

Nina Simone, Fodder On My Wings

A bird fell to earth, reincarnated from her birth.
She had fodder in her wings.
She had dust inside her brains.
She flitted here and there
United States, Switzerland, France, England, everywhere.
With fodder in her wings.
And dust inside her brains.
Oh how sad. Oh how sad. Oh how sad.

She watched the people, how they live.
They've forgotten how to give.
They had fodder in they're brains.
They had dust inside they're wings.

She watched them how they tried to live.
They've forgotten how to give.
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