

## Painted Bird

Siouxsie and the Banshees

On lead-poisoned wings -- you try to sing  
Freak beak shrieks are thrown -- at your confusing hue  
The peacock screaming eyes -- show no mercy no mercy

Painted bird -- it's absurd  
Just a tainted bird -- hurting their twisted nerve

The flock will make you choke -- on this sadistic joke  
And the whippoorwills -- they make a din  
In laughing unison -- you're hitchcock carrion  
In laughing unison -- you're hitchcock carrion  
Carry on

Painted bird -- it's absurd  
Just a tainted bird -- hurting their twisted nerve

I hear your sorrow -- maybe tomorrow  
You'll lose your sorrow  
When a fated weather will cleanse away  
That painted feather -- and all that sorrow

A coquette in fur purr for the painted bird  
Confound that dowdy flock -- with a sharp-honed nerve  
Because we're painted birds by our own design  
By our own design  
And there's no more sorrow

Have you heard -- about the painted bird  
Just a tainted bird -- hurting their twisted nerve  
We've lost our sorrow -- now it's tomorrow  
No need to hide your feather until a fated weather  
No more sorrow...  
Now we're painted birds -- mocking that twisted nerve  
It's absurd...