Little Tziporah

Shakhan

Little bird don't cry.
Little bird don't cry.
The word I heard around is that you're fallen from the sky.
A broken wing or heart can mend.
A little while on the ground, not the end.
This storm will quickly die and then be done.
You once again will sing to the rising sun.Little bird don't cry little bird don't cry.
The word I heard around is that you're fallen from the sky.
I'll bandage your broken heart and pull out.
All the splinters from that poison dart.
This storm will quickly die and then be done.
You once again will sing to the rising sun.Little bird don't cry.
Little bird don't cry.
Little bird don't cry.

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