

# Lisa Germano, Singing To The Birds

So what if your heroes changed their minds  
And all you thought was right flew out the window  
And all you based your life on wasn't real

So what if your hero sells its soul  
And all your wildest dreams seem dull and dreary  
And all your secret thoughts seem cheap and lonesome

What you going to do so all alone now

Singing to the birds  
Singing to the birds  
Singing to the birds  
Singing

So what if your hero fades away  
And all the things you thought were orange were gray now  
Who is it who brings you some new colors

So what if your hero never was  
What you going to do  
So all alone there

Singing to the birds  
Singing to the birds  
Singing

It's partly sunny, it's partly rain, mostly curious  
Or full of pain  
You could learn to love yourself  
Singing to the birds

And what if your hero never was  
And all the time you wasted wasn't real  
And all your wounds decided just to heal  
And all your wildest dreams were full of color  
And all your secret thoughts belonged to you  
What you going to do so all alone here

Singing to the birds  
Singing to the birds  
Singing to the birds  
Singing

It's partly sunny, partly rain, mostly curious or full of pain  
You got to learn to count on someone  
'Cause it's mostly pain  
And it's kind of curious when it rains and  
You could learn to love yourself  
You could learn to love yourself  
You could even learn to be yourself  
Singing to the birds