

Elbow "The Birds"

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The birds are the keepers of our secret
As they saw us where we lay
In the deepest grass of springtime
In a reckless guilty haze

And they wove a sweet indifference
And it settled on our skin
Till the eyes that I remembered
For the last time drew me in

The birds, though I wore your glacial patience
To a smudge of bitter dust
On the last day you embraced me
With a glistening sapling trust

Did they sing a million blessings
As they watched us slowly part?
Do they keep those final kisses
In their tiny racing hearts

What are we gonna do with you?
Same tale every time
What are we gonna do with you?
Come on inside
Looking back is for the birds

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