

What Kind Of Bird Is That

Jeannie Seely

What kind of bird is that
The one with the bright red breast?
I know it can't, it can't be the robin
'Cause my love is not back yet.

The one I love and wanted to marry
Had to leave before I became his bride
But he said he'd return before the robin returned
And together we'd spend the rest of our lives.

He promised he'd return long before the robin returned
And together we could watch the leaves turn green
And he'd show me then just how much he loved me
And he and I and the robin would start the spring.

What kind of bird is that
The one with the bright red breast?
I know it can't, it can't be the robin
'Cause my love is not back yet.

So who could be playin' tricks on me
By plantin' lilacs and drawin' leaves
That only comes with the spring and surely that can't be
'Cause the one I love is not back with me.

What kind of bird is that
The one with the bright red breast?
I know it can't, just can't be the robin
'Cause my love is not back yet.