

Songbird

Chris de Burgh

I heard a voice so pure and easy
A songbird singing for me
I had no choice, only to listen
And surrender to her world And she will fly over the rainbow
She will walk in fields of gold
And when she sings from the high walls of Heaven
Will the angels cry like me? At first alone, then with hundreds around me
Enchanted by her song
But as the day is done, and the darkness is falling
The songbird sings no more And now she flies over the rainbow
And she walks in fields of gold
And when she sings from the high walls of Heaven
Will the angels cry like me?

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