

The Birds of St. Marks

Jackson Browne

Oh how sad they sound the songs the queen must sing of dying
The prisoner upon her throne of melancholy sighing
If she could see her mirror now
She would be free of those who bow
And scrape the ground beneath her feet

Silently she walks among her dying midnight roses
And watches as each moment goes that never really know us
And so it seems she doesn't care
If she has dreams of no one there
Within the shadows of her room

But all my frozen words agree, and say it's time
To call back, all the birds I sent to
Fly behind her castle walls
And I'm weary of the nights I've seen
Inside these empty halls

Wooden lady turn and turn among my weary secrets
And wave within the hours past and other empty pockets
Maybe we've found what we have lost
When we've unwound so many crossed
Entangling misunderstandings

But all my frozen words agree and say it's time
To call back all the birds I sent to
Fly behind her castle walls
And I'm weary of the nights I've seen
Inside these empty halls