

# Holly Throsby, Up With The Birds

She won't find out and he wouldn't know  
And I'm not jealous, no not at all  
On the landing  
The chairs on the lawn  
Out the windows and through the doors

I'm not jealous  
No, not at all

We're up early  
We're up with the birds  
They don't mind us, no not at all  
By the bedside  
And down on the floor  
He won't find out and she won't know

We're not jealous  
No, not at all  
We just feel a little itching in our bones

We're up early; we're up with the birds!  
We're up early; we're up with the birds!