

Birdcage

Peter Doherty

Little bird
In a cage
You've been turning heads around
Yeah you played your part
You sang along
Under their instruction
Looking through the bars
Staring at the stars

Only love can heal the sickness of celebrity

One by one and day by day
You see the good ones, they fall away
See you standing there styling
Waiting for the day you should be soaring

I know that you said we could never be together
You're too pretty and I'm too clever
Good morning heartache and these foolish things

Only love can bring the secrets of simplicity

Love is the bread
Love is the wine

Love is the bread
Love is the wine
Love is the soul's hot coals

Love is the bread
Love is the wine
Love is the soul's hot coals

Why, the caged bird always sings
Through the ages for the pleasure of the king?
Kneeling down with a thorn in your crown
Calling out your name, you slip away

I know that you said we could never be together
You're too pretty and I'm too clever
Good morning heartache
Oh, these foolish things

Only love can bring the secrets of simplicity

Love is the bread
Love is the wine

Love is the bread
Love is the wine
Love is the soul's hot coals

Love is the bread
Love is the wine
Love is the soul's hot coals