The Divine Comedy, Birds Of Paradise Farm

My parents knew these people who
For all their faults were very nice;
They owned a farm whose "Olde Worlde" charm
Earned it the name of "Paradise".

We came to stay one holiday,
We played croquet and burned our arms;
But I was charmed and lost for words,
When first I heard the birds of Paradise Farm.

Singing gay songs all the day long,
Making love to the dinner gong,
Wondering when their human friend
Would come to feed them.

I looked in the trees and in the air,
I searched the eaves of disused barns
Till finally, to my despair,
I found the caged birds in Paradise Farm.

Singing gay songs all the day long,
Making love to the dinner gong,
Wondering why their tiny lives
Should be spent behind iron bars.

Now "Leonardo da Vinci",
"St. Francis of Assisi"...
But "Neil Hannon of The See House, Fivemiletown"-
Well, it doesn't sound quite right somehow!

Singing gay songs all summer long,
Making love to the dinner gong,
Wondering when their human friend
Would come to free them.

When the last day came, I took my time.
They called my name, and revved the car;
"When nature calls you must reply", they laughed,
Waving goodbye to Paradise Farm.