

Some put them in a cage and that's really mean,
Though they give much pleasure by constantly being seen;
I look to the sky and wish I could fly,
But that's for the birds no matter how hard I try.

Now I must endeavour to write the next line,
For without a bird to lead me I'll need a new sign;
There is word like a bird to which I have heard,
That to hundred appear that Christ died a third.

Birds have a nature and way of their own,
Like the static, while making a call on the phone;
So such is life at the end of the day,
If birds are the answer we'll all have our way.

Things are getting tougher to live and survive,
But a birds always there to ensure we're alive;
As they watch from the sky like the creatures they are,
They have a right to live life from afar.

Signed

Don't stand too close