

Aztec Camera, Birds

Words and music by Roddy Frame

"Hey baby, baby bring your love to me"

Repeats the radio relentlessly

All day I dream a dream where feelings flee

In free formation.

The sweetest sound reflects in saddened eyes

Defies description and identifies

The heart that hungers for the sudden skies

The souls migration.

Chorus:

How sweet to fly

To touch the sky

To feel in the flow

Like the one who glides there.

I feel we flew

We never knew

But to know is to go

When your heart resides there.

I take a winter coat and walk the square

The people gather and the birds they scare

Concrete and clay conspire to cage me there

Among the lost boys.

Down in the streets I see the trees grow bare

Broken and battered in the thinning air

The birds are scattered and my footsteps there

I long for lost joy.

Chorus