

# 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