

King of Birds

R.E.M.

A thumbnail sketch, a jeweler's stone
A mean idea to call my own
Old man don't lay so still you're not yet young
There's time to teach, point to point,
Point observation, children carry reservations

Standing on the shoulders of giants
Leaves me cold, leaves me cold
A mean idea to call my own
A hundred million birds fly

Singer sing me a given
Singer sing me a song
Standing on the shoulders of giants
Everybody's looking on
(Old man don't lay so still you're not yet young,
there's time to teach, point to point,
point observation, children carry reservations)

Standing on the shoulders of giants
Leaves me cold
A mean idea to call my own
A hundred million birds fly away, away, away

I am king of all I see
My kingdom for a voice
Old man don't lay so still, you're not yet young
There's time to teach, point to point
Point observation, children carry reservations

Standing on the shoulders of giants
Leaves me cold, leaves me cold
A mean idea to call my own
A hundred million birds fly away, away, away

Everybody hit the ground
Everybody hit the ground
Everybody hit the ground
Everybody hit the ground