

Birds In Boston

The Lost Trailers

What was stolen will come back to you,
And what was lost will be in memories,
Without a dream life is not worth living,
One day all you have will be given for it...

In a bright morning out in Boston,
when you've lost everything its hard to not feel
free...
as the birds leaving Boston, when there's nothing left
to see.

So take my arms straight from the sockets,
Take all my money from my pockets,
You can take it all, cause that's not what moves me,
It is the soul that rolls right through me...

Like a bright morning out in Boston,
When you've lost everything its hard to not feel free,

As the birds leaving Boston, when there's nothing left
to see.
I've got to tell you, I'm feeling nothing at all,
Its really nothing at all, its only things and that's
all.

Cause it's a bright morning out in Boston,
When you've lost everything it's hard to not feel free,
As the birds leaving Boston, when there's nothing left
to see,
But the birds leaving Boston, with no reason to
believe.
To believe.