

The Birds

Elbow

The birds are the keepers of our secret
As they saw us where we lay
In the deepest grass of springtime
In a reckless guilty haze And they wove a sweet indifference
And it settled on our skin
Till the eyes that I remember
For the last time drew me in The birds, though I wore your glacial patience
To a smudge of bitter dust
On the last day you embraced me
With a glistening sapling trust Did they sing a million blessings
As they watched us slowly part?
Do they keep those final kisses
In their tiny racing hearts
What are we gonna do with you?
Same tale every time
What are we gonna do with you?
Come on inside
Looking back is for the birds What are we gonna do with you?
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Looking back is for the birds The birds are the keepers of our secret
As they saw us where we lay
In the deepest grass of springtime
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gonna do with you? Come on inside Looking back is for the birds] Did they sing a million
blessings
As they watched us slowly part? [What are we gonna do with you? Same tale every time What
are we gonna do with you? Come on inside Looking back is for the birds] Do they keep those
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In their tiny racing hearts [What are we gonna do with you? Same tale every time What are we
gonna do with you? Come on inside Looking back is for the birds] What are we gonna do with
you?

What are we gonna do with you?

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