

Steve Kilbey, Birdowner

These are weird times
There's a widow in my street
She turns her husbands into birds
They've got claws instead of feet
A cage is in the garden
There's feathers in my phone box
Screeching, squawking, it sounds like talking
Damn noise never stops

See her at the market
She's buying all the seed
I walk right up and ask her
"is there anything you need? "
I go "coo coo coo"
What else can I do
I go "coo coo coo coo"
What else can I do

I go "coo coo coo"
What else can I do
Every night she brings me in
And I fly around the room
There's a parrot who was a doctor
There's a finch who was a clerk
Two black starlings, former darlings
Changed the milkman just for a lark
The cops arrived at dawn
Things were getting out of hand
It seems she had her eyes on
Every single man
Fumbling with their handcuffs
They wanted her to fry
She was waiting in a garden
Watched them piggies fly