

Judybats, Poor Bruised World

I try to sleep outside of myself
Absorb some of the shock
All I the world is unwinding
Like some heartless old clock
Look to the sky for judgment
And all you get is rain
Searching every eye for prophecy
And all I see is pain
They say the forests full of rain
Will never come again
Businessmen want a road
Through another big place

CHORUS

Poor bruised world
Poor bruised world
Poor bruised world
Poor bruised world
Poor bruised you
Poor bruised me
Poor bruised world
I saw a picture of a pretty bird
In a nature magazine
Said these birds, now they're all gone
Well that's really obscene
Ah, the pictures never taken
Of a future we never had
I should've taken that one of you
(That day in the park) and now I feel bad
Lately I feel something dark
Turning in this century
A little something more
Than my own pop history

CHORUS

"Birds, please"
