

## **Brandon Boyd**

### **"The Wild Trapeze"**

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A boy upon a tireless trail, with the wind at his back  
He's becoming One, -coming One  
He's becoming One.  
The birds, the bees, the wild trapeze,  
Symbiotic heart-attack.  
He's becoming One, -coming One  
He's becoming One.

Stand still! Like a humming bird that flies.  
Stand still! Like a humming bird that flies.  
Stand still! Like a humming bird that flies.  
Stand still! Like a humming bird that flies.

No borders, no empires, no inquisitions,  
Point or blame.  
He's becoming One, -coming One  
He's becoming One.  
Up North, down South, back East and out West,  
They're saying his bright-eyed name.  
He's becoming One, -coming One  
He's becoming One.

Stand still! Like a humming bird that flies.  
Stand still! Like a humming bird that flies.  
Stand still! Like a humming bird that flies.  
Stand still! Like a humming bird that flies.  
Still. Like a humming bird that flies.

He's becoming One, -coming One  
He's becoming One, -coming One

Armed only with an old guitar,  
Broken-end on wits and whim,  
He's becoming One, -coming One  
He's becoming One.  
Humming bird up in an April sky, observed and said of  
him  
He's becoming One, -coming One  
Yeah, he's coming home.

