



The Jay

BMI: 79740931

Key: **Am**
Composer(s): **David Graybeard**

The blue jay cries, her simple warning
And breaks the silence, of this frosty morning
She clings to branches, she clings to life
No explanations, no questions why
Ah ah, ah ah

Her sudden moves, her sudden flight
Autonomic action, in blue and white
She struts the stage, without a clue
That she's a prop, that she's in view
Ah, ah, ah ah

Her ceaseless hunting, the constant maybe
The ceaseless fear, for her own safety
Self-directed, not self-aware
What sort of self, exists in there?
Ah, ah, ah ah

Just how different, am I from her?
Am I just a prop, in a larger world
Seeing her, and seeing myself
Am I still missing, something else?
Ah, ah, ah ah

Autonomic action, human style
Automatic thinking, evolved in the wild
Sudden questions, self-directed muse
Am I the Viewer, or just another viewed
Ah, ah, ah ah