

Cataracs, The

"The Anaheimlich Maneuver"

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Seems like a nice day to fly.

Birds of a Feather get shot down together,
they don't mind the weather
when they're brother's going down.

With my wings clipped I don't get very far.
All the other birds point and laugh.
Well at at least, while I'm here on the ground,
I can keep my head straight
And I won't get shot down.

Birds of a Feather get shot down together,
they don't mind the weather
when they're brother's going down.

As he falls to the ground we query:
"Was his life truly lived?"
I wish I could hold his hand and know
he's going to a better place.
But, there's no way of knowing,
so move on.

Move on. Move on.
There's no way of knowing, Move on.
Move on. Move on.
There's no way of knowing, Move on.

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