

Birds

Aztec Camera

Hey baby, baby, bring your love to me
Repeats the radio relentlessly
All day I dream a dream where feelings flee
In free formation

The sweetest sound reflects in saddened eyes
Defies description and identifies
The heart that hungers for the sudden skies
The souls migration

How sweet to fly, to touch the sky
To feel in the flow like the one who glides there
I feel we flew, we never knew
But to know is to go when your heart resides there

I take a winter coat and walk the square
The people gather and the birds they scare
Concrete and clay conspire to cage me there
Among the lost boys

Down in the streets I see the trees grow bare
Broken and battered in the thinning air
The birds are scattered and my footsteps there
I long for lost joy

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