

Songbird

Katie Costello

I've been told by many books and things
That I can read minds and I agree, at least in my dreams
I've been yelled at by many road-ragers
Making love to their coffee and pagers now, heading down south

The lark was humming and softly I kept drumming
And the world was in rhyme and it made sense for a short time
In this little tune about the old kazoo

Songbird, Songbird, whatever bird you are
Give me your voice and your flight
Songbird I don't care if you're an old kazoo
Sing to me and I will sing to you

I've been seen to be heartbroken
Not so much a heartbreaker but an "I love you,"
And "I think you do too"
I've been known to be confused
By the colors and the shapes of our round little sphere,
On which we appeared

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And the world was in rhyme and it made sense for a short time
In this little tune about the old kazoo

Songbird, Songbird, whatever bird you are
Give me your voice and your flight
Songbird I don't care if you're an old kazoo
Sing to me and I will sing to you

And then the Greek Muses and the sirens on the rocks
Told me they liked my song
And then the Greek Muses told the sirens on the rocks
Don't you dare touch those folks near those rocks
Don't you touch those folks near those rocks
Orpheus told me so

Songbird, Songbird, whatever bird you are
Give me your voice and your flight
Songbird I don't care if you're an old kazoo
Sing to me and I will sing to you
Sing to me and I will sing to you
Sing to me and I will sing to you