

Wild Birds Flock To Me

Peter Murphy

Looked like a blue eyes lonely boy
Hair skating to the ground
Read the air between the words
From a kingdom he was bound
In loving he gave all he could know
All lips lick like a wave
And the blue eyed lonely boy
To every friend a slave
Wild birds
Flock to me
Wild birds

Flock to me
You are the lamb, the king, the sun
Why do you hide away?
Put like a picture on the wall
No one to see your rays
You are inside of sight , an ark
The fountain of your youth
Come like a moth burn in the flame
Take us though the roof
Wild birds flock to me
Soaring rocks for company
Pure people work on me
Love's own necessity

Songwriters

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