

# R.E.M., King Of Birds

A thumbnail sketch, a jeweller's stone  
A mean idea to call my own  
Old man don't lay so still you're not yet young  
There's time to teach, point to point,  
Point observation, children carry reservations  
Standing on the shoulders of giants leaves me cold, leaves me cold.  
A mean idea to call my own, a hundred million birds fly

Singer sing me a given, singer sing me a song  
Standing on the shoulders of giants everybody's looking on  
(Old don't lay so still you're not yet young,  
There's time to teach, point to point,  
point observation, children carry reservations).  
Standing on the shoulders of giants leaves me cold  
A mean idea to call my own, a hundred million birds fly away, away.

I am king of all I see, my kingdom for a voice  
Old man don't lay so still, you're not yet young  
There's time to teach, point to point  
Point observation, children carry reservations  
Standing on the shoulders of giants leaves me cold  
A mean idea to call my own, a hundred million birds fly away

Everybody hit the ground. Everybody hit the ground.