## Babybird "Too Handsome To Be Homeless"

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Way up in the clouds

Angels don't fly

Big silver birds

Re-writing the sky

Taxi & take off now

I close your eyes

Look out of the window

Watch the ground die

I live all day-to vacate the place-I love-uh huh

I work all day-to leave the way I live-behind

Way down on the ground

People don't fly

But here we at the airport

Like ladybirds in July

Just like back home

I wish that you were here

If I had a cellular phone

I'd drown it in my beer

I was once like you

Dreaming you were me

Locked inside your pretty head

Wishing I was free

But I was so different then

And you were roughly the same

Love was in your pretty head

And sex was on my brain

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