Early Bird

The Frames

The early bird he slips away
And he lives to fly another day
He only serves to point the way
That you should or should not return

Two simple birds that never stray
When the lights go out on us
Just before when we we're found

Will not rush it, will enjoy it
Will not touch it, will rejoice it
The early bird he knows his place
And he'll stay all day there if he has to

He never hides or runs away
When the voices crowd on his
Cry so loud that you will die

Will not rush it, will enjoy it
Will not touch it, will rejoice it

Where did this come from
How long has this been going on
Where is it from

I feel my wheels are turning
I see the sky falling on every face
Telling us now that we ought to stay

I feel my wheels are turning
I see the open road before us stretch
Leading us somewhere past the hour

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