

Bird Song

Florence + the Machine

As I committed my crimes in a darkened room
A bird flew by, and saw what I'd done it set up a nest outside
And he sang about what I'd become
He sang so loud
He sang so clear
I was afraid all the neighbors would hear
So I invited him in, to reason with him
I promised I wouldn't do it again
But he sang louder and louder inside the house
And now I couldn't get him out
So I trapped him under a cardboard box
And stood on it to make him stop
I picked up the bird and above the dim I said
"That's the last song you'll ever sing"
Held him down, broke his neck
Taught him a lesson he wouldn't forget

Then I put that bird in a cooking pot
Boiled him up and ate the lot
Then I sat in the silence
Thanked the lord for peace
Coughed up a feather and fell asleep
But in my dreams began to creep
That old familiar tweet tweet tweet

I opened my mouth to scream and shout
I waved my arms and flapped about
But I couldn't scream and I couldn't shout
'Cause the song was coming from my mouth

I opened my mouth to scream and shout
I waved my arms and flapped about
But I couldn't scream I couldn't shout
The song was coming from my mouth
From my mouth
From my mouth
From my mouth
From my mouth
From my mouth

From my mouth
From my mouth
The song was coming from my mouth.

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written by HYNES, DEVONTE / WELCH, FLORENCE LEONTINE MARY
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