

Siouxie And The Banshees "Painted Bird"

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On lead poisoned wings you try to sing
Freak beak shrieks are thrown at your confusing hue
The peacock screaming eyes show no mercy no mercy

Painted bird it's absurd
Just a tainted bird hurting their twisted nerve

The flock will make you choke on this sadistic joke
And the whippoorwills they make a din
In laughing unison you're hitchcock carrion
Carry on

Painted bird it's absurd
Just a tainted bird hurting their twisted nerve

I hear your sorrow maybe tomorrow
You'll lose your sorrow
When a fated weather will cleanse away
That painted feather and all that sorrow

A coquette in fur purr for the painted bird
Confound that dowdy flock with a sharp honed nerve
Because we're painted birds by our own design
By our own design there's no more sorrow

Have you heard about the painted bird
Just a tainted bird hunting their twisted nerve

We've lost our sorrow now it's tomorrow
No need to hide your feather under a fated weather
No more sorrow...

Now we're painted birds mocking that twisted nerve

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