

Chris Cornell, Killing Birds

I learned 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
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