Song Yet to Be Sung

Perry Farrell

Let me tell youYou'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 grassAnd they tell everybody
Say it's time to grow
The sun, whispers to the birds
Oh, the song yet to be sungSong 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 ZionI 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 sungSong yet to be sung
(Song yet to be sung)
Song yet to be sungSong yet
Song yet
Song yet
...

Songwriters
Farrell Perry; Perkins Stephen AndrewPublished by
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