## Baby Bird, July

Way up in the clouds Angels don't fly Big silver birds Re-writing the sky Taxi & amp; take off now I close your eyes Look out of the window Watch the ground die I live all day-to vacate the place-I love-uh huh I work all day-to leave the way I live-behind Way down on the ground People don't fly But here we at the airport Like ladybirds in July Just like back home I wish that you were here If I had a cellular phone I'd drown it in my beer I was once like you Dreaming you were me Locked inside your pretty head Wishing I was free But I was so different then And you were roughly the same Love was in your pretty head And sex was on my brain