
As the hunter pursues his wounded prey  
The diver and water coming face to face  
In the shock of a birth such a strange grace

I can't, I can't, I can't keep  
It's so, it's so, it's so deep

Walking through the sand soft with sea  
Eating chicken curry with English tea  
The secret in the small boy's secret garden  
I've seen the women with the naked children

The winter owl in the snow-clean suburbs  
Haunting the ordinary with wild wise proverbs  
The crack of an eagle's egg the beast appears  
And suddenly you've peeled back a million years