

# 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?