

Deathwork

"A Bird Flies Out"

Visit "[A Bird Flies Out](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

A bird flies out and over the rooftops
Down past the cars in my line of view
It's a strange beginning, comic and awkward grace
In a picture, on the table
I'm in a red dress waiting for a reason
Holding a tightly packed suitcase

Maybe I'm too jaded to love somebody like you
Maybe I want to love my dream that'll never come true
Someone who is real, oh, gets in the way
And moves inside my heart, not just my head
Interfering with how I want to feel
How do I want to feel, I wonder?

You could be water to me, I could be wine
The stars have all faded here
They give us no sign
Is this the right time?

The smoke curls up and ribbons the air
Away from my nervous fingers
The cigarette sputters, a tired reluctant burn
In a picture, on the table
You are a driver peering past the moment
Holding the wheel until it turns

Maybe I'm too jaded to love somebody like you

Visit [Deathwork](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.