

Hollow Bones

Halou

I understand the principle
Wrapped it up inside my skull
I just cannot seem to make it real

Downward stroke, back and up
Downward stroke, back and up

And even without hollow bones
And burdened down by all these clothes
Against the forces of the Earth
I swear that I will make it real

And when we go
Take nothing with us

Southerly

And when it's cold
Then they will miss us

Southerly

I have intellectualized
Looked at this from every side
I just cannot seem to make it fly

Downward stroke, back and up
Downward stroke, back and up

Hush, pretty bird, don't you know you can't sing?
Whoosh, little bird gonna take to the sky