

Wild Birds Flock To Me

Peter Murphy

Looked like a blue eyes lonely boy
Hair skating to the ground
Read the air between the words
From the kingdom he was bound
In loving, he gave all he could know
All lips lick like a wave
And like a blue eyed lonely boy
To every friend, a slave

Wild birds flock to me
Wild birds
Wild birds flock to me

You are the lamb, the king, the sun
Why do you hide away?
Put like a picture on the wall
No one to see your rays
You are inside of sight an ark
The fountain of your youth
Come like a moth burn in the flame
Or take us though the roof

Wild birds flock to me
Soaring rocks for company
Pure people work on me
Love's own necessity
Wild birds flock to me
Soaring rocks for company
Pure people work on me
Love's own necessity

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Wild birds, wild birds
Wild birds flock to me