

The Whistling Song

Moose

It's the shadow in the dark
The silver in the park
It's the broken, faded bird
You've learned to call your heart
It's hotter than you can seek
Plainer than you or me
I don't pull the lock back
And I don't have the key
[Incomprehensible][Incomprehensible] living room
Just above the door
Whistles while it hangs there
Feathers drip from every pore
It shows the spectacle of falling
And settles to the floor
It shows the spectacle of falling
And settles to the floor
It shows the spectacle of falling
And settles to the floor
Settles to the floor

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