

Tim Curry "Birds of a Feather"

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My voluptuary bird of paradise
I fold your wings, I won't think twice
If the pleasures of the flesh could transcend
Then ecstasy would be my end

Don't be contrite, let's take flight
I might not feel this open again
Strutting peacock, with azure plumes
Come in into my cage, I mean my room

Birds of a feather flock together
Yes, they do, yes
Birds of a feather flock together
Yes, they do, yes

It's intoxicating for me to fantasize like this
I'd rather be anywhere than this flea-bitten dive
A funky motel room with a kleig light outside
A Lincoln laying rubber, spraying gravel at the door

Don't be contrite, let's take flight
I might not feel this need again
Swaggering tough, with youth's cruel bloom
Come in into my cage, I mean my room

Birds of a feather flock together
Yes, they do, yes
Birds of a feather flock together
Yes, they do, yes

We're from the same jungle
Our existence depends on our underhanded games
There's no money in the mattress
No release for your veins
We're just two jive street fighters, so don't complain

Don't be contrite, let's take flight
I might not feel this sane again
Alley commando, denim dragoon
Come into my rage, I mean my room

Birds of a feather flock together

Yes, they do, yes
Birds of a feather flock together
Yes, they do, yes

I'm not worth a damn, lost in the stars
A roamers flesh, watering eyes
You're smoldering reckless

So insinuating, I'm a victim of passion
A vapid melting bruise, falling bewildered
Birds of a feather, falling bewildered

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