

Meat Puppets, The Wind And The Rain

It's the shadow in the dark
it's the silver in the park
it's the broken, faded bird
you've learned to call your heart
it's not a border that you can see
just as plain as you or me
i can't throw the lock back
and i don't have the key
it hovers in the living room
just above the door
it whistles while it hangs there
feathers dripping from every pore
they show the spectacle of falling
and settle to the floor