

Love Like Birds

"Manic"

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He was waiting for me on the carpet tonight
He was tired, felt heavy, drawn to the ground
Tired and heavy, drawn to the ground

Can you hear them? They're talking to me
They tell riddles and stories, 'bout turtles in the sea
They hide in the closets, behind paintings, under seats
They keep mocking me, I looked but couldn't see

Can you hear them? They're talking to me
They tell riddles and stories 'bout how things used to
be
When they lived in the forest, no men, no machines
When all was quiet, when silence gave ease

Can you hear them? They're screaming to me
Their voices are too loud, they won't let me be
But, I can't change things, I can't set them free
I don't have the power
He got down on his knees and said:
Please, if you hear me, go away,
I need to get some sleep, you're keeping me on for
days

He's still waiting on the carpet for me
I won't come, I set myself free
I tried for months, couldn't get through
He just shut me out
Still I cling like glue

Things are getting better
Back to being me
I became a pilot and flew this crap into the sea

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