

# The Frames, Early Bird

The early bird he slips away  
And he lives to fly another day  
He only serves to point the way  
That you should or should not return  
Two simple birds that never stray  
When the lights go out on us  
Just before when we we're found

Will not rush it, will enjoy it  
Will not touch it, will rejoice it

The early bird he knows his place  
And he'll stay all day there if he has to  
He never hides or runs away  
When the voices crowd on his  
Cry so loud that you will die

Will not rush it, will enjoy it  
Will not touch it, will rejoice it

Where did this come from  
How long has this been going on  
Where is it from

I feel my wheels are turning  
I see the sky falling on every face  
Telling us now that we ought to stay

I feel my wheels are turning  
I see the open road before us stretch  
Leading us somewhere past the hour