

I listened to a bird that told me all
He seemed to make no sense as I recall
I listened to the bees, their buzzing sounds
Told nothing of the purpose of their rounds

The claws that tear, the fangs that bite
The placid pond, the bird in flight
The lion stalking 'round his kill
The flowers purpose on the hill

I looked out at the trees that gently swayed
They didn't need to know how they were made
I wondered if the world kept something hid
Denied to me, for something that I did

The claws that tear, the fangs that bite
The placid pond, the bird in flight
The lion stalking 'round his kill
The flowers purpose on the hill

I listened to a bird that told me all
He seemed to make no sense as I recall
So far I haven't heard a songbird sing
A single verse that told me anything

The claws that tear, the fangs that bite
The placid pond, the bird in flight
The lion stalking 'round his kill
The flowers purpose on the hill