

Jackson Browne

"The Birds Of St. Marks"

Visit "[The Birds Of St. Marks](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Artist : Jackson Browne

Title : Bird of St. Marks

Oh how sadly sound the songs the queen must sing of
dying

A prisoner upon her throne of melancholy sighing

If she could see her mirror now

She would be free of those who bow

And scrape the ground beneath her feet

Silently she walks among her dying midnight roses
Watches as each moment goes that never really know
us

And so it seems she doesn't care

If she has dreams of no one there

Within the shadows of her room

But all my frozen words agree, and say it's time to

Call back all the birds I sent to

Fly behind her castle walls,

And I'm weary of the nights I've seen

Inside these empty halls

Wooden lady turn and turn among my weary secrets

And wave within the hours past and other empty
pockets

Maybe we've found what we have lost

When we've unwound so many crossed

Entangling, misunderstandings

But all my frozen words agree and say it's time to

Call back all the birds I sent to

Fly behind her castle walls,

And I'm weary of the nights I've seen

Inside these empty walls

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