

A Fine Frenzy "Bird of Summer"

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You came with the season, as the first swallow sang
A brown headed stranger, with a five-letter name

we planted our kisses where the wild berries grow my
feet sprouted wings and i flew all the way home
doodoodoo

my cheeks red like fire engines racing straight to the
heat of your skin and i know our days are numbered,
early bird of the summer you'll fly south just as the fall
begins

the leaves changed their colors and the schoolyards
were filled
my coat with the patches barely keeps out the chill
dooo

you sent me a postcard from a town out of state, i wish
it were warmer and i hope you're the same
doopdoodoo

the fields where we wandered were golden
now only muddy my boots and i know i should recover,
you're a bird of the summer, i was wrong to try and
capture you

Flight
Flight

gone is the pale hand of winter
here is the first flush of may

and soon I will discover whether birds of the summer
fly in circles or just fly away

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