

# Song Yet to Be Sung

[Perry Farrell](#)

Let me tell you You're at the Jubilee or you're all alone

Because the more, the merrier is how

Friends all tell me so

The birds wake up the grass And they tell everybody

Say it's time to grow

The sun, whispers to the birds

Oh, the song yet to be sung Song yet to be sung

(Song yet to be sung)

The song yet to be sung [Incomprehensible] You're at the Jubilee or you're all alone

Because the more, the merrier is how

My friends everybody, they all tell us so

From the heights, from the heights of Zion I hear, it's whispered in your ear

We get to play on, play on, wild designery!

A little bitty song, a song yet to be sung! Song yet to be sung

(Song yet to be sung)

Song yet to be sung Song yet to be sung

(Song yet to be sung)

Song yet to be sung Song yet

Song yet

Song yet

...

Songwriters

Farrell Perry; Perkins Stephen Andrew Published by

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