

## Blues Traveler

# "The Poignant & Epic Saga Of Featherhead&hellip"

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Music: chan kinchla

Lyrics: john popper

I remember hearing a story  
About a girl who wanted to fly  
Something about dreams as fragile as bubbles  
Well perhaps it won't apply  
It seems she'd flap her arms every day and every night  
As hard and as long as she could  
She knew her dream needed all the love she could give  
it  
For it to do her any good

One night her heart spoke in a dream  
It told her if you really love this believe, because

It takes the guiltiest of eyes  
To condemn the man who dies  
It takes a thousand of his best spies  
To expose as many lies  
It could take weeks for me to say  
How it'll take forever to go away  
And it takes everything you have  
Everything to be in love

Well across the street there lived a little boy  
Sad disfigured child with two humps on his back  
Pitiful autistic little mess in a wheelchair  
The other kids all named him lack  
But lack started to take an interest  
In that girl across the way  
He'd watch in amazement from his window  
While she flapped her arms  
And that's how they'd spend their days  
She'd soon inspire him to stand  
That girl everyone called featherhead  
Made him clearly understand  
That

It takes the guiltiest of eyes  
To condemn the man who dies

It takes a thousand of his best spies  
To expose as many lies  
It could take weeks for me to say  
How it'll take forever to go away  
And it takes everything you have  
Everything to be in love

Soon lack could walk and talk and hide his humps  
And people realized how clever he could be  
Feather still dreaming about the skies  
Unaware of how in love lack was with she  
One day she quit flapping her arms at last  
Convinced that she'd accomplished nothing at all  
When lack heard this he ran, not walked to her house  
And he begged her, yes he begged her not to let rome  
fall

He said "everything i am now is for and because of you  
You see i understand your secret and i swear to god  
it's all true"

It takes the guiltiest of eyes  
To condemn the man who dies  
It takes a thousand of his best spies  
To finally realize  
That it takes the strength of samson's hair  
To enter if you dare  
And it takes icarus in flight  
To provoke the gods to fight  
It could take weeks for me to say  
And it'll take forever to go away  
And it takes everything you have  
Everything to be in love

Well time wears on, and soon featherhead and lack  
had to grow up  
Featherhead didn't quit and would be finishing flight  
school soon  
She works for nasa exploring space  
Flying regularly to jupiter's seventh moon  
Lack defying all laws of gravity and otherwise flew  
away  
You see those humps on his back grew into great big  
gossamer wings  
He changed his name to luck because he had so much  
He still flies where he's needed, doing all sorts of nifty  
and amazing things  
From time to time they meet up in the sky to celebrate  
Tax dollars and miracles can let the weirdest people  
date

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I remember hearing a story...

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