

# David Sylvian, Jean The Birdman

He gambles on the Sabbath  
He's pulling at the mane  
He thrashes on the horse's back  
Ambition is a bloody game

Horse doesn't want to jump  
The river looks too wide  
Well he faces every hurdle  
With a nervous state of mind

"Stay with me, breathe deeply  
take three paces back  
turn and make a full attack"

The gods are laughing  
And they're tugging at the reins  
But he's taken to his wings  
And they hit the bank

Heaven may stone him  
But Jean the birdman pulls it off

His finger's on the trigger  
His eye is on the clock  
He doesn't give the game away  
And quickly fires the bullets off

Six hearts cut short  
Still dreaming they're alive  
Run'round in dusty circles  
Like an absent state of mind

Who hunter? Who victim?  
God love America  
He surely doesn't love him

Hitching out of nowhere  
Lands in traffic knee deep  
A chance to stave the morning off  
And get some sleep

Heaven may stone him  
But Jean the birdman pulls it off

He wears a crucifix  
His mother left to him  
It's wrapped in chains around his heart  
Rusted and wafer thin

"Don't count on luck son"  
All the angels sing  
"Don't need to check a weathervane  
We all know what tomorrow brings"

Life is a gamble from  
Coyotes with the mules  
Life is a bullring  
For taking risks and flouting rules

Who needs a safety net  
The world is open wide  
Just look out for card sharks  
And the danger signs

Heaven may stone him  
But Jean the birdman pulls it off