

The Birdman of Alkatrash

Strawberry Alarm Clock

Everytime the bird man comes
He flies overneath the bridge
He swoops down low
And picks me up
And carries me over the ridge
But somehow
I discovered his game
And he no longer seems to fly
Anymore
That way

"Clever fellow, isn't he?"
"Yes, very clever"

But for now
I find it hard
To reason
With myself
And just in case
I can't conceive
Of anybody else
I tried and tried to make it clear that what I want is not real
at all

"What kind of joint is this?"

The time has come
For me to see
Just how much
It means to me
To tell someone
Of what went on
Now that the bird man's gone

Even though you'll find it strange
All along the bird man really was me