

Flytape

"Soft As Birds"

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Baby's screaming on the telephone
and there's dirt in the sky
viscous fumes in the passageways
and the house is a mess

Angry kids in the doorway
the lies and telephones abound
got the papers and the court case
but we're going to make it through

The clouds bellow with light behind
the hidden glory rises high
with mutters too low for speech
far away but well within reach

I am the Lord - I am your God
I made these things to the glory of Me

See no kids on the playground
the swings sway in the wind
hot needles plunge to ripe vines
give in

There's alcohol in my head
and a girl in my arms
how did it come to this
now there's violence in a kiss

The clouds bellow with light inside
the hidden glory comes alive
with mutters too thick for words
hard as sin, soft as birds

I am the Lord - I am your God
I made these things so that you might believe.

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