

My Army Of Birds And Gulls

Betchadupa

The birds they make faces at me
It's all a big conspiracy
They start to sing when I try to sleep
It drives me mad,
They're calling
Under my rock,
It never stops.

I love them though, they're all I've got
My army of birds and gulls
Pelicans and turtledoves

I wish that they,
Could pick me up
Fly me around,
I've had enough
Feet on the ground,
Walking around
Communicate without a sound
But I know it won't happen
Because I love the taste of chicken.

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