

# Silverchair, Those Thieving Birds (Part 2)

Lonely in life  
Dead or alive  
If the truth had incursions  
No more goodbyes  
No more big lies  
If the truth had versions  
As long as you and I are together  
I'll hold onto the jewellery  
Like staple strapped clenched fist and tongs

Hang strung from an empty nest  
Those thieving birds  
Hang strung from an empty nest