

Jean the Birdman

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He gambles on the saddle
He's pulling at the mane
He thrashes at the horse's back
Ambition is a bloody game
Horse doesn't want to jump
The river looks too wide
Well he faces every hurdle
With a nervous state of mind
"Stay with me, breathe deeply
Take three paces back
Turn and make a full attack"
The gods are laughing
And they're tugging at the reins
But they've taken to their wings
And they hit the bank
Heaven may stone him
But Jean the birdman pulls it off
His finger's on the trigger
His eye is on the clock
He doesn't give the game away
And quickly fires the bullets off
Six hearts cut short
Still dreaming they're alive
Blown 'round in dusty circles
Like an absent state of mind
Who hunter, who victim?
God love America
He surely doesn't love him
Hitching out of nowhere
Lines of traffic knee deep
A chance to stave the morning off
And get some sleep
Heaven may stone him
But Jean the birdman pulls it off
He wears a crucifix
His mother left to him
It's wrapped in chains around his heart
Rusted and wafer thin
"Don't count on luck son"
all the angels sing
"Don't need to check the weathervane
We all know what tomorrow brings"
Life is a cattle farm
Coyotes with the mules
Life is a bullring
For taking risks and flouting rules
Who needs a safety net
The world is open wide
Just look out for the card sharks
And the danger signs
Heaven may stone him
But Jean the birdman pulls it off
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