

Catherine Wheel, Thunderbird

there's far too many ghosts
it makes us rely on three notes
that could make you weep
sad notes that blister in your heart
I hope
and don't I know
don't I realize what's changing in our brains
and how it soothes
cos its better than the truth
the truth is frayed at the edge and bruised
no use anymore

we could be crawling this time
we should be smiling this time
I see no spooks in you

thunderbird, can you see yourself big bird
thunderbird, just speak it more discreetly
you're making it sound absurd

now our dreams
they flower in our hearts it seems
and don't I know
don't I realize what's changing in our brains
and how it soothes
cos it's better than the truth
the truth is frayed at the edge and bruised

we could be crawling this time
we should be smiling this time
I see no spooks in you

thunderbird, can you see yourself big bird
thunderbird, just speak it more discreetly
you're making it sound absurd (3x)