

# Bird Alone

[Abbey Lincoln](#)

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Bird alone, flying high  
Flying through a clouded sky  
Sending mournful soulful sounds  
Soaring over troubled grounds Bird alone with no mate  
Turning corners tempting fate  
Flying circles in the air  
Are you on your way somewhere? Gliding, soaring on the wind  
You're a sight of glory  
Flying way up there so high  
Wonder what's your story Bird alone, flying low  
Over where the grasses grow  
Swingin' low, then out of sight  
You'll be singing in the night Gliding, soaring on the wind  
You're a sight of glory  
Flying way up there so high  
Wonder what's your story Bird alone, flying low  
Over where the grasses grow  
Swingin' low, then out of sight  
You'll be singing in the night

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