

# Ian Anderson, The Secret Language Of Birds, Pt.

No buzz words, fuzzy fudge words,  
so freeze those goalposts, don't take the Admiral on board.  
This Hardy's not for kissing  
Expression, no explosion,  
or whispered promises in cliché or in rhyme.  
Instead let's talk the secret language of birds.

Right time but the wrong idea.  
Well, you're making it all sound just the same.  
Try taking it up a key like that Nightingale  
still over there in Berkeley Square.

Do we have problems of communication?  
There's something I don't know and you can't explain it to me.  
Let's talk the secret language of birds.

Step out of the circus now.  
Learn a new trick and make it stick.  
Try taking it up a key like that Nightingale  
still over there in Berkeley Square.

Finger tracing on misty window:  
I'm reading loud and clear this salacious semaphore,  
as you leave me standing at the station.  
Give it to me ---- the big dawn chorus:  
no whispered promises in cliché or in rhyme.  
Let's talk the secret language of birds.

Right time but the wrong idea.  
Well, you're making it all sound just the same.  
Try taking it up a key like that Nightingale  
still over there in Berkeley Square.