

Bird With Broken Wings

[Abbott Hayes](#)

I pointed to the map and said pick a place
Just when I thought there would be no reply
A western wind came howling in my face
And I was flying" Oh don't you take it slow
I've been blowing down this road
And I've been searching high and low
I've been searching high and low" So then and there I tried to plead my case
And like a bird with broken wings I tried to fly
A western wind has moved me from this place
And now I'm fine
She pushed me as if saying
"Come this way!
Hurry now, you're wasting too much time
And you will never get to heaven at this pace!"
Oh and she was right" Oh don't you take it slow
I've been blowing down this road
And I've been searching high and low
I've been searching high and low"

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