

Silverchair, Those Thieving Birds (Part 2)

Lonely in life
Dead or alive
If the truth had incursions
No more goodbyes
No more big lies
If the truth had versions
As long as you and I are together
I'll hold onto the jewellery
Like staple strapped clenched fist and tongs

Hang strung from an empty nest
Those thieving birds
Hang strung from an empty nest