

# Tom McRae, Hummingbird Song

Sunlight beats down hard here  
Count the cracks in the ground  
And we sleep through days of flood and fire  
At night we fly above this town

Now we're coming down  
Now we're coming down  
We're coming down

At night I dream of the hummingbird  
Feel the beatings of its wings  
And if you only had one choice my dear  
Would you fly or would you sing

Now we're coming down  
Now we're coming down  
We're coming down

And in a year of new beginnings dear  
How do we write the end?

Here she comes  
Here she comes  
The hummingbird  
The hummingbird  
The hummingbird