

Azrael

"Birds"

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Words and music by roddy frame

"hey baby, baby bring your love to me"
Repeats the radio relentlessly
All day I dream a dream where feelings flee
In free formation.
The sweetest sound reflects in saddened eyes
Defies description and identifies
The heart that hungers for the sudden skies
The souls migration.

Chorus:
How sweet to fly
To touch the sky
To feel in the flow
Like the one who glides there.
I feel we flew
We never knew
But to know is to go
When your heart resides there.

I take a winter coat and walk the square
The people gather and the birds they scare
Concrete and clay conspire to cage me there
Among the lost boys.
Down in the streets I see the trees grow bare
Broken and battered in the thinning air
The birds are scattered and my footsteps there
I long for lost joy.

Chorus

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