

So what if your heroes changed their minds
And all you thought was right flew out the window
And all you based your life on wasn't real

So what if your hero sells its soul
And all your wildest dreams seem dull and dreary
And all your secret thoughts seem cheap and lonesome

What you going to do so all alone now

Singing to the birds
Singing to the birds
Singing to the birds
Singing

So what if your hero fades away
And all the things you thought were orange were gray now
Who is it who brings you some new colors

So what if your hero never was
What you going to do
So all alone there

Singing to the birds
Singing to the birds
Singing

It's partly sunny, it's partly rain, mostly curious
Or full of pain
You could learn to love yourself
Singing to the birds

And what if your hero never was
And all the time you wasted wasn't real
And all your wounds decided just to heal
And all your wildest dreams were full of color
And all your secret thoughts belonged to you
What you going to do so all alone here

Singing to the birds
Singing to the birds
Singing to the birds
Singing

It's partly sunny, partly rain, mostly curious or full of pain
You got to learn to count on someone
'Cause it's mostly pain
And it's kind of curious when it rains and
You could learn to love yourself
You could learn to love yourself
You could even learn to be yourself
Singing to the birds