# 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 itï»¿ 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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