

Gas Huffer "Crooked Bird"

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Flapped ragged wings - or the boundary kings
There is often her stock of the fortune it brings
It's my living stoop - brings out a broken croop
It delivers it's steam to the manner of fault
The way they ward it off - just pray it stays aloft
When it comes for the brave - and it comes for the soft
Beware of the jagged beak - in which they fear to speak
Now they'll think your extempt from the truth here it
seems
And if you you here that the crooked bird just closed
your shuttest eyes
Heed the warning wriiten here to live to see the lies
If you look into the sky and can't you tell

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If you look in to the sky and you can't tell
It will alight
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