

Boilermaker, Bluebird

They cleared out of the warren
All the fields were covered up in blood
They escaped from the warren and have finally arrived
I am afraid that i'm about to lose my mind this time
I am afraid that i'm about to lose my mind this time
If i were a bluebird i would fly up north to be with you again
If i were a song bird i could sing to you the songs that i've held in