

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.