

The bird

The Tiger Lillies

When that bird sings in the sky
It's your mother who cries
That bird watches and sings
That magic bird luck will you bring

So here only hatred you know
With greasy perverts sink so low
Only drugs and on the game
Each moment you feel shame

Though all around wished you harm
That bird is your good luck charm
And as you sit beside her grave
Your life now so depraved

The pain of loss, ladies and gentlemen.
The endless hours of suffering,
mourning the one good thing in my life.
Sure, my mother may have been a whore.
But she wanted something better for her daughter.
She had dreams of me being a checkout receptionist in a hotel. Or a shop assistant in a chemist's.
But now, there's only the ache of loss.
So I go and sit by her grave,
with only that bird as company.
And I cry me a river.
And sometimes that bird sings.
I think, maybe she's my mama.
Re-incarcerated, boys and girls!
Because, even though they say
I'm a filthy crack whore,
I have a spiritual side.
And I was talking to one of the girls on the street.
And we were talking about re-incarceration.
Foxings told me she didn't believe in death.
Life just carries on in different forms.
So who knows, ladies and gentlemen?
Maybe this bird is my mother,
re-incarcerated!

Your life wasted on your back
Your only joy now is crack
Well up in Heaven she does wait
So never let your heart break

An angel disguised as a bird
Will listen to her every word
So Sinderella's heart won't break
Happiness in Heaven waits

The bird that sings from up above
She's the one who does you love
Well, when this life has been consumed
A crack whore you feel doomed

I don't know what it all means,
ladies and gentlemen. Do we go to Heaven?

Fall into the flames of Hell?
Or are we all re-incarcerated?
I don't know, boys and girls.
But I do know something.
It all means jack shit when you're in pain.

This world is cruel, this world is bad
In Crackwhore Hell, life is sad
The bird that sings from up above
She's the one who does you love

Then down that bird, that bird will fly
Take you to Heaven in the sky
Sinderella, crack whore
Your mother you does adore

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It's your mother who cries