Nightbird

LaBelle

Nightbird fly by the light of the moon,
makes no difference if it's only a dream.Released, relive, just for the day,
it's the nightbird's way.She sees, she stalls,
she stores, nothing away.Tomorrow's a dream,
running out of steam,
leaving bits and pieces in her wake.
She lives the day before day.Nightbird stars can't go high enough,
she only touches down just to feel her wings again.Laughing, crying, all the way,
hear the nightbird pray.She lives, she dies,
she finds, life is a wait.And yesterday's apart,
unrelieving cart,
and a mind where time has nothing to take.
She feeds the fire of a flame.Nightbirds fly,
fly by the light of the moon.(repeat fade)

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