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Pre)Thing ''Nightingales''

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Tell me do, something true, true of you and me That we're too busy living through, too busy to see. What is it that we do makes us what we are If we sing are we nightingales, shine are we stars?

Who are we? what we got? are we a firework show?
Growing pale like a star that burnt out years ago
Stranger things have been, stranger things have gone,
I find it hard right now to name you one
Tell me do something true and drop the fairytales.
If singin' birds must sing, with no question of choice
Then livin' is our song, indeed our voice
Best agree you and me we're probably nightingales

- instrumental verse -

Who are we? what we got? are we a firework show?
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God's a proud thundercloud we are cartoon cats With a fear that is biblical under our hats

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