



Believe the Bird Full Album Lyrics
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PRESENCE

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Before I lift my head up every morning when I rise
I want to thank the love that fills the space that greets my opening eyes
Heaven help me to see if just for this one day
The radiance that fills this room every day when I wake

As I rise before the world starts rushing in
I wanna wake up, wake up, to know the moment this morning light as it fills my eyes
As it fills my eyes

When I take my first deep breath my heart begins to swell
To the possibilities lying just beneath the fold where my intentions dwell
Heaven help me to see if just for this one day
I can clear my mind and open my heart and let presence show me the way

As I rise before the world starts rushing in
I wanna wake up, wake up, to the presence raining down all around me
All around me

I hear the birds...
I need no words...
I am the grace; I'm in the place where I began; I'm back again; I feel the glory
I feel my hands; I feel my head; I feel the air inside my lungs; It feeds my story
I let the light in...

As I rise before the world starts rushing in
I wanna wake up, wake up, to the presence raining down all around me
All around me





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TRYING TO SPEAK TO YOU

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You woke on this day, there is never a clue
That the sun would rise again, but somehow you knew
Some things are certain. No, don't you believe it, it's not true

This day it started just like any other
A coffee in hand and a chat with your mother
Did anyone ever tell you that, in and of itself, that's quite grand?

'Cuz there's scores of them out there with no calls from their mother
Day after day they crawl back in the covers
And dream of a time when they could sit and chat for a while

If you reach for it, open your heart and close your eyes
If you reach for it, hold out your hand, open your mind
This world is trying to speak to you

So you walked to the park, your staple in the spring time
Take a quick look around, check your phone to see who's online
Cuz there's nothing, there's nothing going on out here

No? Just a baby bird born three days ago
Eyes open for the first time, a new world's window
And young lovers dreaming their future in the shadow of an old oak tree

If you look for it, open your heart and close your eyes
If you reach for it, hold out your hand, open your mind
This world is trying to speak to you

So you sell it all off one day, and the first thing to go is your cleverly ways
And a package you sent filled with bewilderment
Is the best gift you've received since your first circus tent when the world opened wide

When you laid down your head there was never a doubt
That the sky would fall dark and the stars would come out
Some things are certain. No, don't you believe it, it's not true
Except that this world is trying to speak to you

It's a still small voice, but it's a giant conversation
It's what's before the eyes meets the depth of your imagination
It's the array, the arrangement, unending combination
It's the essence of the moment, it's the space between the notes
It's the nuance, the inflection, and the words that you spoke
It's the sweetness of the breeze as it kisses your face
It's the dance and the sway and the swagger of this place
And it's trying to speak to you





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BELIEVE THE BIRD

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Grace the world with yourself, do the thing that you do
Shine your essence all around, shine your love and shine it down
But keep your eyes on skies, on the vulture and the crow
If you only ask them they will tell you all they know

Believe the bird, believe the trees, believe the sign that you think you see
And trust the wind and ride the breeze, look through he gray to find the colors
In the feathers of the black of the crow it's what you need to know
When the book and bird disagree, believe the bird

Kill the clocks and break the locks on the chains around your mind
Find the joy in between the last few lines of the sun setting
Drop the paddle it doesn't matter, everything is here and now
And to the birds it's all just words, all just words

Believe the bird, believe the trees, believe the sign that you think you see
And trust the wind and ride the breeze, look through he gray to find the colors
In the feathers of the black of the crow it's what you need to know
When the book and bird disagree, believe the bird

The bird loves to linger and the bird loves to sit
And sing by the morning's first light
The bird never worries 'cuz the bird carries no weight
But the bird can always take flight
Take flight now little child

Believe the bird, believe the trees, believe the sign that you think you see
And trust the wind and ride the breeze, look through he gray to find the colors
In the feathers of the black of the crow it's what you need to know
When the book and bird disagree, believe the bird

Believe the bird





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GOD OF LOVE

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When the god of love speaks through us her mouth never moves
It's a fingertip to the lips, it's up to the heart to choose
But the obvious is only obvious to the mind that's subservient and clear
To the impermanence and flowering scents of this right now and here

The weary lovers stretched and strewn out along the loneliest road
The one between the head and the heart, between the hope and the know
The song is lost as the dance is cut off, as the beauty is questioned and frayed
Fruitless inquiries into old teenage diaries, but the music just plays and plays

To the thundering applause in the world of broken hearts so entangled in their selfish ways
To recognize this unbridled disguise of a god of love who never strays

Our words never fail to thicken the veil, our eyes are projectors at best
What we yearn to believe and we try to conceive of the depth of this breath in our chest
If the air is the spirit and the heart it can hear it, then love is the currency of this place
And the god that dispenses this feast to our senses wakes up with a smile on her face

