

## **Chris Cornell**

# **"Killing Birds"**

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I learned long ago  
'bout a better way of killing birds  
And what it means when they die in my hands

Like a strangled heart  
It never made much sense to me  
Why I'd need to know the best way to do that

But you have to love the murderer I've become  
As I'm standing here in front of you  
Standing right in front of you  
Standing here in front of you  
Killing birds

I've spent my youth  
Breaking down the walls my father built  
Just like he did to his father before him

But then I had no home  
So I tried to make a better one  
It looked just like his, so I burned it down again

No there ain't a long parade of idiots  
As I'm standing here in front of you

Standing right in front of you  
Standing here in front of you  
Killing birds

You don't have to love the murderer I've become

If I could spin a web  
I would sit and wait for you  
I wouldn't need a stone, I'd just poison you and tie you  
up

And you would be a bird  
A beautiful crescent one  
And your eyes would beg  
But I'm just doing my job

Standing here in front of you

Standing right in front of you  
Standing here in front of you  
Standing right in front of you  
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