

# Songbird

Katie Costello

I've been told by many books and things  
That I can read minds and I agree, at least in my dreams  
I've been yelled at by many road-ragers  
Making love to their coffee and pagers now, heading down south

The lark was humming and softly I kept drumming  
And the world was in rhyme and it made sense for a short time  
In this little tune about the old kazoo

Songbird, Songbird, whatever bird you are  
Give me your voice and your flight  
Songbird I don't care if you're an old kazoo  
Sing to me and I will sing to you

I've been seen to be heartbroken  
Not so much a heartbreaker but an "I love you,"  
And "I think you do too"  
I've been known to be confused  
By the colors and the shapes of our round little sphere,  
On which we appeared

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And the world was in rhyme and it made sense for a short time  
In this little tune about the old kazoo

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Give me your voice and your flight  
Songbird I don't care if you're an old kazoo  
Sing to me and I will sing to you

And then the Greek Muses and the sirens on the rocks  
Told me they liked my song  
And then the Greek Muses told the sirens on the rocks  
Don't you dare touch those folks near those rocks  
Don't you touch those folks near those rocks  
Orpheus told me so

Songbird, Songbird, whatever bird you are  
Give me your voice and your flight  
Songbird I don't care if you're an old kazoo  
Sing to me and I will sing to you  
Sing to me and I will sing to you  
Sing to me and I will sing to you