

## Skin Yard "The Birds"

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I'm sitting in a rather small room  
My walls have nothing to say  
I memorize every hole  
Squinting eyes all day

Fold me up and bring me home  
With the night I cannot stay!

Violence surrounds my house  
I'm a loco loser  
Springing the noose, stay rather far

I rest from the fact  
The birds cover trees on my side  
Violence surrounds my house  
So I sit on the side  
These birds are mine, together  
The friends of your blood  
I smile, then divide  
The birds all take mine

Fold me up and bring me home  
No I will not stay  
These birds surround my house  
I cannot stay

I'm sitting in a rather small room  
My walls have nothing to say  
I memorize every hole  
Squinting eyes all day

Resting from the fact the birds  
The birds cover the trees, my side  
Violence surrounds my house  
So I sit on the side

These birds  
My mind  
Together  
They fly

On the side I hide my eyes

Stole my mind  
I feel my flight

The milkman passes through today, on his way  
He's bringing home the noose of mine  
The birds are his tree  
I'm sitting in a rather small room  
My eyes of nothing left to say  
I can remember a time I was  
As pretty as the day!

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