

**Birds**  
**The Veils**

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```
      C#m   G#   G#m   F#m   B
e | ---4---4---4---2---7- |
B | ---5---4---4---2---7- |
G | ---6---5---4---2---8- |
D | ---6---6---6---4---9- |
A | ---4---6---6---4---9- |
E | ---4---4---4---2---7- |
```

```
      C#m                               G#m
Through the charred black winter trees
      F#m                               C#m
I hear their voices sing to me.
      C#m                               G#m
Fearsome black birds crying high,
      F#m                               C#m
But there ll be no warning when I die.
      C#m                               G#m
Some lonesome sparrow saying don t you know
      F#m                               C#m
that you re gone forever when you go
```

```
      B                               C#m
Oh, and i hear them calling
              B                               C#m
Through my window every morning
              B                               C#m
Your life dear boy means nothing
      G#m                               G#
Say the birds, The birds, the birds
```

interlude

```
      C#m                               G#m
Then by the willow I did see
      F#m                               C#m
A swarm of buzzing honey bees
      C#m                               G#m
```

Good morning honey bees I cried  
F#m C#m  
But to me they offered no reply  
C#m G#m  
And that fearsome black bird answered instead  
F#m C#m  
Boy there s now a price put on your head

B C#m  
Oh, and I hear em them calling  
B C#m  
From my window every morning  
B C#m  
Your life, dear boy, means nothing  
G#m G#  
Say the birds, the birds, the birds.

interlude  
C#m

G#m B C#m  
No use hiding in the water.  
G#m B C#m  
No use hiding in the square.  
G#m B C#m G#m  
Know those eyes are looking for you everywhere.

C#m G#m  
Well you ll be glad my love to hear,  
F#m C#m  
One morning they did all disappear.  
C#m G#m  
Tired of all the summer rain,  
F#m C#m  
they made their nest inside my brain.  
C#m G#m  
But don t worry darling, pay it no mind  
F#m C#m  
true friends like these are hard to find.

B C#m  
Now I no longer hear em calling  
B C#m  
From my window every morning  
B C#m  
And my life, at last means something  
G#m G#  
Say the birds, the birds, the birds.

interlude  
C#m