High Flying Bird

Judy Henske

The high flying bird, flies above
You cannot see him from the earth
He sees as he flies and knows as he sees
The masses below, there's trouble below
This high flying bird, has no sense of time
For a thousand years he's climbing the skies
His brothers have burned, flown too close to the sun
But higher and higher, this white bird flies
This white bird flies, yeah yeah yeah
I feel you in my sleep
When the suns down and the world sleeps below
You call across endless oceans
I hear you and want to fly too
There's no turning back as blue becomes black
The air becomes thin, this flight begins
But the bird can still breathe, brighter than before
On celestial wing, this bird can now sing
This bird can now sing, yeah yeah yeah
I feel you in my sleep
When the suns down and the world sleeps below
You call across endless oceans
I hear you and want to fly too
I feel you in my sleep
When the suns down and the world sleeps below
You call across endless oceans
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