

Flapping Your Broken Wings

The Handsome Family

I can still see you there
In your grass-stained underwear
Dancing crooked circles
Across the golf course green

It must have been 3 a.m.
When we hopped that chain link fence
And ran across the grass
In the pouring rain

Oh and you kept falling down
and rolling on the ground
like a drunken little bird
flapping its broken wings

flapping your broken wings, flapping your broken wings
flapping your broken wings in the green, green grass

as if pilgrims with axes
had never seen the devil dancing
in the silent branches
of thousand year old trees

as they sailed up the wild coast
leaning from their wooden boats
shooting every pretty bird
that rose up from the weeds

when the sun began to rise
I could see it in your eyes
and shining on the golf balls
lying in the grass

and a rusted chain link fence
a golf cart in a ditch
and the colored flags
you pulled from all the holes

like jewels on your green dress
my lady of the golf course
running in your underwear
to greet the cops who'd driven up

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