

The Birds of St. Marks

[Jackson Browne](#)

Oh how sadly sound the songs the queen must sing of dying
A prisoner upon her throne of melancholy sighing
If she could see her mirror now
She would be free of those who bow and
Scrape the ground before her feet Silently she walks among her dying midnight roses
Watches as each moment goes that never really know us
And so it seems she doesn't care
If she has dreams of no one there
Within the shadows of her room But all my frozen words agree, and say it's time to
Call back, all the birds I sent to
Fly behind her castle walls, and I'm
Weary of the nights I've seen
Inside these empty halls Wooden lady turn and turn among my weary secrets
And wave within the hours past and other empty pockets
Maybe we've found what we have lost
When we've unwound so many crossed entangling
Misunderstandings; but

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