The Secret Language of Birds

Ian Anderson

This sparkling wine is all but empty
Too late for trains and no taxis
I know the feeling, seems all too contrived
There was no master plan but the fact isYou must stay with me and learn the secret language of birdsA tentative dawn about to be breaking
On a Rousseau garden with monkeys in hiding
And the truth of the matter, yet to be spoken
In words on which everything, everything's ridingNow stay with me and learn the secret language of birds
Now stay with me and learn the secret language of birdsCircled by swallows in a world for the weary
Courted by warblers, wicked and eloquent trillingLie in the stillness, window cracked open
Extended moments, hours for the taking
Careless hair on the pillow, a bold brush stroke
Painted verse with a chorus, the chorus in waitingStay with me and learn the secret language of birds
Yeah, stay with me and learn the secret language of birdsStay with me and learn the secret language of birds
Now, stay with me and learn the secret language of birds
Yeah, stay with me and learn the secret language of birds

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