

# 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  
I hear you and want to fly too

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