Jonathan

Barclay James Harvest

Circles in the sky
White as paper fly
Sound of seagulls crying fills the air
High above the lonely one is there
Jonathan he cares
To feel better
Like the passing wind
Swooping down again
Waitin' for the sun to turn to night
Find him miles away in endless flight
Longing to be free
Telling you and meGive me wings to fly
Tell me why, tell me why
The answer must be heard
And from a lonely bird
He's giving us a reason to believeSee the painted silver sunlight on his wing
As he sails upon the wind and slowly skyward
Flying as to music you can hear him sing
Like the windsong on the breeze he seems to sighGive me wings to fly
Tell me why, tell me why
The answer must be heard
And from a lonely bird
He's showing us the way we can be free

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