

Dionysos, Broken Bird

I was talking to a bird in the middle of the road
It was crying blood into my hands
I'm talking to this bird
I don't think you've got no troubles
Hey small ! Little broken bird
He looks like the smile of a girl I once knew
Bird smile tricks hidden in the cheeks
And sparkle in the eyes
And sparkle in the cheeks same thing
Little broken bird
So sing me something like
The birds used to do please
When they swim into the wind blow
A whisper or something but blow blow blow blow
Broken bird, broken bird
Blow blow blow broken bird
I recognize you everywhere you go
I was talking to a bird in the middle of the road
The tears go stronger, like red snow in the eyes
And the feathers are red and nobody in the eyes
Come back to me little bird
I keep talking to a bird in the middle of the road
I put it on my pocket inside of my jacket
I keep on walking' on the road
Broken bird in the middle of the road
And the rain when I ask myself
What's happened to this little broken bird
And I feel something strange under my shoes
When I look at this strange shoe's thing
I found a broken egg full of blood
Cut feathers stuck on my foot

There's a broken bird in the middle of the road
Inside of my pocket into my jacket
There's a broken bird
There's a broken bird under my shoes