

Zookeeper

"Delivery Room"

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Did you lose ground?

Was the wind whipping you all around?

Lost souls they travel through the air on pulleys and string

It's a puppet show

You just hold on tight to what you know

But nothing's in control

When you're seventeen

And wandering through cathedral shame

With your stained-glass visions

Of a world outside you cannot gage

And your wild street dreams

The cameras rolling, microphones just out of frame

The marching band has left the stands

And the parade is underway...

See how all the rooftops drop 'neath its balloons

No walls can hope to hold you now

No more delivery room...

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