

Filthy Bird

Robyn Hitchcock

Look at the cloud above the bus stop
It's in the shape of you and I
Swarming around us in an ever-shifting circle
In the sky

Look at me down there on the viaduct
Covered in grease and lime and scales
Murmuring, "Thank you, thank you" to the Romsey gravel
And the gales

Oooh, a happy bird is a filthy bird
Oooh, a happy bird is a filthy bird

Soaring away above the chessboard
Many's the eagle on the wing
Checking their instruments before they bomb the children
As they sing ("There's a place for everything")

Oooh, a happy bird is a filthy bird
Oooh, a happy bird is a filthy bird

Splash my cold enamel with blood
A rendezvous with stone will leave you bleeding
Step by step I set your face in stone

Aaaaah

Look at the massacre on cable
But you know it won't happen here
We're all too busy watching massacres on cable
Oh yeah

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