

Barclay James Harvest, The, Paper Wings

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Everyone Is Everybody Else
Paper Wings

His crazy frame against the dawn
His hungry leap and ragged fall
A suicidal perch is now laid bare
To searching eyes and empty stares
A fearful silence hits the crowd
The air hangs heavy with the sound
Of useless wings against the morning sky
As paper yields before their eyes

Oh, can you see him now?
A broken man without a dream
Oh, can you hear him now?
A futile laugh above the screams