

Jesca Hoop

"City Bird"

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City bird, city bird
Fly away from my window, from my window
'Cause you don't sing
Like the birds from home sing
Your song is dying

I set the table
For the ghosts in my home, my home
And pour the wine, and raise a glass
For the guests in my home
They're entering
In their skin and in their bones, still in their bones
The vision scares, but none compares
To the dread of drinking alone

After the tower's turned to a tomb
The underworld refugees all were refused by the
banker
They could never go in
So I let them in, oh...

City bird, city bird
Fly away from my window, from my window
'Cause you don't sing
Like the birds from home sing
Your song is dying

I light the candle
For the ghosts in my home, my home
And say a prayer to please send care
For the guests in my home
But in their sleep
They claw and scream the devil home (The devil's
come
Home)
But that nightmare
Does not compare to the demons in sleeping alone

After the tower is turned to a tomb
The underworld refugees all were refused by the
banker

And with nowhere to go
They wash up on Skid Row, oh...

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'Cause you don't sing
Like the birds from home sing
Your song is dying

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