

## **Melissa McClelland**

### **"Little Birds"**

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Morning came with such a jolt  
That I forgot my soul at home  
This pick-me-up, stale coffee cup  
Is filling up my insides, though  
And here I sit on subway stains  
With blue pin stripe corporate charades  
Outside I'm sure it's magical  
But today I've got to get paid

Little birds over the South Pacific sea  
Falling from the sky in perfect symmetry  
Well, there goes each and every one of my dreams  
Shattered images of who I'll never be

What is summer without sunshine?  
Who likes dancing on a straight line?  
When all these colors fade into mine  
Tell me, am I black and blue?

It's comforting to know the day begins  
And it will surely end

Tucked between these filthy sheets  
Where nightmares start  
Where sweet dreams end  
Caught in a kaleidoscope  
Of timely orchestrated screams  
Filling space with barren thoughts  
Motionless antipathy

Little birds over the South Pacific sea  
Falling from the sky in perfect symmetry  
Well, there goes each and every one of my dreams  
Shattered images of who I'll never be

It's like fucking without kissing  
Or never knowing what you're missing  
And you're finally confessing  
That you'll never stand a chance

Seeing Venice through a TV  
Or thinking beautiful means pretty

When all these colors blend completely  
Tell me, can you even see me?

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