

Brett Bixby**"Lift"**

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You're a colorful bird
And sometimes it gets you into trouble
Everyone heard
All the fingers came out by the dozen
To puncture your bubble

Up into the atmosphere
Chasing is the habit
All your life just to get here
Is this the way you thought you'd have it?

It's not like you're needing someone to remind you
But somebody who's free of the burdens of their past
I know you're indination is heavy on the wonder
But wonder only gets you as far as you can grasp

So reach into the not cuite dear
The hole has crossed the rabbit this year
All your life just to get here
Is this the way you thought you'd have it?

Listen to someone worth repeating
And hold them in the palm of your head
Lesson for all the self-defeating
The heavy you feel is the sound
Of dragging your wings ont he ground - lift them

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