

Elton John, Birds

There's some things I don't have now
Some things I don't talk about
These things are between myself and I
In my thick skull the joker hides

There's consequences I'm scared to taste
Cold hard truths I can't face
These days are different than the past
Reflections change in the looking glass

And everywhere I look there's something to learn
A sliver of truth from every bridge we burn
A hatful of quarters and a naked song
Don't answer the question of where we belong

How come birds
Don't fall from the sky when they die?
How come birds
Always look for a quiet place to hide
These words
Can't explain what I feel inside?
Like birds I need a quiet place to hide

These independent moves I make
This confidence I try to fake
You can hear the beating of my heart
But not a feather falling in the dark

And everything I hear never makes any sense
Another old prophet perched on the fence
A cupful of pencils and a self help guru
Don't answer the question of what I am to you