

Kid Icarus

I didn't want you to go; you were just learning to fly
Didn't think you were ready yet to say all of our goodbyes
You said you cannot stay here; starting to feel made out of glass
You think your wings are invincible, but they're only made of wax

CHORUS

And if you fly far away (I hope you bring yourself a map)
I can't follow you today (and you're never coming back)
And if you fall back to earth (I hope you are not badly hurt)
I can't be there to catch you (but good luck for what it's worth)

And in a way I'm glad you left; I hope you end up out on top
Because in your pain you were breaking things--your bull don't need a china shop
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