

## Birds

Aztec Camera

Hey baby, baby, bring your love to me  
Repeats the radio relentlessly  
All day I dream a dream where feelings flee  
In free formation

The sweetest sound reflects in saddened eyes  
Defies description and identifies  
The heart that hungers for the sudden skies  
The souls migration

How sweet to fly, to touch the sky  
To feel in the flow like the one who glides there  
I feel we flew, we never knew  
But to know is to go when your heart resides there

I take a winter coat and walk the square  
The people gather and the birds they scare  
Concrete and clay conspire to cage me there  
Among the lost boys

Down in the streets I see the trees grow bare  
Broken and battered in the thinning air  
The birds are scattered and my footsteps there  
I long for lost joy

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