

Chris Walla, A Bird Is A Song

Colorado, can you hear me?
Are you listening, are you even there?
Colorado, are you listening?
Do you hear me, do you even care?
The concrete canopy, mountains of symmetry
The city policy, the city air
The burroughs I've seen seem so unfair
Still the feathers on the sidewalks I find there
I do not need to speak, but I wanna listen
To the tiniest of flights in their transmissions
The words tied to their wings
Well, they're the words I'm gonna sing
The noise, small and strong and a bird is a song
Torch the sails and set fire to our deals
My heaven is here, my heaven is here
Who would need escape, who would seek salvation
From a place so bright and clear?
I do not need to see but I need a vision
A once seamless operation upon ignition
The fuel that I sought away
Will keep us through the darkest of days
Will keep us well through winter's long
And when springtime starts to broadcast birds are our song
Keep your feathers clean and dry
Keep your feathers clean and dry