

# The Birds (Live from Brussels Forest National)

## Elbow

The birds are the keepers of our secret as they saw us where we lay  
In the deepest grass of springtime in a reckless guilty haze  
And they wove a sweet indifference and it settled on our skin  
Till the eyes that I remembered for the last time drew me in  
The birds  
Though I wore you glacial patience to a smudge of bitter dust  
On the last day you embraced me with a glistening sapling trust  
Did they sing a million blessings as they watched us slowly part  
Do they keep those final kisses in their tiny racing hearts  
What are we gonna do with you  
Same tale every time  
What are we gonna do with you  
Come on inside  
Looking back is for the birds

Songwriters

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