

# Smashed Birds

Soley

I walk the road when I realize my death  
The road that knows about my pity, little past  
I grab one note and put it in my pocket  
With your birds

I walked the road  
Until I came close to your house  
Your house was floating on my water  
I asked one tree one tree to take me in  
To your house

And there I took all of your birds  
And I smashed them in my pocket, oh  
And then I got the feathers off and  
I made myself a beautiful dress

In your basement was a letter to myself  
You wrote it when we were married  
I took this note and put it in my mouth  
With your words

And then I took all your words  
And I ate them by the fire, oh  
And then I tore the pages up  
And I made myself a beautiful dress

I spoke your words out in your garden where  
I built my new house near your flowers, trees, and bees  
I told our trees and bees to fly away  
With your words and your birds

And then I took all your words and I ate them by the fire, oh  
And me and your smashed birds, we danced the whole night to the moon  
And in the morning I climbed your tree and flew away

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