

Birds Fly Backwards

Ed Harcourt

Sad, blue, the world is upside down
And birds fly backwards
Cats, dogs, fall first upon the ground
And birds fly backwards

Packed bags in the hallway
Where we used to play all day
We're hitting the road that
Leads us back again

Sad, blue, the future's not too clear
And birds fly backwards
Clouds tower, I have nothing to fear
And birds fly backwards

Packed bags in the hallway
Where we used to play all day
We're hitting the road that
Leads us back again
To the same old world we left
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh