

Swervedriver, The Birds

In a moment of weakness I embodied the sickness
And when everyone winds me up I just can't wind down
And the April rain soaks my jokes to a pulp
The sun makes my eyes burn
And it must be my turn
To fly with the birds this time

Saturday's nation is rife with anticipation
Of the ticket that buys you out of the real world
But I don't mind the rain
'Cause I was born on an aeroplane
Balloon ride over landslides
It's April, I'm 18
And flying with the birds in a dream

Make an electric connection as lightning strikes
Angels' wings not once but twice
Point blank refusal, the earth moves I turn her head
Plant life gone wild over British monuments
Something is burning
Somebody's learning
To fly with the birds tonight

Solomon flies tonight
Cape to coast, wings in full flight
He's flying home with the birds tonight
In a moment of weakness I embodied the sickness
And I just can't wind down