

Peter Gabriel, Nocturnals

i dream of birds, birds without wings
children who grew up to be dangerous things
i was known as the postman, i worked through the night
i made my deliveries sink out of sight

we would wrap them, wrap them up
anything to shut them up
had to stitch them, stitch them up
see how they fly
see how they fly

we'd hold them in the center 'till we were all done
we'd turn up the music and have some fun
you're on your way out, that's what they were told
and we'd mock them and drug them, 'till our stupor took its hold

we would wrap them, wrap them up
anything to shut them up
had to stitch them, stitch them up
see how they fly
see how they fly

fly out low, some way offshore
the sacking covers up their heads
don't want to look into their eyes
as i push them through the open door