

## Streets of Sirens

Whiskeytown

Heart's a field of beautiful flowers  
Mine's a street with sirens  
Sleep a lull of gulf in drifted feathers  
Lay with weighted eyelids  
I recognize the whispers though I can't tell the words  
Learn to lose the darkness  
With things I heard  
Even I once knew I should run  
Learned when I was young  
Heart's a boat that sails on your ocean's memory  
Mine is still on empty  
I recognize the whispers  
Though I can't tell the words  
Learn to lose the darkness  
With things I heard