

Birds Of A Feather

Tim Curry

Birds of a feather flock together, yes they do, Yes!
Birds of a feather flock together, yes they do, Yes!

My voluptuary bird of paradise, I fold your wings,
I won't think twice.
If the pleasures of the flesh could transcend,
Then ecstasy would be my end...
Don't be contrite, let's take flight!
I might not feel this open again.
Struttting peacock, with azure plumes,
Come in into my cage, I mean my room!

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It's intoxicating for me to fantasize like this,
I'd rather be anywhere than this flea-bitten dive.
A funky motel room with a kleig light outside
A lincoln laying rubber, spraying gravel at the door.
Don't be contrite, let's take flight!
I might not feel this need again.
Swaggering tough, with youth's cruel bloom,
Come in into my cage, I mean my room!

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We're from the same jungle
Our existence depends on our underhanded games.
There's no money in the mattress,
No release for your veins.
We're just two jive street fighters, so don't complain.
Don't be contrite, let's take flight!
I might not feel this sane again.
Alley commando, denium dragoon,
Come into my rage.....I mean my room!

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I'm not worth a damn,
Lost in the stars.
A roamer's flesh, watering eyes,
Your smoldering reckless,
So insinuating, I'm a victim of passion,
A vapid melting bruise...Falling bewildered....
Birds of a feather, falling bewildered...