

## **Abbott Hayes**

# **"Bird With Broken Wings"**

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I pointed to the map and said pick a place  
Just when I thought there would be no reply  
A western wind came howling in my face  
And I was flying

"Oh don't you take it slow  
I've been blowing down this road  
And I've been searching high and low  
I've been searching high and low"

So then and there I tried to plead my case  
And like a bird with broken wings I tried to fly  
A western wind has moved me from this place  
And now I'm fine  
She pushed me as if saying  
"Come this way!  
Hurry now, you're wasting too much time  
And you will never get to heaven at this pace!"  
Oh and she was right

"Oh don't you take it slow  
I've been blowing down this road  
And I've been searching high and low  
I've been searching high and low"

Cuz I'm not singing like a song bird in the morning  
when I wake  
I'm not swimming like a catfish at the bottom of a lake  
Instead I'm dying from this day job and It's too much  
for me to take

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