

Tropical Birds

Miniature Tigers

The little bird hangin' in your purse
Traveling bag and you never take him out
Little creatures flying off the beach
A little prisoner you can lock up in a cage
Tropical birds love to get away
You wanna keep 'em but they never wanna stay
Little creatures, innocent and free
Your twisted sisters only wanna clip their wings
I've kept their coats, my love
It's the colorful feathers that hold
me together
And keep me from crumbling in a mess on the floor
When they fly through the sky, I feel something inside
I don't know what it is but it is magic
It's the colorful feathers that hold me together
And keep me from crumbling in a mess on the floor
When they fly through the sky, I feel something inside
I don't know what it is but it's magic
Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh
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