

# dead birds

## Drunk Hands

bring love  
to this cold, cold heart  
even songbirds will sing as they pass in the wintertime  
fly away, time is free for the man who can see his hands inside the glow  
mother mary, take me home  
home, home, home...

fly away, fly away  
time is free for the man who sleeps inside the glow  
mother mary, take me home

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