

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!