

Broken Birds

Jane Siberry

Holding your amber to the light, I see centuries of you
And you find me kind, you find me tall, you find me crazy like you
And while I fight my own words, you're off saving those broken birds
Sometimes I wonder, if you'll survive We are kindred spirits but not kindred people in this world for now
We are both, too strong, we are both, too weak, we are both, too young
So you go sing your songs and I'll go sing mine
But I never really go away, no, I never really go away I know you hear me, you always hear me
On the run to the sun, your kind will get far, if you don't burn I hear the echo of our voices, hopeful in the
church of the morning sun
Asking, how far away from love are we?
Are we far enough to keep us apart? Oh, I really, really, really don't know
You said, come to the window, I said, no, you don't We promised we'd never sing of pain or of losing
Or how beautiful people look when they are dying
But cliches come so easily and your tears run through me again and again
Forget those broken birds, forget those broken birds I know you hear me, you always hear me
On the run to the sun, your kind will get far, if you don't burn
Holding your amber to the light, I see centuries of you

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