

Baby Bird, July

Way up in the clouds
Angels don't fly
Big silver birds
Re-writing the sky
Taxi & 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