

Cowboy Junkies "Small Swift Birds"

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I've been told that it's just the way life goes.
Once the wildest river is now a trickle to the sea.
The peak we risk our lives to scale becomes dirt
beneath our feet.
The wisdom of a life time always disappears untapped.
Paradise once given will always be taken back.
And the love you hang your life upon will start to slowly
crack.

I have seen people suffocate the dream.
Forgetting to turn that one last time while she watches
through the door.
Focusing on the garbage that she use to ignore.
Thinking she looks so beautiful but not yelling it out
loud.
He should have thought to kiss her before he headed
out.
Just forgetting how fucking lucky you are to have found
her in such a crowd.

But we've seen a cloud of starlings rising on a crisp
autumn day.
We were handed the weight of a child sleeping and
bore her away.
We've tasted the tears that fall when saying goodbye
forever.
And we've seen the silver from a waxing moon wash
upon the shore.

I have heard about the lives of small swift birds.
They dazzle with their colour and their deftness
through the air.
Just a simple glimpse will keep you simply standing
there.
Legendary journeys made on fragile hollow wings.
The night skies rich with whistling each and every
spring.
And then there's the day we look for them and can't
find them anywhere.

I've been told that it's just the way life goes.

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