

# Fodder On Her Wings

Vic Chesnutt

A bird fell to earth  
Reincarnated from her birth  
She had fodder in her wings  
She had dust inside her brains  
She flitted here and there  
United States, Switzerland, France, England, everywhere  
With fodder in her wings  
And dust inside her brains  
Oh how sad  
Oh how sad  
Oh how sad

She watched the people how they lived  
They'd forgotten how to give  
They had fodder in their brains  
They had dust inside their wings

She watched them how they tried to live  
They'd forgotten how to give  
They had fodder in their wings  
They had dust inside their brains  
Oh how sad  
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Quel pays  
Quel pays  
Quel pays