

Siouxsie And The Banshees "Painted Bird"

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On lead poisoned wings, you try to sing
Freak beak shrieks are thrown at your confusing hue
The peacock screaming eyes show no mercy oh, oh no
mercy

Painted bird, it's absurd
Just a tainted bird hurting their twisted nerve

Painted bird, it's absurd
Just a tainted bird hurting their twisted nerve

The flock will make you choke on this sadistic joke
And the whippoorwills they make a din
In laughing unison, you're Hitchcock carrion
In laughing unison, you're Hitchcock carrion
Carry on

Painted bird, it's absurd
Just a tainted bird hurting their twisted nerve

Painted bird, it's absurd
Just a tainted bird hurting their twisted nerve

I hear your sorrow, may lose tomorrow
You'll lose you sorrow
When a fated weather will cleanse away
That painted feather and all that sorrow, sorrow,
sorrow

A coquette in fur purr for the painted bird
Confound that dowdy flock with a sharp honed nerve
Because we're painted birds by our own design
By our own design, oh there's no more sorrow, sorrow,
sorrow

Have you heard about the painted bird
Just a tainted bird hunting their twisted nerve

We've lost our sorrow, now it's tomorrow, tomorrow
No need to hide your feather under a fated weather
No more sorrow, sorrow
We've lost our sorrow

Now we're painted birds
Mocking that twisted nerve
It's absurd, it's absurd, painted bird

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