

# 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