

# Blues Traveler, Featherhead & Lucky Lack

I remember hearing a story  
About a girl who wanted to fly  
Something about dreams as fragile as bubbles  
Well perhaps it won't apply  
It seems she'd flap her arms every day and every night  
As hard and as long as she could  
She knew her dream needed all the love she could give it  
For it to do her any good

One night her heart spoke in a dream  
It told her if you really love this believe, because

It takes the guiltiest of eyes  
To condemn the man who dies  
It takes a thousand of his best spies  
To expose as many lies  
It could take weeks for me to say  
How it'll take forever to go away  
And it takes everything you have  
Everything to be in love

Well across the street there lived a little boy  
Sad disfigured child with two humps on his back  
Pitiful autistic little mess in a wheelchair  
The other kids all named him lack  
But lack started to take an interest  
In that girl across the way  
He'd watch in amazement from his window  
While she flapped her arms  
And that's how they'd spend their days  
She'd soon inspire him to stand  
That girl everyone called Featherhead  
Made him clearly understand  
That

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Soon lack could walk and talk and hide his humps  
And people realized how clever he could be  
Feather still dreaming about the skies  
Unaware of how in love lack was with she  
One day she quit flapping her arms at last  
Convinced that she'd accomplished nothing at all  
When lack heard this he ran, not walked to her house  
And he begged her, yes he begged her not to let Rome fall

He said "everything I am now is for and because of you  
You see I understand your secret and I swear to God it's all true"

It takes the guiltiest of eyes  
To condemn the man who dies  
It takes a thousand of his best spies  
To finally realize  
That it takes the strength of Samson's hair  
To enter if you dare  
And it takes Icarus in flight  
To provoke the gods to fight

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Well time wears on, and soon Featherhead and Lack had to grow up  
Featherhead didn't quit and would be finishing flight school soon  
She works for NASA exploring space  
Flying regularly to Jupiter's seventh moon  
Lack defying all laws of gravity and otherwise flew away  
You see those humps on his back grew into great big gossamer wings  
He changed his name to luck because he had so much  
He still flies where he's needed, doing all sorts of nifty and amazing things  
From time to time they meet up in the sky to celebrate  
Tax dollars and miracles can let the weirdest people date

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