

# 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