

Language of Birds

Sting

They say there's an underground river,
That none of us can see,
And it flows through winding tunnels,
On its way to a tide-less sea.

And across that sea is an island,
A paradise we are told,
Where the toils of life are forgotten,
And they call it the Island of Souls.

For only a soul can go there,
A soul that's been set free,
From the confines of a working life,
To find eternity.

Your old man had a cage for his pigeons,
But that's really where he kept his soul,
And when he watched them fly he would see himself,
Least that's how it was told.

But his soul was still trapped in the cage son,
While the birds they soared to the sky,
But he couldn't find his own way out,
Least not 'til the day he died.

Oh, a man builds a cage with the tools he is given,
His casket is sealed with a riveter's gun,
This solitary madness is where he is driven,
It was him who was trapped in the soul cage son,
It was him that was trapped in the soul cage.

I know that he loved you, but he hadn't the words,
He'd be easier speaking the language of birds,
For to speak of emotion, it just wasn't done,
It was him who was trapped in the soul cage son,
It was him that was trapped in the soul cage.

A man builds a cage with the tools he is given,
His casket is sealed with a riveter's gun,
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