

Katja Werker, What The Bird Said

on a sunday morning I opened my eyes
and a little bird sat at the frame of my big window
it took a look at my room and then it looked at me
and this is what the bird said

"hey human being where hav all the good times gone
when all the birds were singing 'we're free
to go everywhere and make it here
there's a place for you and me'"

"yes it hurts", said the bird "We're many but we're tired
to fight against your machinery"
and he opened his wings and flew up high
and this is what the bird said

ah ah ah

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