

Nine Horses, Darkest Birds

Here come the darkest birds
To burst the bubble
End of a perfect day
Head full of trouble

Here come the darkest birds
All tar and feathers
Why did none of them dream of trying
To make things better?

Those are the mimicking kind
They are, they are
I number myself among them
The furthest star

And this is the road I walked on
When I shot you down
All words of forgiveness useless
They won't help me now
And I should've been there for you
When you called my name
I promise to tread more lightly
Though what's gone is gone
It's such a shame

Here come the darkest birds
They've got their reasons
All their pretty colours are gone
Washed out of season

Those are the soaring kind
They are, they are
I number yourself among them
The brightest star

And this is the road I walked on
When I shot you down
All words of forgiveness useless
They won't serve me now
And I should've been there for you
When you called my name
I promise to tread more lightly
Though what's done is done
It's such a shame