

# Bird 1 (Mark Broom vocal mix)

## Underworld

Bat bit and ten  
White stick with a red light  
Floats past her on the right  
White stick on the rock  
Roping in the wind  
Are you hungry? Do you know what to eat?  
Floating in the blue  
I hear you, your voice  
It comes out above my head  
Close to you, close to you There is one bird in my house  
She said you woke up from a dream  
He heard Mama Cass  
He felt better if I would  
Have known those things It damped his mood for a second  
Then he remembered where he was  
He regained his perspective  
That felt a lot better It gets much better  
He laid down on his bed  
With the front door open  
And the sunlight  
Flooding into the room, he smelt tire  
He laid back listening to a fly He saw washing hanging in the sun  
He caught a fleeting glimpse of a man  
Moving uphill, pursued by a bus  
He saw a white church with a  
Three blue domed roof A crucifix on the top  
And an ant walked  
Along the edge of his book  
He heard another bell  
And a braying mustache  
And a moped started up Sounding like a chainsaw  
Of tiny firecrackers  
And he smelled tire again  
A fly came dim  
Along the shaft of sunlight  
Coming through the open door He watched it cross the room  
And get halfway and then it  
Turned around and left, he laughed There is one bird in my house  
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Songwriters

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