

Outside The Lines

Birdtalker

Call me down from the belvedere
Cast your snare for the fall
Thou hast only a narrow eye
For me to hold thee so high
Put a stop to my fantasy
Call me in for the night
Lies or shame to be lit so raw
Rolling outside the lines

Ah, ah...

Call me out for my sinner's bones
Call me out to the pie
Open wide, here's fire warmth for burning
All those outside the lines
All those outside the lines