The Pot Bellied Goddess

He Is Legend

The birds have all flown underground
The trees bend down to touch the sky
Silence is now the only sound
We wait for pigs not birds to flyThey had a lot to say
Had a lot to say, hey ya
They had a lot to say
A lot to say, hey yaWell, what is wrong with the birds?
Please, Buffy, tell me what it is
They don't sing anymore
And it gets harder every yearTo remind them of the tune
We have to help them soon
Will you help me sing?We are the birds
We know the words
But we just don't want to singWell, I think I overheard their plan
When I was walking all alone
They took a vow to sing again
When the cow jumps over the moonThey had a lot to say
A lot to say, hey ya
They had a lot to say
A lot to say, hey yaWhat is wrong with the birds?
Well, Buffy, tell me what it is
They don't sing anymore
And I don't think they will againCan you teach the pigs the tune
So we can hear it soon?
Will you help them sing?We are the birds
We know the words
But we just don't want to singThey had a lot to say, had a lot to say, hey ya
They had a lot to say, a lot to say, hey ya
They had so much to say, so much to say, yeah
They had so much to say, so much to say, yeahIt's hard to walk with shaking legs
It's hard to talk with shattered teeth
Well, it's getting late for birds like me
My song will cease, I'll rest my wings

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/