

Hazmat Modine

"The Pot Bellied Goddess"

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The birds have all flown underground.
The trees bend down to touch the sky.
Silence is now the only sound.
We wait for pigs not birds to fly.

They had a lot to say, had a lot to say.
They had a lot to say, a lot to say.

What is wrong with the birds?
Please, Buffy tell me what it is.
They don't sing anymore.
And it gets harder every year,
To remind them of the tune.
We have to help them soon,
Will you help me sing?

We are the birds,
We know the words,
We just don't want to sing.

Well, I think I overheard their plan,
When I was walking all alone.
They took a vow to sing again,
When the cow jumps over the moon.

They had a lot to say, a lot to say.
They had a lot to say, a lot to say.

What is wrong with the birds?
Oh Buffy, tell me what it is.
They don't sing anymore,
And I don't think they will again.
Can you teach the pigs the tune?
So we can hear it soon.
Will you help them sing?

We are the birds,
We know the words,
We just don't want to sing.

They had a lot to say, had a lot to say,

They had a lot to say, a lot to say.
They had so much to say, so much to say.
They had so much to say, so much to say.

It's hard to walk with shaky knees.
It's hard to talk with shattered teeth.
Well, it's getting late for birds like me.
My song will cease, I'll rest my wings.

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