

Killing Birds

[Chris Cornell](#)

I learned a long ago 'bout a better way of killing birds
And what it means when they die in my hands
Like a strangled heart it never made much sense to me
Why I'd need to know the best way to do that But you have to love the murderer I've become
As I'm standing here in front of you
Standing right in front of you
Standing here in front of you killing birds I've spent my youth breaking down the walls my father built
Just like he did to his father before him
But then I had no home, so I tried to make a better one
It looked just like his, so I burned it down again
No, there ain't a long parade of idiots As I'm standing here in front of you
Standing right in front of you
Standing here in front of you killing birds You don't have to love the murderer I've become If I could spin a web,
I would sit and wait for you
I wouldn't need a stone, I'd just poison you and tie you up
And you would be a bird, a beautiful crescent one
And your eyes would beg but I'm just doing my job Standing here in front of you
Standing right in front of you
Standing here in front of you
Standing right in front of you Standing here in front of you
Standing right in front of you
Standing here in front of you killing birds

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