

Birds

Deacon Blue

We were the sailors in the summer
In the winter we climbed the hills
We were swimmers for a season
Even out to sea you'd see us

We left footsteps on the beaches
Trails of sand back to the road
There's nothing left there to teach us
Only the knowledge of your going

Were we folks you recognised
When we came into your view?
Did you notice who we were
Or were we strange shapes in truth?

Maybe it was how the light fell
Maybe just the time of day
Perhaps a storm had just passed over
Or perhaps we were never there
The land will surely come

One day we're gonna be free
One day we're gonna be free
One day we're gonna be free
As the birds

We were sailors in the summer
In the winter we stayed in
No one heard us break the water
Or saw our shapes on the horizon

We were strangers on the coast
Outsiders to the land
No one thought to ask us questions
No one thought to understand

We were prisoners to the city
We had nowhere else to go
All our dreams like fallen leaves
On some unremembered road
Sometimes no land would come

One day we're gonna be free
One day we're gonna be free
One day we're gonna be free
As the birds

We're high above jail walls and windows
We're high above the waves of worry
We're floating on the wind
Cause nothing can begin
To make us want to land again

One day
One day
One day we're gonna be free
One day we're gonna be free

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As the birds