

Love Is a Bird

Gene Vincent

Love is a bird. It flies where it wants to
It's hard to hang on to. Love is a bird
You're gonna get hurt if you try to cage it
You'll just enrage it. Love is a bird

An empty glass, a smoked-filled room, I find myself alone
Sun shines through the open window where the bird has
flown
Yes I found a fallen angel, come from paradise
I helped mend it's broken wings, then I watched it fly

Love is a bird. It scatters its seed all around.
But it likes its freedom too. Love is a bird

I can see the purple mountain, faint and almost brown.
A speck so small and far away a-circlin' in the sun
Could it be the one I sheltered and held so tenderly?
It seems afraid of darkening shadows, it's winging back
to me

Love is bird. And it will find you. But you must be kind
to
Love is a bird. Don't fly away. Love is a bird. . .