

Birds Nest

Fiddlehead

I look to the past to see you and me, two young birds both with
closed wings
But can't remember
I look to the past to see you and me, in a wide open field at t
he dawn of day
But can't remember that feel
I can't remember how I felt, when all the feelings I feel are a
ll leaving me

They're all leaving me like a birdnest:

Lonely as I
Dry in the sky
Waving goodbye