

# Dionysos, Broken Bird

I was talking to a bird in the middle of the road  
It was crying blood into my hands  
I'm talking to this bird  
I don't think you've got no troubles  
Hey small ! Little broken bird  
He looks like the smile of a girl I once knew  
Bird smile tricks hidden in the cheeks  
And sparkle in the eyes  
And sparkle in the cheeks same thing  
Little broken bird  
So sing me something like  
The birds used to do please  
When they swim into the wind blow  
A whisper or something but blow blow blow blow  
Broken bird, broken bird  
Blow blow blow broken bird  
I recognize you everywhere you go  
I was talking to a bird in the middle of the road  
The tears go stronger, like red snow in the eyes  
And the feathers are red and nobody in the eyes  
Come back to me little bird  
I keep talking to a bird in the middle of the road  
I put it on my pocket inside of my jacket  
I keep on walking' on the road  
Broken bird in the middle of the road  
And the rain when I ask myself  
What's happened to this little broken bird  
And I feel something strange under my shoes  
When I look at this strange shoe's thing  
I found a broken egg full of blood  
Cut feathers stuck on my foot

There's a broken bird in the middle of the road  
Inside of my pocket into my jacket  
There's a broken bird  
There's a broken bird under my shoes