

# High Flyin' Bird

Neil Young

There's a high flyin' bird, flying way up in the sky  
And I wonder if she looks down, as she goes on by?  
Well, she's flying so freely in the sky  
Lord, look at me here  
I'm rooted like a tree here  
Got those sit-down can't cry  
Oh Lord, gonna die blues  
Now the sun it comes up and lights up the day  
And when he gets tired, Lord, he goes on down his way  
To the east and to the west he meets God every day  
Lord, look at me here  
I'm rooted like a tree here  
Got those sit-down, can't cry  
Oh Lord, gonna die blues  
Now I had a woman  
  
Lord, she lived down by the mine  
She ain't never seen the sun  
Oh Lord, never stopped crying  
Then one day my woman up and died  
Lord, she up and died now  
Oh Lord, she up and died now  
She wanted to die and the only way to fly is die, die, die  
Well there's a high flyin' bird, flying way up in the sky  
And I wonder if she looks down as she goes on by?  
Well, she's flying so freely in the sky, hey  
Lord, look at me here  
I'm rooted like a tree here  
Got those sit-down, can't cry  
Oh, Lord, gonna die blues  
Got those sit-down, can't cry  
Oh, Lord, gonna die blues, hey hey

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