

# 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