

## Deathwork

### "Thinking Amelia"

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Turning like a leaf in changing weather  
Feathering down to the earth  
Like a moonbeam come untethered  
Chalk it up to bad timing, bad signing  
Maps are misleading, are to be mistrusted  
Are no two paths alike

I think Amelia had it okay  
She had a one in a million bad day  
With her eyes in the clouds  
The clouds in her eyes in a big, wide sky  
Expecting to fly  
Doesn't sound so bad to me  
Expecting to fly  
Doesn't sound so bad to me, so bad to me

Here on the ground in a big, busy town  
Where there's more air above us  
And the schoolboy alone greets  
Every person he sees riding the public bus  
Pretends the driver is his father  
Strange how a city  
Can make blood seem like strangers  
Strangers like family

I think Amelia had it okay  
She had a one in a million bad day  
With her eyes in the clouds  
The clouds in her eyes in a big, wide sky  
Expecting to fly  
Doesn't sound so bad to me  
Expecting to fly  
Doesn't sound so bad to me, so bad to me  
So bad to me, so bad to me

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