

We Are Lions

"The Songs Of Flightless Birds"

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Have you ever heard the sons of flightless birds
Coming through your window?
"Please, I need my sleep. I'll see you in a week"
She's calling from her window

Have you ever heard?
The songs of flightless birds

Someone oughta write a book about us or they'll forget
our story
A grainy picture on the jacket that you'll wear with all
your glory

This faint, peculiar song she aches to sing alone
While falling from her window
But she never learned the words of the caged and
flightless bird
To save her from her window

She had her doubts inside the lion's mouth
And I, needless to say, I need less to say

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