

What Kind of Bird Is That

Bobby Bare

What kind of bird is that
The one with the bright red breast
I know it just can't be the robin
'Cause my love is not back yet
The one I love and wanted to marry
Had to leave before she became my bride
But she said she'd return
Before the robin would return
And with each other we'd spend our lives
And she said she'd return
Long before the robin returned
And together we'd watch the leaves turn green
She showed me then just how much she loves me
And she and I and the robin can spend the spring
So what kind of bird is that
The one with the bright red breast
I know it just can't be the robin
'Cause my love is not back yet
So who could be playin' tricks on me
By the time that I relax and countin' leaves
That can't be a spring, yeah surely that can't be
'Cause the one I love, she's not with me
Oh, what kind of bird is that
The one with the bright red breast
I know it just can't be the robin
'Cause my love is not back yet

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