

As I look down on your little town
The lights come on
It's five fifteen a November evening
And the sun is gone

Birds fly fish swim
We make gods for the wars we're waging
Birds fly fish swim
We make gods for the wars we're waging

To the touch they're real enough
These things we make
But the trees would laugh
And the clouds would gasp
To know the time it takes

Birds fly fish swim
We make gods for the wars we're waging
Birds fly fish swim
We make gods for the wars we're waging

If you looked up now
You would see me
But your head is bowed
If we could meet
We would see
Whose head is in the clouds

Birds fly fish swim
We make gods for the wars we're waging
Birds fly fish swim
We make gods for the wars we're waging.
Birds fly fish swim