

Pretty Bird

Chris Staples

Oh pretty bird
I love to hear you sing
But you won't belong to anyone
You just belong to spring
When I wake up in the morning
When I go to sleep at night

Oh pretty bird
I've never known someone so free
The way you hop from branch to branch
The way you fly from tree to tree
When you wake up in the morning
When you go to sleep at night

Maybe your freedom is a lie
Maybe your prison is the sky
Maybe you are looking back at me
Wishing somehow you were free