

MARINA, HANDMADE HEAVEN

I envy the birds
high up in the trees
they live out their lives
so purposefully

I envy the spiders
the squirrels and seeds
they all find their way
automatically

but in this Handmade Heaven
I come alive
blue birds forever
color the sky
in this Handmade Heaven
we forget the time
cuz birds of a feather
fly together

I care along
a feel of release
I want to belong
like the birds in the trees

I sit on my won
look over the town
the skyscrapers glow
like they'll never fall down

but in this Handmade Heaven
it's Paradise
blue birds forever
color the sky
in this Handmade Heaven
we forget the time
cuz birds of a feather
fly together

but in this Handmade Heaven
I come alive
blue birds forever
color the sky
in this Handmade Heaven
Handmade Heaven Handmade Heaven Handmade Heaven

and I can no longer ignore
the ivy growing tall
this life don't suit me anymore
the writing's on the wall

in this Handmade Heaven
I come alive
blue birds forever
color the sky
in this Handmade Heaven
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blue birds forever
changing weather