

## City Bird

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City bird, city bird  
Fly away from my window, from my window  
'Cause you don't sing  
Like the birds from home sing  
Your song is dying

I set the table  
For the ghosts in my home, my home  
And pour the wine, and raise a glass  
For the guests in my home  
They're entering  
In their skin and in their bones, still in their bones  
The vision scares, but none compares  
To the dread of drinking alone

After the tower's turned to a tomb  
The underworld refugees all were refused by the banker  
They could never go in  
So I let them in, oh...

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Your song is dying

I light the candle  
For the ghosts in my home, my home  
And say a prayer to please send care  
For the guests in my home  
But in their sleep  
They claw and scream the devil home (The devil's come Home)  
But that nightmare  
Does not compare to the demons in sleeping alone

After the tower is turned to a tomb  
The underworld refugees all were refused by the banker  
And with nowhere to go  
They wash up on Skid Row, oh...

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