

Birdy, Strange Birds

Little ghost, you are listening,
Unlike most you don't miss a thing,
You see the truth,
I walk the halls invisibly,
I climb the walls, no one sees me,
No one but you.

You've always loved the strange birds
Now I want to fly into your world
I want to be heard
My wounded wings still beating,
You've always loved the stranger inside
Me, ugly pretty.

Oh no, no, no, no

Oh little ghost, you see the pain
But together we can make something beautiful,
So take my hand and perfectly,
We fill the gaps, you and me make three,
I was meant for you, and you for me.

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