

Nina Nastasia, Bird Of Cuzco

Oh bird
You must be starving
From your flight so long
The wind, the way it was blowing
I feel lonely not to have come
There the pounding of rain has flooded the dam
I can offer you my room you can sleep it off

Oh, let me take care
Oh, let me be near
Do you
Mean to be saying
To me through a song
Be pleased
For everything's changing
Be not angry I have returned
How I tire of waking from this dream
Are we wired to be always sad and wanting
Oh, let me sing
Oh, I love to sing

I will lie here awhile in the dark
Let me lie for a while just thinking in the dark
Oh, leave me here
Oh, let me see clear