

Little Birds

Melissa McClelland

Morning came with such a jolt
That I forgot my soul at home
This pick-me-up, stale coffee cup
Is filling up my insides though
And here I sit on subway stains
With blue pin stripe corporate charades
Outside I'm sure it's magical
But today I've got to get paid

Little birds over the south pacific sea
Falling from the sky in perfect symmetry
Well, there goes
each and every one of my dreams
Shattered images of who I'll never be

What is summer without sunshine
Who likes dancing in a straight line
When all these colours fade into mine
Tell me, am I black and blue?

It's comforting to know the day begins
(and it will surely end)
Tucked between these filthy sheets
Where nightmares start
Where sweet dreams end
Caught in a kaleidoscope
Of timely orchestrated screams
Filling space with barren thought
Motionless antipathy

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It's like f**king without kissing
Or never knowing what you're missing
And you're finally confessing
That you'll never stand a chance

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Seeing Venice through a TV
Or thinking beautiful means pretty
When all these colors blend completely
Tell me can you even see me?