The Birds

Telefon Tel Aviv

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 your 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
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In the deepest grass of springtime
In a reckless guilty haze
What are we gonna do with you?
Same tale every time
(Did they sing a million blessings)

What are we gonna do with you?
Come on inside, looking back is for the birds
(As they watched us slowly part?)
What are we gonna do with you?
Same tale every time
(Do they keep those final kisses)
What are we gonna do with you?
Come on inside, looking back is for the birds
(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
What are we gonna do with you?

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