

# Bird York, Lovely Thing

Drunk on a morning sky  
it's the kind of day  
you wanna wrap your arms around  
watching the white birds fly as they circle up and float in space  
preaching their religion without a sound  
and I'm bursting with Everything  
and I'm light as a cloud  
'cause Love is filling me up  
it's taking the edges off my heart  
and Love just won't let me be  
I'm floating just like a leaf in it's stream  
what a lovely thing  
and I know the world's gone mad  
crazy with greed  
but I can't fix it all today  
'cause my rollercoaster heart is climbing up it's track oh yeah  
and there ain't a damn thing in it's way  
and I'm stuoid with aimless glee  
and I'm talking to the trees  
chorus