

Sightless Bird

Bobby McFerrin

Haven't alone much lately I think
I've got to quiet down
enough of this runaround
I've got to get out of town

so i sit alone in the power of thought
looking for an empty space
a livin', breathin' place
a bit of sustaining grace

out here I'll bid all my troubles by
and exchange graceful lilting melodies with a sightless bird
my unfettered spirit taking flight
telling my secrets to unsighted friends

as I lay my back upon a cool moss tree
I'm looking out across the sky
I can see clouds roll by
I can feel tension die

and I lay my head upon a hill
sightless bird sings to heal
weariness I may feel
sometimes may seem too real

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and exchange graceful lilting melodies with a sightless bird
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