

## Nits

# "Seven Green Parrots"

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Seven green parrots

Seven little parrots in a tree outside  
The colours of their feathers change like traffic lights  
Snowflakes are falling on the ground  
A feather is whirling without a sound

Sometimes in a dream I walk a snow-white street  
I can hear somebody whisper underneath my feet  
A needle is scratching rupper soul  
In the ice on the river there's a big black hole

Now that I am looking at this naked tree  
I feel every branch is a bone inside me  
The boy who is climbing without a sounf  
The man who is standing on the ground

So seven green parrots are flying away  
The leave me in the grey light closing down this winters  
day  
The snowflakes are falling on the ground  
A feather is whirling without a sound.

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