

Buddy Lackey, Windsong

remember when I came just to sing a song to you
and you came up for a touch of my hand
you painted on the shirt you wore
words I wrote some time before
words I think you didn't understand
I think you didn't understand

you saw that I was sinking and I couldn't reach the shore
and you looked down to me with a smile
you said drowning angels make pretty circles in the lake
and I'd rather see you struggle for a while
oh I think you didn't understand

I fell from the sky with a word from the grey
a kaleidoscope singer, a son of the day
the ghost of the windsong a write of the play
the god of tomorrow's the freak of today

hey, do you want to free the butterfly
well then just open up the jar
the patterns on the wings have more colors in the sky
oh but you can't see their beauty from so far
will you open up the jar?