

## Blue Feather

### Killing Joke

Behind the iron curtains, concrete stands  
Beyond the open door, we go  
I watched my quill pen for a thousand years  
And future days began to show  
Oh, blue feather in my hand  
Oh, blue feather

I passed strange buildings  
That saw young men and women  
And on that planes the games began  
New partners for each new dance  
Then we changed again  
I fell in love with many faces  
Oh, blue feather in my hand  
Oh, blue feather

My body shedded out, satisfied my needs  
And when you called I always came  
Behind the iron curtains, she wispered softly  
Touch me, my love, and make me sane  
Oh, blue feather in my hand  
Oh, blue feather in my hand  
Oh, blue feather in my hand  
Oh, blue feather