

Blues Traveler

"The Poignant & Epic Saga Of Featherhead..."

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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

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

I remember hearing a story...

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