



## Chimney Swift

On a warm summer day, I catch the wind  
I'm home in Houston after being born again,  
I had hoped reincarnation would be kind,  
I wanted familiar surroundings for my rewind.

I woke up today flying above live oak trees,  
It's amazing the fun of sailing the breeze,  
I've got short, pointed wings that beat really fast,  
I just hope this good feeling can last and last.

There's lots of food up here in the air,  
There's certainly no reason for hunger despair,  
Houston is a great place with lots of bugs,  
But I haven't figured out how a Swift trades hugs.

So what should I do – do I use one wing  
And wrap up my friend with the love I bring?  
Or do I use both in a stronger embrace,  
But is it from the back or face to face?

I see my old house – I'm choked with emotion,  
It has a chimney that is nice and open,  
A perfect place for my night tonight,  
If my neighbor knew, it would give them a fright.

And as I'm flying I'm looking down at the ground,  
There's Mike and Carolyn with grandkids around,

Just imagine the fun of swooping down low,  
And shouting out a Chimney Swift's hello.

Well I got my wish for my return trip,  
The old and familiar is my tea to sip,  
So this new Swift will just turn on the jets,  
And make one more flight before the sun sets.

The moral of this story is that life goes on,  
It doesn't go away – it's never gone,  
But you might give some thought to coming back  
And make sure you're in line for the right track.

So welcome to Earth Church  
Pull yourself up a pew  
And let all forms of life  
Be meaningful to you.