Strange Meadow Lark

Chick Corea-Gary Burton

What a strange meadow lark,
To be singing oh so sweetly in the park tonight,
All alone meadowlark?
Are you dreaming of the moons that burned so bright,
And of love in flight?Can't you sleep meadowlark?
Is there nothing left but whistling in the dark so sad?
Was it love meadowlark?
Were the songs you sang last summer crazy mad?
Think of all you had,A quietness up in the clouds,
Where the soft winds blow,
Far from all the noisy crowds,
Where the earthbound go,Your wings have brushed against the star,
Boundless were the skies,
You may have flown too high too far,
Love is seldom wise,Don't you see meadowlark?
Though you try your call wont turn another lark in flight,
He has gone meadowlark,
You can your song until the dawn brings light,
Sing with all your might,
Sing away the dark,
Little meadowlark.

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