OSTRICH IN THE DEN

I don’t know who I am

I ran into, yesterday’s me’n you

They call me superman

Best look down to look around

Oh sometimes a wolverine

Is exactly what it seems

Sometimes a TV screen

Leaves a monster in your everything

I’m an Ostrich baby, afraid to read the clues

An Ostrich never tango’s with a ghoul

Old heartbreaking letters scattered in the sand

Spot the Ostrich if you can

The Ostrich In The Den

I don’t know where I am

I’m clinging to my running shoes

They call me cro magnon man

Ice isn’t warm when in a storm

Oh somewhere in a rock’n roll band

I lost a scene the singer sang

Oh don’t let a gilded guide

Shout and hide the drummer cried

I’m an Ostrich baby, afraid to read the clues

An Ostrich never tango’s with a ghoul

Old heartbreaking letters scattered in the sand

Spot the Ostrich is you can

The Ostrich in the Den

The Ostrich in the Den

The Ostrich in the Wolves Den

The Ostrich in the Den…

AUTHOR’S NOTES: this particular song was born from a more wonderously peculiar retrospection. Love when it’s on your side is as sweet and pleasant as it’s opposite, a wolverine when it moves elsewhere, and, sometimes with a take no prisoners remorseless, inconsiderate, cold and uncompassionate perspective. When it moves on, being it another lover, your best friend, or someone who looked like they stepped right off of the cover of a Harlequin romance, morbidly stated, it does just that. It just…moves on. Best thing one may do is do the same. Move on and do it again.

--Ronnie Shantz/Robinson