

Herbie Hancock

"Sweet Bird"

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Out on some borderline
Some mark of in between
I lay down golden in time
And woke up vanishing

Sweet bird you are
Briefer than a falling star
All these vain promises on beauty jars of
Somewhere with your wings on time
You must be laughing

Behind our eyes
Calendars of our lives, circled with compromise
Sweet bird of time and change
You must be laughing
Up on your feathers laughing

Golden in time
Cities under the sand
Power, ideals and beauty
Fading in everyone's hands

Give me some time
I feel like I'm losing mine
Out here on this horizon line

With the earth spinning
And the sky forever rushing
No one knows
They can never get that close
Guesses at most

Guesses based on what each set of time and change is touching
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