

# Birdcage

C.R. Avery

So sad that you took it so badly and acted so madly  
I'm so scared like a baby by the morning  
With sunlight unfolding Well, your eyes have turned red  
And are holding me inside your story, in the end  
You'll have started on a new one of anguish and delusion  
He smiles just like a magician who's just cast his  
illusions  
Of castles and sandstones on the back beach  
And bright lights within your reach  
But the sounds of a warning by the morning of hound dogs coming for me  
With the ropes leading back to your knees  
And you looking straight at me  
On your knees in the rain with a basket of flowers just for me  
As the bells in the trees up above all swung and rang softly  
You said you rang them for me, well for me

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