

Jane Siberry "Broken Birds"

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holding your amber to the light
I see centuries of you
and you find me kind
you find me tall
you find me crazy like you
and while I fight my own words
you're off saving those broken birds
sometimes I wonder if you'll survive

we are kindred spirits but not kindred people
in this world for now
we are both too strong we are both too weak
we are both too young
so you go sing your songs
and I'll go sing mine
but I never really go away
no, I never really go away

I know you hear me
you always hear me
on the run to the sun
your kind will get far
if you don't burn

I hear the echo of our voices
hopeful in the church of the morning sun

asking - how far away from love are we?
are we far enough to keep us apart?
oh, I really really really don't know

you said - come to the window
I said - no you don't

we promised we'd never sing of pain or of losing
or how beautiful people look when they are dying
but clichés come so easily
and your tears run through me again and again
forget those broken birds
forget those broken birds

I know you hear me

you always hear me
on the run to the sun
your kind will get far
if you don't burn

holding your amber to the light
I see centuries of you...

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