

Kinnie Starr

"Grandma's Bicycle"

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Fourty days and fourty nights
Have gone by without a bird in sight
Can't believe the emptyness of the sky
Can't believe the fumes of the cars
As they pass you by
On the road to feed her all the seed of gra...
Of your grandma's bicycle
Grandma's bicycle

The soft feathers in the street
Just precide the sidewalk
For some mad weed into an early street
Down down down to pick 'em up
Put 'em in his pocket I followed him
About a, about a block
And inside he goes into the nearest stewartist shop

Goes like an indian, the feathers he sold
Then made some small coin and laughed at my face
When he told me what he told them
When he told me what he told them, he said:
"I am through with this old damn world
and its overwhelming bad taste"
"I am through with this old damn world
and its overwhelming bad taste"
"I am through with this old damn world
and its overwhelming bad taste"
"I am through with this old damn world
and its overwhelming bad taste"

And then he told me:
"The star below your eyes,
You behave yourself and keep an open mind
The streets are full of treasures
And you can always find traces of birds
The lovellyness they leave behind
I'm not the soar with them
We are the same kind
Then many waved goodbye
Floated up above the cloud line"

Waved goodbye floated up above the cloud line
Waved goodbye floated up above the cloud line
We waved goodbye floated up above the cloud line

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