three wild georges

Pram

Sound that comes from the upstairs room
Is like the sound of my stranded heart
The sound of something alive and afraid
Is like my stranded heartHelpless bird, beat on in vain
Beat out your life on the windowpane
Remember the sun, remember the light
And the freedom of flightAfraid of the shadows of the dark world inside
It struggles to be free
Afraid of the snares of the dark world inside
It struggles to be freeHelpless bird, beat on in vain
Beat out your life on the windowpane
Remember the sun, remember the light
And the freedom of flight

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