

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 cageTropical 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 wingsI've kept their coats, my loveIt'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 magicIt'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 magicOoh, ooh, ooh
Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh
Ooh, ooh, ooh

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