

Think Tree "Hire A Bird"

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Hire A Bird

by Think Tree

The sun will burn a hole right through

your parasols

The clouds so sick they've split in two

from aerosols

The air will fill your lungs with fists

for ev'ry breath

'til future days when life exists

to mirror death

So you're wondering why

They put heaven on high

Why the gods don't visit us anymore

And you lift your eye

To the deep blue sky:

The only way out is up

And so you hire a bird to sing your songs

And you buy her a tree to start things off

And you wire the words through lines of leaves

And you hope that she shows when comes the sun

She may never sing

She may never show
But you don't know
The lake, the sea: the tireless gloves
where nature's hand
Still holds her sceptre far above
her bastard, man
The shore where centuries of sand
through waves have raced
Invites a swim, but think where man
deposits waste
So you're wondering why
They put heaven on high
Why the angles tolerate pillowy floors
As you lift your eye
To the birth blue sky:
The only way out is up
And so you hire a bird to sing your songs
And you buy her a tree to start things off
And you wire the words through lines of leaves
And you hope that she shows when comes the sun
She may never sing
She may never show
But you don't know

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