

## Limbeck

### "Bird Problems"

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I wound up in a cold, dark, lonely forest  
With trees so high they nearly disappeared  
In the sky a small bird was flying around  
The leaves on the trees were falling  
I felt as though that bird seemed quite familiar  
I remembered that his name was "Parking Lot"  
Me and that bird fell beneath a tree in the snow  
And died several years ago  
All my friends came calling  
Thinking that I'd gone lost  
All of them were searching  
For me and Parking Lot  
We left for a house up on the hillside  
With broken stairs and graffiti on the walls  
The kid, that's where he lived, wrote for a magazine  
And we all stood outside talking  
The owner was a man from Texas  
Who had left the place and brought his family  
The kid extended an invitation to me  
To stay for as long as I needed  
After a few years the man got homesick

He moved back in and started cleaning up  
And even though I was never lost with Parking Lot  
I was glad to have friends who'd come find me  
When all my friends came calling  
Thinking that I had gone lost  
I was simply sleeping  
In a parking lot  
When all my friends came searching  
Looking for my ghost  
I was lost inside a dream  
In a parking lot  
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