

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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