Talking Bird by Death Cab For Cutie

Fill in the gaps

| (Oh) My (1) bird |
|---|
| Though you know so few words |
| They're on infinite repeat |
| Like your brain can't keep up with (2) beak |
| And you're kept in an open cage |
| So you're (3) to leave or stay |
| Sometimes you get confused |
| Like there's a hint that I am trying to give you |
| The (4) you think, the (5) you know what to do |
| It's hard to see (6) way out |
| When you live in a house in a house |
| Cause you don't realize |
| That the windows were open the whole time |
| But (oh), my talking bird |
| Though your (7) are tattered and furled |
| I'll (8) you all your days |
| Till the breath leaves your delicate frame |
| It's all here for you as long as you choose to stay |
| It's all (9) for you as long as you don't fly away |



- 1. talking
- 2. your
- 3. free
- 4. longer
- 5. less
- 6. your
- 7. feathers
- 8. love
- 9. here

Fill in the gaps

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