

High Flying Bird

Elton John

You wore a little cross
Of gold around your neck
I saw it as you flew between my reason
Like a raven in the night time when you left I wear a chain upon my wrist
That bears no name
You touched it and you wore it
And you kept it in your pillow all the same My high-flying bird
Has flown from out my arms
I thought myself her keeper
She thought I meant her harm She thought I was the archer
A weatherman of words
But I could never shoot down
My, my high-flying bird The white walls of your dressing room
Are stained in scarlet red
You bled upon the cold stone
Like a young man
Hmm, in the foreign field of death Oh, wouldn't it be wonderful?
Is all I heard you say
You never closed your eyes at night
And learned to love daylight
Instead you moved away My high-flying bird
Has flown from out my arms
I thought myself her keeper
She thought I meant her harm She thought I was the archer
A weatherman of words
But I could never shoot down
My My high-flying bird
Has flown from out my arms
I thought myself her keeper
She thought I meant her harm She thought I was the archer
A weatherman of words
But I could never shoot down
My, my high-flying bird My high-flying, high-flying bird
My high-flying, high-flying bird
My high-flying, high-flying bird
My high-flying, high-flying bird

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