

# Peter Murphy, Wild Birds Flock To Me

Looked like a blue eyes lonely boy  
Hair skating to the ground  
Read the air between the words  
From a kingdom he was bound  
In loving he gave all he could know  
All lips lick like a wave  
And the blue eyed lonely boy  
To every friend a slave  
Wild birds  
Flock to me  
Wild birds  
Flock to me  
You are the lamb, the king, the sun  
Why do you hide away?  
Put like a picture on the wall  
No one to see your rays  
You are inside of sight (an ark)  
The fountain of your youth  
Come like a moth burn in the flame  
Take us though the roof  
Wild birds flock to me  
Soaring rocks for company  
Pure people work on me  
Love's own necessity  
Wild birds  
Flock to me  
Wild birds  
Flock to me