

Tim Curry, Birds Of A Feather

Birds of a feather
Flock together,
Yes they do, yes!
Birds of a feather
Flock together,
Yes they do, yes!

My voluptuary bird of paradise,
I fold your wings
I won't think twice.
If the pleasures of the flesh could transcend
Then ecstasy would be my end.
Don't be contrite, let's take flight
I might not feel this open again.
Strutting peacock with azure plumes
Come into my cage, I mean my room!

Birds of a feather
Flock together,
Yes they do, yes!
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Flock together,
Yes they do, yes!

It's intoxicating for me to fantasize like this,
I'd rather be anywhere than this flea-bitten dive.
A funky motel room with a kleig light outside
A lincoln laying rubber, spraying gravel at the door.
Don't be contrite, let's take flight!
I might not feel this need again.
Swaggering tough, with youth's cruel bloom,
Come in into my cage, I mean my room!

Birds of a feather
Flock together,
Yes they do, yes!
Birds of a feather
Flock together,
Yes they do, yes!

We're from the same jungle
Our existence depends on our underhanded games.
There's no money in the mattress,
No release for your veins.
We're just two jive street fighters, so don't complain.
Don't be contrite, let's take flight!
I might not feel this sane again.
Alley commando, denium dragoon,
Come into my rage, I mean my room!

Birds of a feather
Flock together,
Yes they do, yes!
Birds of a feather
Flock together,
Yes they do, yes!

I'm not worth a damn,
Lost in the stars.
A roamer's flesh, watering eyes
Your smoldering reckless,
So insinuating I'm a victim of passion,
In fact a vapid melting bruise, falling bewildered,
Birds of a feather, falling bewildered.

