

Grown Ups **"Surprise Party"**

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I'm quite scared.
Your pelican's been eating all my pigeons.
Do you recall,
Coming home to Counting Crows sing-alongs and
shouting every word?
Falling asleep counting every bird?
Knowing in the morning that lake's waiting for us?
I've been losing my clothes on the shore.

I wish her waves would bring us back those days that
we once chased away.
We staggered up our street to sand between our
sheets.
The ceiling quaked and the floor boards all shook
underneath.

And I can't take the coming cold.
I can feel it in my bones.

What good is a bird if the bird can't fly?
I'm still stuck here and I don't know why.
What good is a bird if the bird can't fly?
I'm still stuck here and I don't know why.
What good is a bird if the bird can't fly?
I'm still stuck here and I don't know why.
I don't know why, I don't know why.
(In the evening, you often like to find a tree
To take some shelter in it's shadow underneath.)

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