

## 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?