

## Siberry Jane

# "Writers Are A Funny Breed"

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It is very quiet here--so still  
I don't live here--I live down the hill  
On this winter's afternoon  
The distant sun--it slowly swings the room around  
This room hangs on a golden chain  
Suspended  
Frozen  
Frozen in time since you went away  
Walking through your rooms I though your things  
Fitting--these aren't fingers these are wings  
It says April on your calendar  
It's winter now--I wonder where you are  
I hope it's warm and sunny--or cold and windy  
As long as you're fine  
Your house is as tumble-down as mine  
Crumpled papers everywhere like mine  
This one says "I'll write no more"  
That one says "don't lock the door"  
Writers are a funny breed  
I should know  
You said someday when we're pure and high  
We won't need to capture and describe  
The things we see or don't see  
We'll let things be  
Let things be  
That's when you'd leave  
And that is why I had to come today  
My mad scribbling crumpled, crippled, fey  
Tossing words from ledges that erode  
From ledges--I am not a goat  
I am not a piece of chalk  
I just want to do it right like you  
And now I stand here in your house  
Everything's so still  
I wonder if I'll write again  
Or let things be  
Writers are a funny breed

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