At the fields of gold, children young and old, dancing in the presence of grace
The lovers in tune with the rising of the moon as it pulls all the hearts into place





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WHAT ABOUT THOSE ANGELS

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Ask me your questions, I know not the answers
Doesn't mean that I don't care
Let go of my hand, you know where you're going
God knows I can't take you there

Step into this moment, sit close to the fire
I know that you've never been burned
How deep is your courage to stare into the flames
The reflections of all that you learned

This is where they always wanna know
What about these angels after all?
Sometimes they hold you and sometimes they let you fall

I saw you smiling on the steps to your kingdom
But I watched you wither and turn
I put that flower just down where you'd see it
Sure enough you looked up at the birds

This is where they always wanna know
What about these angels after all?
Sometimes you see them, sometimes you don't believe in them at all

Is there a right time or a wrong place
To catch a glimpse of your divine's face
Just when you think that you know them, they're already gone

Ask me your questions, I speak not the answers
Doesn't mean that I don't care
The silence unfolding right there before you
Holds more than I could possibly share





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(W)HOLE IN THE WORLD

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There's a hole in the world; there's a hole in our hearts, it's a crack so familiar we wonder
Where do you end, and where do we start

There's a tear in our eye, it's the same one that the mother cries
When she's sad and can't find her smile, like she cries when she fears she's lost her baby inside

Like a word to the wise
In a room full of mirrors it's so hard to hide
There's not a branch that survives the fall of the tree
There's not a heart that won't break when their eyes finally see

There's a word on your tongue begging to be said but it ain't very fun
To drop down your shield, admit when you're wrong, take the time to rewind and rewrite the song

Remember why we're here
It's not just to get our fill then disappear
There's not a branch that survives the fall of the tree
There's not a heart that won't break when their eyes finally see

Finally see out the new window with a softness in our hearts doing the dance we used to know
You are the music, we are in perfect time, hand in hand, eye to eye, and marvelously intertwined

As a hummingbird dances backwards with gravity
The cornfields sway with the westerly wind's rhapsody
I could swear once I saw a turtle he laughed at me
But the speed I was going, the sound never made it back to me
Until I sat down in the grass, sat there so quietly
Then finally it reached me... finally, finally

We're not the story here only part of the tale, just a drop not the ocean, a drip in the pail
She's our home, she's our mother, and we can't trade her for another
When she's got trouble, we got double
She's a force not a resource, we're the only recourse
When we take more than our share, far more than expected
Everything's affected, because everything's connected
There's more to the puzzle than our own little needs
We can't change her plans, or alter her seeds

There's a whole of the world, there's a whole of our hearts, the connection so clear we wonder
Where do you end and where do we start

There's a star in the sky brilliantly shining hope in our eyes
And the reflection of the moon over the sea, it's a call to the hearts and the souls of you and me
To take just a moment; take a deep breath as one
Remember some things we do can't be undone

Why we're here
Not just to get our fill then disappear
There's not a branch that survives the fall of the tree
And not a heart that won't break open when their eyes finally see





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I DON'T BELIEVE IN DEATH

Lyrics by Lisa Aschmann, Music by Bob Sima

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I believe satin-lined coffins are expensive
I believe in driving on the defensive
I believe in cardiac arrest
I just don't believe in death

I believe in sending wreaths and flowers
I believe in not wasting precious hours
I believe in giving things a rest
I just don't believe in death

You may say I'm a believer
'Cuz I believe in things unseen
I believe there's more to life
Than the days and dashes in between

I believe there's more than fear and cancer
I believe they're not the final answer
I believe I'll take a final breath
I just don't believe in death





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I HEAR A SYMPHONY

Adopted from Matthew Ryan, album East Autumn Grin, Released 2000
Lyrics by Matthew Ryan, Music by Bob Sima
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Every time I watch the news, I hear a symphony
Every time I cough up a noose, I hear a symphony
Late at night when the shots are like bells, I hear a symphony
When disillusion is a fragrance that sells, I hear a symphony

You are not alone, You are not alone
I swear this burden is not your own, You are not alone

In the subway of a slow dark pain, I hear a symphony
In the eyes of an old Polish woman on that train, I hear a symphony
In the echo of a muscle that fled, I hear a symphony
In the sheets of a big and haunted bed, I hear a symphony

You are not alone, You are not alone
I swear this burden is not your own, You are not alone

From the seagulls at the garbage dump, I hear a symphony
At the Ritz Carlton sanitarium, I hear a symphony
In the bunting of corruption and hate, I hear a symphony
In the language that shows your age, I hear a symphony

You are not alone, You are not alone
I swear this burden is not your own, You are not alone

In the sparkle of a young girl's eye
In the exclusive footage of a suicide
In the ambition of an astronaut
In this Eden of tinsel and rot

You are not alone, You are not alone
I swear this burden is not your own, You are not alone

