Singing to the Birds

Lisa Germano

So, what if your heroes changed their minds?
And all you thought was right flew out the window
And all you based your life on wasn't realSo, what if your hero sells its soul?
And all your wildest dreams seem dull and dreary
And all your secret thoughts seem cheap and lonesome
What you going to do so all alone now?Singing to the birds, singing to the birds
Singing to the birds, singingSo, what if your hero fades away?
And all the things you thought were orange are gray now
Who is it who brings you some new colors?So what if your hero never was?
What you going to do so all alone there?Singing to the birds, singing to the birds, singing
It's partly sunny, it's partly rain, mostly curious or full of pain
You could learn to love yourself, singing to the birdsAnd what if your hero never was?
And all the time you wasted wasn't real
And all your wounds decided just to healAnd all your wildest dreams were full of color
And all your secret thoughts belonged to you
What you going to do so all alone here?Singing to the birds, singing to the birds
Singing to the birds, singing, it's partly sunny
Partly rain, mostly curious or full of pain
You got to learn to count on someone 'cause it's mostly painAnd it's kind of curious when it rains
And you could learn to love yourself
You could learn to love yourself
You could even be yourself, singing to the birds

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