

Graham Nash, Wounded Bird

I've watched you go through changes that no man should face alone
Take to heel or tame the horse, the choice is still your own
But arm yourself against the pain a wounded bird can give
And in the end remember it's with you you have to live
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Stand your ground, I think you've got the guts it takes to win
But you must learn to turn the key before she'll let you in
And understand the problems of the girl you want so near
Or you'll wear the coat of questions 'til the answer hat is here
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Serenade your angel with a love song from your eyes
Grow a little taller, even though your age defies
Feel a little smaller, and in stature you will rise
A hobo or a poet must kill dragons for a bride
And humble pie is always hard to swallow with your pride