

# Elton John, Birds

There's some things I don't have now  
Some things I don't talk about  
These things are between myself and I  
In my thick skull the joker hides

There's consequences I'm scared to taste  
Cold hard truths I can't face  
These days are different than the past  
Reflections change in the looking glass

And everywhere I look there's something to learn  
A sliver of truth from every bridge we burn  
A hatful of quarters and a naked song  
Don't answer the question of where we belong

How come birds  
Don't fall from the sky when they die?  
How come birds  
Always look for a quiet place to hide  
These words  
Can't explain what I feel inside?  
Like birds I need a quiet place to hide

These independent moves I make  
This confidence I try to fake  
You can hear the beating of my heart  
But not a feather falling in the dark

And everything I hear never makes any sense  
Another old prophet perched on the fence  
A cupful of pencils and a self help guru  
Don't answer the question of what I am to you