

# Kurt Vile, Like A Wounded Bird Trying To Fly

Like a wounded bird trying to fly  
Surrounded by green ferns  
Still, a cozy and scenic place to die  
Lately, I've been flying high  
Then, I guess, I had to crash  
Always did I love that line  
But never did I apply it to myself  
Till just then

On the corner of our camping site  
There's an entrance there to the woods  
Watch my kids there as they play  
While me, I'm-a-just pick away  
On a red Fender Palomino guitar for a change

My daddy was a railroad man  
Imagine all the miles of steel  
He rode along his whole life long  
And now I just put that in a song  
My mother, she would mend our wounds  
While he was out along the track  
Maybe try and clip our wings

Well, I remember everything  
Like the red feathered wingspan of some great majestic bird  
Come flying over the horizon  
Over field of birds of paradise or medicine  
Or was it real or was it just a dream  
Or was it real or just a dream  
Just a dream

Like a wounded bird trying to fly  
Surrounded by some trees  
In a cozy scenic place  
Wish the world would stop and take notice of all the disgrace  
But then breathe in quite deep and smell all the flowers while in bloom

Like a wounded bird trying to fly  
Well, my daughter she wrote that line so copyright Awilda Vile  
Like a wounded bird trying to fly  
Like a wounded bird trying to fly, trying to fly, trying to fly