

Bird

Indians

Bird in a tree
It is on its way
Oh, with no one to blame
Climbing a hill
It is me again
Oh, it's always
The same
But on the top
We will find love
But oh bird you flew away
On our way we will have hope
But oh bird you flew away
Our walks are now across
The field
But I feel that you're still near
But anyway
But anyway bird
But anyway
But anyway bird
Bird likes to be
But it can't stay
Oh it's always the same
Flying the hills
It's you again
Oh with no one to blame
But on the top
We will find love
But oh bird you flew away
On our way we will have hope
But oh bird you flew away
Our walks are now across
The field
But I feel that you're still near
But anyway
But anyway bird
But anyway
But anyway bird