

Andrew Bird, The Giant Of Illinois

The giant of Illinois
Died of a blister on his toe
After walking all day
Through the first winter's snow
Throwing bits of stale bread
To the last speckled doves
He never even felt
His shoe filled with blood
Delirious with pain, his bedroom walls began to glow
And he felt himself soaring up through falling snow
And the sky was a woman's arms
And the sky was a woman's arms
A boy with a club foot
Had sat next to him in school
Once upon a summer's day
They went wandering through the woods
They spotted a sleeping swan
On the banks of a muddy stream
They stormed it with rock
Till it collapsed in the reeds
They laid out on the grass
Full of chocolate and lemonade
And underneath it all the giant was afraid
And the sky was a woman's arms
Oh, the sky was a woman's arms
And the sky was a woman's arms