

Gregory And The Hawk

"Fin Song 8"

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Orange river glides through the saddle of the park an
icy day in March,
cuts the clouds they push apart
I'd rather be on fire, rather be on fire, fire
Staring straight ahead, meeting the streets
Your inky Skin and your skinny feet it's about a
sidewalk,
about a subway, waking to sunsets
It's been all of my wishes devised a dream and then
lived it
and I remember when I first listened to your records

It's clouded, what we know
We can only hope
And I'm losing just about everything
It's been all of my regrets to live a lie and end upset
and I remember when peace was a pretty contender
It's clouded what we know
And I'm losing everything

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