

## David Cook "Pecking Order"

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Clip my wings before I fly  
Clip my wings so I can die  
Pressed against the dirt  
You can't feel my hurt  
Watch your shadow paint the sky  
As I follow in my mind  
Forever falling short  
Too many thoughts to sort

(Chorus)

Flat on my face  
I can't keep pace  
But someday I'll be on top  
High above you all  
In spite of my history, this is me  
I've got no farther left to fall

Shoot me down I'm in my prime  
Shoot me down you've done no crime  
It's all a pecking order  
That we all must shoulder  
Watch your shadow fill a space  
In spite of all that falls from grace  
The circle's spinning  
the new's beginning

(Chorus)

Flat on my face  
I still need my space  
But someday, I'll be on top  
High above you all  
In spite of my history, this is me  
I've got no farther left to fall

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