

# 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  
What are we gonna do with you?  
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What are we gonna do with you?  
Come on inside, looking back is for the birds  
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  
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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