

## July

Babybird

Way up in the clouds  
Angels don't fly  
Big silver birds  
Re-writing the sky  
Taxi & take off now  
I close your eyes  
Look out of the window  
Watch the ground die  
I live all day-to vacate the place-I love-uh huh  
I work all day-to leave the way I live-behind  
Way down on the ground  
People don't fly  
But here we at the airport  
Like ladybirds in July  
Just like back home  
I wish that you were here  
If I had a cellular phone  
I'd drown it in my beer  
I was once like you  
Dreaming you were me  
Locked inside your pretty head  
Wishing I was free  
But I was so different then  
And you were roughly the same  
Love was in your pretty head  
And sex was on my brain