

# Birds of St. Marks

Jackson Browne

Oh, how sadly sound the songs, the queen must sing of dying  
A prisoner upon her throne of melancholy sighing  
If she could see her mirror now  
She would be free of those who bow  
And scrape the ground beneath her feet  
Silently she walks among her dying midnight roses  
And watches as each moment goes that never really know us  
And so it seems she doesn't care  
If she has dreams of no one there  
Within the shadows of her room  
But all my frozen words agree and say it's time to  
Call back all the birds I sent to  
Fly behind her castle walls and I'm  
Weary of the nights I've seen  
Inside these empty halls  
Wooden lady turn and turn among my weary secrets  
And wave within the hours past and other empty pockets  
Maybe we've found what we have lost  
When we've unwound so many crossed  
Entangling misunderstandings

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