

# Broken Birds

Jane Siberry

Holding your amber to the light  
I see centuries of you  
And you find me kind  
You find me tall  
You find me crazy like you  
And while I fight my own words  
You're off saving those broken birds  
Sometimes I wonder if you'll survive

We are kindred spirits but not kindred people  
In this world for now  
We are both too strong we are both too weak  
We are both too young  
So you go sing your songs  
And I'll go sing mine  
But I never really go away  
No, I never really go away

I know you hear me  
You always hear me  
On the run to the sun  
Your kind will get far  
If you don't burn

I hear the echo of our voices  
Hopeful in the church of the morning sun  
Asking - how far away from love are we?  
Are we far enough to keep us apart?  
Oh, I really really really don't know

You said - come to the window  
I said - no you don't

We promised we'd never sing of pain or of losing  
Or how beautiful people look when they are dying  
But clichés come so easily  
And your tears run through me again and again  
Forget those broken birds  
Forget those broken birds

I know you hear me  
You always hear me  
On the run to the sun  
Your kind will get far  
If you don't burn

Holding your amber to the light  
I see centuries of you...