

Brother Sparrow

[Agnes Obel](#)

Voices in the street, footsteps on the concrete
Guess I hear just every sound,
on the ground
From my window view,
I know a color blue
That can bite so very hard, the day apart
Picture fresh as water clear
Days have passed without you here
Street lights dancing on the dark across the park
Waiting for a word from you, waiting for a sign or two
Footsteps on the city ground, you know the sound
Brother Sparrow, come tomorrow to my window
Brother Sparrow, come tomorrow to my window

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